

pecimens of
The Early
English Poets

BY GEORGE ELLIS

VOL. II.

London
HENRY WASHBOURNE
18, NEW BRIDGE STREET
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SPECIMENS
OF THE
EARLY ENGLISH POETS;
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE
RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH POETRY
AND LANGUAGE,
WITH A
Biography of each Poet,
&c.

BY
GEORGE ELLIS, Esq.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH POETRY AND LANGUAGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

Reign of Henry VIII. (1509 to 1547.)

JOHN SKELTON.—WILLIAM ROY.—JOHN HEYWOOD.—SIR
DAVID LINDSAY.—THE MOURNING MAIDEN.

THE accession of Henry VIII. could not fail to promote the progress of elegant literature in England. His title to the crown was so undoubted that it left him no apprehension of a rival, and fully secured his subjects against the recurrence of those sanguinary civil wars which had so long desolated the country. He was young, handsome, accomplished, wealthy, and prodigal ; and the nobility, effectually humbled by the policy of his father, crowded round his person, with no higher ambition than that of gaining his favour and sharing his profusion, which was exhibited in frequent tournaments, in masques, or entertainments consisting of music, dancing, gaming, banqueting, and the display of dresses at once grotesque and magnificent. All the pleasures and all the gallantry of the age were assembled at his court. The press, which

had already produced complete and sumptuous editions of our best early poets, furnished an abundant supply of metrical romances, Christmas carols, and other popular compositions. Henry himself is known to have been a proficient in music, and was perhaps an occasional writer of poetry¹; and though his skill in the art be rather problematical, his taste for it is fully evinced by the almost universal practice of his courtiers. Accordingly, this reign forms a marked epocha in our poetical history.

Chaucer, as we have seen, had formed his taste upon the model of the Italian no less than of the French poets; but the masculine beauties of Boccaccio, in the *Teseide* and *Filostrato*, had excited his admiration much more than the gentler graces of Petrarch, who now became the universal favourite. It may, perhaps, be matter of surprise, that the style of this poet was not sooner adopted as a model by our writers of love-songs, because the manners of chivalry had, in the very infancy of our literature, blended the tender passion with a very competent share of ceremonious enthusiasm. It is probable, however, that the Italian language alone possessed, at that time, sufficient pliability to form a compound of metaphor and metaphysics in the contracted shape of a *sonnet*.

This difficult novelty seems to have been first attempted by the court poets of the reign of Henry VIII. It must be confessed, that a string of forced conceits, in which the imagination of the reader is quite bewildered,—of harsh and discordant rhymes,—and of phrases tortured

¹ The following lines are, in the *Notæ Antiquæ*, ascribed to this monarch :

The eagle's force subdues each bird that flies.
What metal can resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the sun dazzle the clearest eyes,
And melt the ice, and make the frost retire?
The hardest stones are pierced through with tools:
The wisest are, with princes, made but fools.

into the most unnatural inversions,—is, not unfrequently, the only result of their perverse ingenuity. But even these abortive struggles were not quite useless. In their repeated endeavours to exhibit with distinctness the most minute and fanciful shades of sentiment, they were sometimes led to those new and happy combinations of words, to those picturesque compound epithets, and glowing *métaphors*, of which succeeding writers, particularly Shakspeare and Spenser, so ably availed themselves. The necessity of comprising their subject within definite and very contracted limits taught them conciseness and accuracy ; and the difficult construction of their stanza forced them to atone for the frequent imperfection of their rhymes by strict attention to the general harmony of their metre. Although, from their contempt of what they thought the rustic and sordid poverty of our early language, they often adopted a cumbrous and gaudy magnificence of diction ; they accumulated the ore which has been refined by their successors, and provided the materials of future selection.

It must also be admitted, that Surrey, Wyatt, and some of their contemporaries, have, in a few happy instances, anticipated the taste of posterity, and attained that polished elegance of expression which results from general simplicity, and occasional splendour.

Here, therefore, will commence our regular series of "SPECIMENS ;" and, as they will explain, much more clearly than mere description could do, the progressive gradations of our language and poetical taste, this series will only be interrupted, in the remainder of the work, by a few observations on the literary character of each reign, and by some very short notices respecting the several authors. But, before we close this slight Sketch, it is necessary to say a few words concerning those poets in the reign of Henry VIII., whose compositions will not afford us any examples of that kind which it is the par-

ticular object of this compilation to collect and preserve.

The first of these is JOHN SKELTON. He was probably born about 1461, and in 1489 was laureated at Oxford ; a circumstance to which he seldom fails to allude, as to an honourable evidence of his proficiency in classical learning. This indeed is still farther proved by the eulogy of Erasmus, who has pronounced him to be “the light and ornament of English scholars :” and there can be no doubt of his having been perfectly well qualified for the employment, to which he was appointed, of superintending the studies of Henry VIII., at whose accession he was created orator royal. His ecclesiastical preferments seem to have been limited to the rectory of Diss, in Norfolk ; and indeed he was apparently very ill suited to the clerical, or to any other serious profession, from the strange turbulence and irregularity of his character, as well as irresistible propensity to satire ; which, though sometimes enlivened by wit, was principally composed of vulgar and scurrilous invective. For his buffooneries in the pulpit, and his satirical ballads against the mendicants, he is said to have been severely censured, and perhaps suspended, by the bishop of Norwich. But Skelton was incorrigible. Whether he trusted to an imaginary ascendancy over the mind of his royal pupil, or that his haughty spirit was incapable of submitting to controul, he continued, by repeated scurribilities, to provoke the most powerful enemies, and particularly Cardinal Wolsey, who was not to be attacked with impunity. Being closely pursued by the officers of that formidable prelate, he was forced to solicit protection in the sanctuary of Westminster, where he was received by Abbot Islip, and protected till his death in 1529.

Mr. Warton seems to think that Skelton’s style was not original, but imitated from the *Macaronic* poetry of Teofilo Folengo, a Benedictine monk of Casino, who, under the

feigned name of *Martinus Coccaius*, introduced the fashion of intermixing the most familiar Italian words, adapted to Latin terminations, and something like regular prosody, in various Latin measures, especially hexameters. His *Phantasie Macaroniceæ* were written, says Mr. Warton, about the year 1512 ; and the same strange mode of composition was, soon after, imitated by a civilian of *Avignon* ; who, under the name of *Antonius de Arena*, published, in 1519, a mock elegiac poem in Latin, ridiculously interlarded with French. The drollery of these works is wretchedly vulgar ; and indeed (according to the original author) vulgarity is essential to the macaronic art of poetry, the word being derived from *macaroni*, the food of the lowest and poorest classes of the people. Skelton's words, however, are not accommodated to Latin terminations, nor his measure to Latin prosody : his language being neither more nor less than homely English, abounding with cant phrases and quaint terms : and his verse consisting of a series of short lines (amongst which a Latin one is occasionally introduced), rhyming sometimes in couplets, frequently several in succession. In fact, the two styles seem to have little resemblance, except in their tendency to introduce a bad taste among readers, who ought to be preserved from it by a liberal and learned education.

Skelton's poems are very carefully enumerated by Mr. Ritson in his *Bibliographia*. The principal of these were collected in 1568, and printed by T. Marshe, under the title of " *Pithy, pleasaunt and profitable Workes of Maiter Skelton, Poete Laureate*," 12mo (republished 1786). His verses on the death of the earl of Northumberland, inserted in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, are, as the editor of that work has justly observed, the most tolerable of his compositions ; because they are not at all tinctured with the faults of his usual and favourite style. Of this style the reader will be better able to judge by

the following extract from "*the Image of Ypocrycye*," never printed, of which the original MS. was in the library of Mr. Le Neve, from whence it was purchased by Mr. West. An apparently accurate transcript of it, by the well-known Thomas Martin, of Palgrave, is fortunately preserved, and is in the possession of Mr. Heber. It is, in general, a satire on the professors of religion; but the subject of the following lines is the illustrious Sir Thomas More¹.

But now we have a knight
That is a man of might
All armed for to fight,
To put the truth to flight
By Bow-bell policy;
With his poetry,
And his sophistry,
To mock and make a lie,
With "quod he, and quod I,"
And his apology
Made for the prelacy;

¹ SIR THOMAS MORE, who is attacked in the following piece of obscure and almost unintelligible ribaldry, ought perhaps to be classed among the poets of this reign. One of his small pieces of poetry, composed in his youth, and preserved in his works (*the merry Jest of the Serjeant and Frere*) may possibly have suggested to the late Mr. Cowper the idea of his popular tale of *John Gilpin*. In general, although, like all the compositions of the age, they are too diffuse and languid, his poems possess considerable merit; and, as well as his prose works, were considered by his contemporaries as a model of pure and elegant language. This excellence principally recommended them to the notice of Dr. Johnson, who has printed many of them in the introduction to his Dictionary; and for this reason the insertion of a specimen here seems unnecessary.

Their hugy pomp and pride
To colour and to hide.
He maketh no nobbes,
But with his dialogues
To prove our prelates gods
And laymen very lobbes
Beating them with bobbes,
And with their own rods.
Thus he taketh pain
To fable and to feign,
Their mischief to maintain,
And to have them reign
Over hill and plain ;
Yea, over heaven and hell,
And where as spirits dwell,
In purgatory's holes,
With hot fire and coals,
To sing for silly souls,
With a supplication,
And a confutation,
Without replication,
Having delectation
To make exclamacion,
By way of declamation,
In his debellation,
With a popish fashion,
To subvert our nation.
But this dawcock doctor
And purgatory proctor

REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

Waketh now for wages ;
And as a man that rages,
Or overcome with ages,
Disputeth *per ambages*,
To help these parasites
And naughty hypocrites
With legends of lies,
Feigned fantasies,
And very vanities,
Called verities,
Unwritten, and unknown,
But as they be blown
From liar to liar ;
Invented by a frier
In magnâ copiâ,
Brought out of Utopia
Unto the maid of Kent,
Now from the devil sent,
A virgin fair and gent,
That hath our eyes y-blent.
Alas we be mis-went ;
For if the false intent
Were known of this witch,
It passeth dog and bitch, &c. &c.

(MS. fol. 100, &c. ¹)

¹ Thomas Hearne obtained a sight of the original MS. which was in Mr. Le Neve's possession, and gives some account of it in the Glossary to P. Langtoft, p. 674, being highly indignant with the writer.

Dr. Farmer has noticed another work of Skelton, entitled "*Vox Populi Vox Dei*," which is preserved in MS. in the archives of the university of Cambridge, and which, as well as the *Image of Hypocrisy*, had escaped the notice of Mr. Warton.

Another satirist, less distinguished than Skelton as a Latin scholar, but at least equally formidable to cardinal Wolsey and the catholics, was WILLIAM ROY ; of whom, I believe, nothing is known, but that Bale, who has described his poem (de Script. Brit. ed. 1548, p. 254), declares that he flourished in 1526.

His work, which is now extremely rare (though twice printed), forms a small duodecimo volume, elegantly printed in black letter, without date or publisher's name. It has a prose dedication to some person of whose name the initials only are given ; and a metrical prologue, consisting of a dialogue between the author and his treatise. Then follows a sort of satirical dirge, or lamentation, on the death of the *Mass* ; and then the treatise itself, which is called "*A brefe dialogue betwene two prestes' servauntes, named Watkyn and Jeffraye.*" It is in two parts, of which the first is, in general, a satire on the monastic orders ; though even here, the cardinal and his friends are occasionally introduced.

Roy's versification is tolerably easy and flowing ; his language often coarse, but nervous and expressive. The bitterness of his invective will appear from the following extracts.

Wat. Doth *he*¹ then use on mules to ride ?

Jeff. Yea ! and that with so shameful pride,

That to tell it is not possible :

More like a god celestial

Than any creature mortal,

With worldly pomp incredible.

¹ Cardinal Wolsey.

Before him rideth two priests strong,
And they bear two crosses right long,

Gaping in every man's face.

After him follow two laymen secular,
And each of them holding a pillar

In their hands instead of a mace.

Then followeth my lord on his mule,
Trapped with gold under her *cule*¹

In every point most curiously.

On each side, a poleaxe is borne,
Which in none other use are worn,

Pretending some high mystery.

* * * *

Then hath he servants five or six score,
Some behind, and some before,

A marvellous great company:

Of which are lords and gentlemen,
With many grooms and yeomen,

And also knaves among.

Thus daily he proceedeth forth,
And men must take it at worth,

Whether he do right or wrong.

A great carl he is, and a fat;

Wearing on his head a red hat,

Procured with *angels' subsidy*²;

¹ *Cul. Fr.*

² Purchased at the court of Rome. An angel is a well known

And, as they say, in time of rain,
 Four of his gentlemen are fain
 To hold over it a canopy.

Beside this, to tell thee more news,
 He hath a pair of costly shoes,
 Which seldom touch any ground ;
 They are so goodly and curious,
 All of gold and stones precious,
 Costing many a thousand pound.

Wat. And who did for these shoes pay ?

Jeff. Truly, many a rich abbèy,
 To be eased of his visitation.

The following is his description of the bishops :—

Wat. What ? are the bishops divines ?

Jeff. Yea ! they can well skill of wines,
 Better than of divinity !

Lawyers they are of experience,
 And, in cases against conscience,
 They are *parfet*¹ by practice.
 To forge excommunications
 For tythes and decimations
 Is their continual exercise.

As for preaching they take no care :
 They would see a course at an hare
 Rather than to make a sermon :

¹ Perfect. Fr.

To follow the chace of wild deer,
 Passing the time with jolly cheer,
 Among them all is common.

To play at the cards and dice
 Some of them are nothing nice ;
 Both at hazard and mum-chance.
 They drink in gay golden bowls
 The blood of poor simple souls
 Perishing for lack of sustenance.

The following passage, on the abuse of great farms, is extremely curious. After describing the numerous exactions to which even the abbeys were subject, he interrupts the recital by this natural question—

Wat. How have the abbeys their paymènt ?

Jeff. A new way they do invent,
 Letting a dozen farms under one ;
 Which one or two great *francklyngs*¹,
 Occupying a dozen men's livings,
 Take all in their own hands alone.

Wat. The other, in paying their rent,

By likelihood, were negligent,
 And would not do their duty ?

Jeff. They payed their duty, and more,
 But, their farms are *heythed*² so sore,
 That they are brought unto beggary.

¹ Or frankeyne. See vol. i. p. 259.

² Advanced.

The next poet deserving notice is JOHN HEYWOOD the epigrammatist, who was much admired by Henry VIII. and by his daughter Queen Mary ; but the modern reader will not easily detect, in his printed works, that elegant turn of humour which was so long the delight and admiration of an English court. His "*Parable of the Spider and the Fly*" is utterly contemptible : a less tiresome work is his "*Dialogue, contayning in effect the number of all the proverbes in the English tongue, compact in a matter concerning two marriages*," printed in 1547, 4to, and 1549, 8vo. The idea is ingenious, and, though ill executed, such a repertory is at least curious. To the Dialogue were added in his *works* (printed by Powell, in 1562, 4to, and afterwards three several times) six centuries of epigrams, interspersed with a few small tales and fables, and from this heap of rubbish it may perhaps be worth while to extract the three following specimens, which are in Heywood's very best manner.

An old Wife's Boon.

In old world, when old wives bitterly pray'd,
One, devoutly, as by way of a boon,
Ask'd vengeance on her husband ; and to him said,
“ Thou wouldest wed a young wife, ere this week
were done,
Were I dead, but thou shalt wed the devil as
soon !”
“ I cannot wed the devil,” quod he. “ Why ?” quod
she.
“ For I have wedded his dam before,” quod he.
(1st cent. epig. 36.)

Two Wishers for two Manner of Mouths.

“ I wish thou hadst a little narrow mouth, wife,
 Little and little, to drop out words in strife ! ”
 “ And I wish you, sir, a wide mouth, for the nonce,
 To speak all that ever you shall speak at once ! ”

(1st cent. epig. 83.)

Of blind Bayard.

Who so bold as *blind Bayard*¹ ? no beast, of truth :
 Whereof my bold blind Bayard perfect proof shew'th ;
 Both of his boldness, and for his bold blindness ;
 By late occasion in a cause of kindness.

A company of us rode in certain ground,
 Where we well nigh an impassable slough found.
 Their horses, ere they enter'd, began to stay ;
 Every one's horse giving an other the way ;
 Of good manner, as it were :—and, more and more
 Each horse gave back to set his better before,
 Save this rude, rusty, bold, blind Bayard of mine,
 As rashly as rudely, chop forth : and, in fine,
 Without any courtesy, ere any man bids,
 Blindly and boldly he lept into the mids :
 And look, how boldly the mids he lept *intill*,
 Even with like boldness in the mids he lay still.
 And, trow you, the jade, at the best men's words there,
 Would stir one joint ?—Nay ; not the breadth of an
 hair !

¹ *Bayard* is the name of a horse renowned in stories of chivalry, but I am ignorant of the source of this proverbial expression.

But stared on them, with as bold a countenance,
 As that hole had been his by inheritance!
 He having no more to do there than had I.

But straight, there cometh a *cart-wear*¹ of good
*hors*² by,
 By force whereof, and help of all that rout,
 Blind Bayard and I were drawn together out.
 Which blind boldness, by this admonition,
 Except he amend in some meet condition,
 Rather than ride so, I will afoot take pain ;
 Blind bold Bayard shall not thus bear me again.

(3rd cent. epig. 101.)

The time of Heywood's birth is uncertain : he is supposed to have died at Mechlin in 1565 ; having, after the death of Queen Mary, become a refugee on account of his religion.

About 1542, a printer of the name of Robert Wyer published an anonymous satire against women, entitled "*The Scole-houſe, wherein every man may rede a goodly prayſe of the condycyons of women.*" From this work Mr. Warton has extracted the following epigrammatic stanza, which, in point of taste and spirit, nearly resembles the poetry of Heywood.

Truly some men there be,
 That live always in great horroûr,
 And say, it goeth by destiny
 To hang or wed : both hath one hour.
 And, whether it be, I am well sure,

¹ A team.

² A contraction for *horses*.

Hanging is better of the twain;
Sooner done, and shorter pain.

The minor poets of this reign were, **ANDREW BOORD**, or **BORDE**, a whimsical physician, who is mentioned by the ingenious editor of "the Muses' Library," with much more praise than he seems to deserve ; **JOHN BALE**, the biographer ; **BRIAN ANSLAY**, author of "*The boke of the Cyte of Ladyes*," 1521 (probably a translation of the "Tresor de la cité des dames" by Christian of Pisa) ; **ANDREW CHERTESEY**, another translator ; **WILFRIDE HOLME**, author of "*The fall and evill successe of Rebellion*" (1572, 4to) ; **CHARLES BANSLEY**, a rhyming satirist ; **CHRISTOPHER GOODWIN**, author of "*The Maiden's Dreme*" (1542, 4to) ; **THOMAS FEYLDE**, author of "*A lytel treatyse called the Contraverse betwene a Lover and a Jaye*," in six-line stanzas (4to. W. de Worde, n. d.) ; and **WILLIAM BLOOMFIELD**, a monk of Bury, and chemical writer. These deserve no farther notice : but it would be unpardonable to omit the mention of two anonymous compositions, **THE TOURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM**, and **THE NUTBROWN MAID** ; both of which are, by Mr. Warton, ascribed to this reign. By referring to the second volume of Percy's Reliques (P. 13 and 29), where they are inserted, the reader will perceive that the first is anterior to the accession of Henry VIII. by at least half a century, and that the date of the second is still uncertain, though the circumstance of its having originally appeared in Arnold's chronicle (first printed about 1521) is favourable to the conjecture of Warton and Capell. The poetical merit of both pieces is unquestionable.

At the head of the Scottish poets of this period stands **SIR DAVID LINDSAY**, of the Mount, near Coupar, in Fife ; born, as Mr. Pinkerton supposes, about the year 1490.

¹ Written in 1537.

He was (says this editor) descended of an ancient family ; was educated at St. Andrew's ; afterwards travelled through England, France, Italy, and Germany, and returned to Scotland about 1514. Soon after his return he became one of the gentlemen of the king's chamber, and had the charge of superintending the education of the young prince, afterwards king James V. In 1536 he was employed by that monarch as his ambassador to the emperor Charles V. and also to France, to negotiate the king's marriage : a proof that he possessed much of his master's confidence ; which, indeed, he seems to have merited by the affection with which he served him, and by the honest and wise counsels which he never failed to offer. But the only permanent establishment which he ever gained at court was the post of lion king at arms ; an office of more honour than emolument. After the death of James V. in 1542, he is said to have enjoyed a degree of favour with the earl of Arran ; but having been deprived of this by means of a court intrigue, he retired to his country seat, where he lived tranquil and respected till the end of 1553, when he died.

In the works of Sir David Lindsay we do not often find either the splendid diction of Dunbar, or the prolific imagination of Gawin Douglas. Perhaps, indeed, *the Dream* is his only composition which can be cited as uniformly poetical : but his various learning, his good sense, his perfect knowledge of courts and of the world, the facility of his versification, and, above all, his peculiar talent of adapting himself to readers of all denominations, will continue to secure to him a considerable share of that popularity, for which he was originally indebted to the opinions he professed, no less than to his poetical merit. "In fact," says Mr. Pinkerton, "Sir David was more the reformer of Scotland than John Knox ; for he had prepared the ground, and John only sowed the seed." This, though it

has greatly increased his posthumous reputation, was a considerable impediment to his advancement during life, as it was not till 1560 that the reformation was established in Scotland ; and his works being so odious to the clergy, that, by an act of assembly in 1558, they were ordered to be publicly burned, there is perhaps not one of the numerous editions through which they have passed that preserves the genuine text of the author. The earliest, and probably the best of these, is that of 1568 ; the last (which is very paltry and incorrect) is that of 1776.

The most important pieces in this volume are *the Dream*, addressed to king James V., and the *Dialogue of the miserable Estate of this World, betwixt Experience and a Courtier*, commonly called *the Book of the Monarchy*.

The first of these is a vision, in which an allegorical ady, called *Remembrance*, transports the poet to the internal regions, situated in the centre of the earth ; she then gives him a view of purgatory ; opens to his view all the riches of our planet ; transports him through the three elements of water, air, and fire ; visits with him the seven planets ; passes to the crystalline and empyreal heavens, where he contemplates the throne of God ; shows him the three quarters of the earth ; and gives him a prospect of Paradise. As a contrast to these scenes of splendour, she next exhibits to him his native country, the misery of which (at that time governed in subseriency to the policy of France) the poet very feelingly describes. *Remembrance* then carries him back to the cavern where he had fallen asleep, and he is awakened by the noise of a ship firing a broadaide.

The following few lines, extracted from the prologue, will show that Sir David Lindsay's talents were by no means ill suited to descriptive poetry.

I met dame Flora in dule¹ weed *disagysit*² ;
 (Which, *into* May, was dulce and delectable,) With *stalwart*³ storms her sweetness was surprisit ;
 Her heavenly hues were turnit into sable,
 Which, onewhile, were to lovers amiáble :
 Fled from the frost the tender flowers I saw
 Under dame Nature's mantle lurking *law*⁴.

But these beauties are merely incidental ; the poet's principal object being to instruct the king in the philosophy of that age, and, above all, to inspire him with a just sense of his regal duties. This fine poem is preceded by an epistle, in which the author reminds his pupil of the tenderness with which he had watched over his childhood, and of the amusements with which he had blended his instruction ; and the work concludes with "the exhortation to the king's grace," in ten stanzas, filled with excellent advice, but delivered with a freedom and severity of language, which might possibly render it rather unpalatable. The preceptor, indeed, never quite forgot his authority, as will appear from the following five lines of "*the Complaint of the Papinjy*," which may be considered as presenting a summary of all our author's counsels.

Wherefore, *sen*⁵ thou has *sic* capacity
 To learn to play so pleasantly, and sing,
 Ride horse, run⁶ spears, with great audacity,
 Shoot with hand-bow, cross-bow, and culvering,
 AMONG THE REST, SIR, LEARN TO BE A KING !

¹ Mourning. ² Disguised. ³ Violent. ⁴ Low.

⁵ "The complaynte, &c. of a Popinjay," London, 1530, 4to, reads "seeing."

⁶ Ed. 1530, "ryve."

The poem usually called *the Monarchy*, which comprehends more than half the volume, is a sort of abstract of universal history, in question and answer, the interlocutors being *Experience* and a *Courtier*. This fanciful mode of narration was convenient for the author's purpose, which was not so much to give an exact chronicle of facts, as to justify, by examples from sacred and profane history, the moral, political, and religious tenets, which he meant to inculcate. The work is professedly of the most popular kind—

— “to colliers, carters, and to cooks,
To Jack and Tom, my rhyme shall be directed.”

For this reason he often varies his metre and his style, being sometimes grave and sententious, sometimes satirical and humorous, but never losing sight of his principal object, which is the overthrow of popery. The most impressive passage in the whole work is that chapter in the fourth book which describes the day of judgment, from whence I have extracted the following lines :

Then, with one roar, the earth shall rive,
And swallow them both man and wife.
Then shall those créatures forlorn
*Warie*¹ the hour that they were born,
With many *yamer*², *yewt*³, and yell,
From time they feel the flamis fell,
Upon their tender bodies bite ;
Whose torment shall be infinite.
The earth shall close, and from their sight
Shall taken be all kind of light.

¹ Curse.

² Shriek—*Vox a sono conficta*. Rudd. Gl.

³ Scream ; like the former.

There shall be *gowling*¹, and *greitìng*²,
*But*³ hope of any comforting.
 In that inestimable pain
 Eternally they shall remain,
Burnand in furious flamys red ;
 Ever *deand*⁴, but never be dead.
 That the small minute of one hour
 To them shall be *sa* great doloùr,
 They shall think they have *done remain*⁵
Ane thousand year *into* that pain.

(Fourth Book of the Mon. ad fin.)

The defence of the vulgar tongue in the first book,—the description of the confusion of tongues, the ridicule of idolatry, and the remarks on the effects of pilgrimages, in the second,—and the satire on the nuns and friars, in the third—have a different kind of merit. The following comparison, in the fourth, is such a singular attempt to explain, by human reason, one of the darkest mysteries of our religion, that I cannot forbear submitting it to the reader.

Take *ane crowat*⁶, *ane* pint-stoup, and *ane* quart,
Ane gallon-pitcher, *ane* puncheon, and *ane* tun ;
 Of wine, or balm, give every one their part ;
 And fill them full till that they be o'er-run :
 The *little crowat* in comparison⁷

¹ Howling.

² Weeping.

³ Without.

⁴ Dying.

⁵ Remained.

⁶ Cruet, a small vessel. The edit. 1566, reads *flacket*, i. e. flasket, a small flask.

⁷ i. e. the cruet, *though* little in comparison.

Shall be *sa* full that it may hold no more :
 (Of *sic* measures though there be twenty score

Into the tun, or in the puncheon :)

So all those vessels, in *ane* quality,
 May hold *na mair*, without they be o'er-run,
 Yet have they not alike in quantity.
Sa by this rude example thou may see
 Though every one be not alike in *glore*,
 Are satisfied, *sa* that they desire no more.

(*Ibid.*)

Sir David Lindsay's *Play* (reprinted in the second volume of Mr. Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*, 1792) is a curious specimen of the ancient *morakities*, and forms a most entertaining commentary on the manners of the times in which it was written. The scenes of "the poor man and the pardoner," (beginning at page 61,) and of "the parliament of correction," (p. 141,) are, perhaps, the most striking.

But the most pleasing of all this author's works is certainly *the History of Squire Meldrum*¹. The romantic and singular, but authentic, character of the hero, is painted with great strength and simplicity ; and the versification possesses a degree of facility and elegance at least equal to the most polished compositions of Drayton. Of this the reader will judge from the following specimen,

¹ Printed at Edinburgh, 1592, by H. Charteris, in an edition of Lindsay's works, afterwards by ditto separately, 1594, from which it was republished by Mr. Pinkerton in his "Scottish Poems," vol. i. p. 143. The title runs thus : "The Historie of ane nobil and wailyeand Squyer, Williame Meldrum, umquhyle Laird of Cleische and Bynnis." Also "The Testament of the said Williame Meldrum, Squyer."

which is taken from the beginning of the second book
(Scot. P. vol. i. p. 179, &c.).

And as it did approach the night,
Of a castell he gat *ane* sight,
Beside *ane* mountain, in *ane* vale :
And then, after his great *travail*¹,
He purposit him to *repose*²,
Where *ilk* man did of him rejoice.
Of this triumphant pleasant place,
*Ane lusty lady*³ was mistrèss ;
Whose lord was dead some time before,
Wherethrough her dolour was the more.
But yet she took some comforting
To hear the pleasant *dulce* talking
Of this young squyer ; of his chance,
And how it fortun'd him in France.

This squyer and the lady *gent*
Did wash, and then to supper went.
During that night, there was nought *ellis*
But for to hear of his *novellis*⁴.
Æneas, when he fled from Troy,
Did not Queen Dido greater joy,
When he in Carthage did arrive,
And did the siege of Troy *descryve*.

¹ Work, Fr., or perhaps travel, i. e. journey.

² The original spelling is, here, necessary for the rhyme.

³ Lady Gleneagles. (Vide Lindsay's Hist. of Scot. p. 200.)

⁴ Adventures. Fr.

The wonders that he did rehearse
 Were *langsum*¹ for to put in verse ;
 Of which this lady did rejoice :
 They drank, and *syne*² went to *repois*.

He found his chamber well arrayit,
 With *dornick-work*³ on board displayit.
 Of venison he had his *wail*⁴ ;
 Good aqua-vitæ, wine, and ale ;
 With noble comfits, brawn, and *geill*⁵ :
 And *swa* the squyer *fuir*⁶ right *weill*.

Sa, to hear *mair* of his narration,
 This lady came to his collation ;
Sayand he was right welcome *hame*⁷.
 “Grandmerci then,” quod he, “madame.”
 They pass the time with chess and table,
 For he to every game was able.
 Then unto bed drew every wight.
 To chamber went this lady bright,
 The which this squyer did convoy :
Syne, till his bed he went with joy.

¹ Tedious. Sax.

² Since, afterwards.

³ Damasked ? (Pink. Gloss.) Ornicle, in La Combe's Dict. du Vieux Lang. is interpreted “sorte d'étoffe fort riche;” and linen imitating the patterns of such stuff might be called travail *d'ornicle*. In Dutch, *doornick* is the name for Tournay; the word, therefore, *may* be synonymous with Flemish linen.

⁴ Choice. Ruddiman's Gloss.

⁵ Jelly.

⁶ Fared.

⁷ Home.

That night he sleepit never *ane* wink,
But still did on the lady think.

The adventure which follows, nearly resembles that of Dido and *Æneas*; but Lindsay, though more circumstantial, is less delicate than Virgil in relating the good fortune of his hero: which is the more to be lamented, because his description contains some curious particulars respecting the customs and fashions of the age.

Sir David Lindsay has enumerated no less than seven contemporary poets, of whom, however, we have no remains, excepting three pieces composed by one of the Stewarts, and inserted in page 146, 148, and 151, of Lord Hailes's extracts from the Bannatyne MS. They are principally remarkable for the freedom with which they censure the conduct of King James V.

But the finest specimen of Scottish poetry, during this period, is a piece which is quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt from the Maitland MSS. under the title of *the Mourning Maiden*, and printed by Mr. Pinkerton (Anc. Scot. Poems, 1786, p. 205).

THE MOURNING MAIDEN.

Still under the leavis green
This hinder day I went alone:
I heard *ane may*¹ *sair* mourn, and *meyne*²;
To the king of love she made her moan.
She sightit *selly*³ sore;
Said, "Lord, I love thy lore,
" *Mair woe dreit*⁴ never woman one.
O langsum life! and thou were gone,
Then should I mourn no more!"

¹ A virgin. *Sax.*

² Wonderfully? *sellic*, *Sax.*

³ Moan, complain.

⁴ Endured; *dreogan*, *Sax.*

As red gold-wire shinit her hair,
 And all in green the *may* she *glaid*¹ ;
Ane bent bow in her hand she bare,
 Under her belt were arrows *braid*².
 I followit *on that free*³ ,
 That seemly was to see :
 With still mourning her moan she made.
 That *bird* under a bank she *bade*⁴
 And leanit to *ane* tree.

“ *Wan-weird*⁵ ! ” she said, “ what have I wrought,
 That on me *kytht*⁶ has all this care ?
 True love, so dear I have thee bought !
 Certis, so shall I do *na mair*⁷ ?
Sen that I go beguil’d
 With *ane* that faith has *syl’d*⁸,
 That *gars*⁹ me *oft-syis*¹⁰ sigh full *sair*,
 And walk among the *holtis* *hair*¹¹,
 Within the woodis wild.

“ This great disease for love I *dre*¹² ;
 There is no tongue can tell the wo :

¹ Glided along.

² Broad.

³ After that *noble* maid. *Free*, in old English, is almost constantly used in the sense of *noble* or *gentle*.

⁴ Abode.

⁵ Misfortune.

⁶ Cast.

⁷ No more.

⁸ Deceived.

⁹ Causes.

¹⁰ Oft-sithes, i.e. oft-times.

¹¹ Holts are woody hills. *Holtis hoar* is used in Sir Launfal, Mort Arthur, &c.

¹² Endure.

I love the love that loves not me:

*I may not mend, but mourning mo¹,
While God send some remeid
Through destiny or deid².*

I am his friend, and he my foe.

My sweet, alas ! why does he so ?
I wrought him ne'er *na feid*³ !

“Withoutin feign I was his friend
In word and work, great God it *wait*⁴!
Where he was plac’d, there list I *leynd*⁵,
Do and him service *ayr*⁶ and late.
He *kepand*⁷ after *syne*⁸
Till his honoùr and mine:
But now he *gais* another *gait*⁹,
And has no eye to my *estate*¹⁰,
Which does me all this *pyne*¹¹.

"It does me *pyne* that I may prove,
That makis me thus mourning *mo*.
My love he loves another love;
Alas, sweet-heart, why does he so ?

¹ "I cannot be relieved except by a continuance of mourning."

² Death. ³ Feud, enmity. ⁴ Wots, knows.

⁵ To dwell. Rudd. Gloss. ⁶ Early.

⁷ Keeping, watching, guarding against. ⁸ Sin, impeachment.

⁹ *Gait*, or *gate*, and *way*, were formerly synonymous; and the Scots still use *gang your gait*, for *go your way*.

10 State situation

u Pain.

Why should he me forsake ?
 Have mercy on his *maik*¹.
 Therefore my heart will burst in two :
 And thus, walking with doe and roe
 My life now here I take."

Then weepit she, lusty in weed,
 And on her wayis can she *went*²,
 In *hy*, after that *heynd*³ I *yede*,
 And in my armis could her *hent*,
 And said, " Fair lady, at this tide
 (With leave) ye *man* abide,
 And tell me who you hither sent ?
 Or why ye bear your bow so bent
 To slay our deer of pride ?

" In *waithman*⁴ weed *sen* I you find,
 In this wood *walkand* your alone,
 Your milk-white handis we shall bind
 While that the blood burst *fra* the bone.
Chargeand you to *prisoùn*,

¹ Companion, mistress. ² Wend, go. ³ Beautiful woman.
⁴ Outlaw.

" They ought not to be hold vagabond nor *waith*."
 (G. Douglas, p. 159. 27.)

Little John and Robin Hood
Wayth men were commended good.
 (Wyntown's Chron. vol. i. p. 397.)

To the king's deep dungeoun.

They may ken by your feather'd *flane*¹

Ye have been many beastis' bane,

Upon *thir bentis* brown."

That free answer'd with fair *afeir*²,

And said, "Sir, mercy ! for your might !

Thus *man* I bow and arrows bear,

Because I am *ane* banish'd wight ;

So will I be full *lang* :

For God's love let me gang ;

And here to you my truth I plight,

That I shall, neither day nor night,

No wild beast wait with *wrang*.

" Though I walk in this forest free

With bow and eke with feather'd *flane*,

It is *weill mair* than dayis three

And meat or drink yet saw I *nane*.

Though I had ne'er *sic* need

Myself to win my bread,

Your deer may walk, sir, *their alone*³.

Yet was I ne'er *na* beastis bane ;

I may not see them bleed !

¹ Arrows. Ruddim. Gloss.

² Propriety. *P aferir*, Fr. is synonymous with *convenir*.

³ In the eighth stanza, the author uses *your alone* instead of *you alone*.

“ *Sen* that I never did you ill,
 It were no skill you did me *skayth*¹.
 Your deer may walk where'er they will,
 I win my meat with *na sic waith*².
 I do but little *wrang*
 But *gif* I *flouris fang*³.
Gif that ye trow not in my *aythe*,
 Take here my bow and arrows *baythe*,
 And let my own self *gang*.”

“ I say your bow and arrows bright !
 I bid not have them, by Saint Bride,
 But ye *man* rest with me all night,
 All naked, *sleepand* by my side.”—
 “ I will not do that sin,
Leif you⁴, this world to win !”—
 “ Ye are so hale of hue and *hide*⁵,
 Love has me *fangit* in this tide :
 I may not *fra* you *twyn*⁶.”

Then lookit she to me, and *leuch*⁷ ;
 And said, “ *Sic* love *I rid* you *layne*⁸ :
Albeid ye make it ne'er *sa teuch*⁹,
 To me your labour is in vain.

¹ Mischief.

² Hunting; *wæthan*. Sax.

³ Seize. Sax.

⁴ Love you ! a mode of address.

⁵ Skin.

⁶ Separate.

⁷ Laughed.

⁸ I advise you to dismiss.

⁹ Tough.

Were I out of your sight
 The space of half a night,
 Suppose ye saw me ne'er again—
 Love has you strain'd with little pain,
 Thereto my truth I plight."

I said, " My sweet, forsooth I shall
 For ever love you, and no *mo*.
 Though others love and leave withal,
Maist certainly I do not so.
 I do you true love *hecht*¹,
 By all thy beauties bright!
 Ye are so fair—be not my foe !
 Ye shall have sin *and* ye me *slo*²
 Thus through *ane* sudden sight."

" That I you slay, that God forshield !
 What have I done or said you *till* ?
 I was not wont weapons to wield ;
 But am a woman, *gif* ye will,
 That sorely fearis you,
 And ye not me, I trow.
 Therefore, good sir, take in none ill,
Shall never berne gar breif the bill
*At bidding me to bow*³.

" *Into this wood aye walk I shall,*
Lead and my life as woful wight:

¹ Promise.

² Slay.

³ I do not understand these two lines.

Here I forsake *bayth* bower and hall,
 And all *thir byggings*¹ that are bright !
 My bed is made full cold
 With beastis *bryme*² and bold :
 That gars me say, *bayth* day and night,
 Alas that ever the tongue should *hecht*
 That heart thought not to hold ! ”

These words out through my heart so went,
 That near I weepit for her wo.
 Bnt thereto would I not consent,
 And said that it should not be so.
 Into my armis *swythe*³
 Embracit I *that blithe*⁴,
 Saying, “ Sweet-hearts of harmis *ho*⁵ !
*Found*⁶ shall I ne'er this forest fro
 While ye me comfort *kyth*⁷. ”

Then kneelit I before *that clear*⁴,
 And meekly could her mercy crave.
*That seemly*⁴ then, with sober cheer,
 Me, of her goodliness, forgave.

¹ These buildings. Rudd. Gloss.

² *Brim*, fierce. Rudd. Gloss.

³ Quickly.

⁴ This use of the adjective was probably a Gallicism. As the French would say *cette belle*, this author employs *that hend*—*that blithe*—*that clear*—*that seemly*. Such was the use of the times.

⁵ An interjection, commanding to desist or leave off. Rudd. Gloss.

“ That can of wrath and malice never *ho*. ”

(G. Doug. Virg., p. 148, l. 2.)

⁶ Go.

⁷ Show.

It was no need, I wis,
To bid us other kiss ;
There might no hearts *mair* joy receive,
*Nor*¹ either could of other have.
Thus brought were we to bliss.

¹ Than.

SPECIMENS,

&c.

Henry VIII. (1509 to 1547.)

SIR THOMAS WYATT,

OF Allington Castle, Kent, styled by Wood "the delight of the Muses, and of Mankind," was born in 1503 ; educated at both universities ; a great traveller ; possessed all the modern languages ; and was often employed by Henry VIII. in foreign missions. Though generally, and justly, in the confidence of his master, he was imprisoned by him on suspicion of a connexion with Anne Boleyn, but justified himself, and was restored to favour. Being sent to conduct the ambassador of Charles V. from Falmouth, he caught a fever on the road by riding too hard in a hot day, and died at Sherborne, where he was buried in the conventional church, 1541.

Besides his minor poems, sonnets, and translations, which succeed Lord Surrey's in Tottel's Miscellany, he composed a poetical version of some of David's Psalms, printed in 1549. Lord Surrey's character of these and their author may be seen in three of the subsequent specimens given from that nobleman.

His genius was of the moral and didactic cast ; and he may be considered (says Warton) as the first *polished* satirist : but his imagination was inferior to that of his friend Surrey ; and his love-verses are often filled with conceit and antithesis.

The Lady to answer directly with yea or no.

MADAM, withouten many words,

Once, I am sure, you will, or no :

And if you will, then leave your *boords*¹,

And use your wit, and shew it so.

For, with a beck you shall me call ;

And if of one that burns alwày

Ye have pity or ruth at all,

Answer him fair, with yea or nay !

If it be yea, I shall be fain ;

If it be nay—friends, as before :

You shall another man obtain ;

And I, mine own ; and yours no more.

*The Lover's Case cannot be hidden, however he
dissemble.*

Your looks so often cast,

Your eyes so friendly roll'd,

Your sight fixed so fast,

Always one to behold ;

¹ Jests, or tricks.

Tho' hide it fain ye would,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your heart in hold,
And where good-will ye bear.

Fain would ye find a cloak
Your burning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke
Breaks out on every side.

Ye cannot love so guide
That it no issue win ;
Abroad needs must it glide
That *brens* so hot within.

The Lover determineth to serve faithfully.

Since Love will needs that I shall love,
Of very force I must agree :
And since no chance may it remove,
In wealth and in adversity,
I shall alway myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

'Though for good-will I find but hate,
And cruelty¹ my life to waste ;

¹ So ed. i.—ed. 1567, “cruelly.”

And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my days unto the last,
Yet I profess it willingly,
To serve and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart, no wo,
That yet I feel, or after shall,
That from this mind may make me go ;
And, whatsoever me befall,
I do profess it willingly,
To serve and suffer patiently.

*The Lover prayeth not to be disdained, refused,
mistrusted, nor forsaken.*

*Disdain me not without desert,
Nor leave me not so suddenly ;
Since well ye wot that in my heart
I mean ye nought but honestly.*

*Refuse me not without cause why :
For think me not to be unjust,
Since that by lot of fantasy
This careful knot needs knit I must.*

*Mistrust me not, though some there be
That fain would spot my stedfastness ;*

Believe them not, since that ye see
The proof is not as they express.

Forsake me not till I deserve ;
Nor hate me not till I offend :
Destroy me not till that I swerve :
But since ye know what I intend,

Disdain me not that am your own ;
Refuse me not that am so true ;
Mistrust me not till all be known ;
Forsake me not now for no new.

Of his Return from Spain.

Tagus, farewell, that westward with thy streams
Turns up the grains of gold already tried !
For I with spur and sail go seek the Thames,
Gainward the sun that show'th her wealthy pride,
And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,
Like bended moon that leans her lusty side.
My king, my country I seek, for whom I live :
O, mighty Jove, the winds for this me give !

The Courtier's Life.

In court to serve decked with fresh array,
Of sugar'd meats feeling the sweet repast ;

The life in banquets, and sundry kinds of play
 Amid the press of worldly looks to waste ;—
 Hath with it join'd oft-times such bitter taste,
 That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,
 In prison joys fetter'd with chains of gold.

A Renouncing of Love.

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws for ever,
 Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more !
 Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,
 To *parfit* wealth my wit for to endeavour.
 In blind error when I did perséver,
 Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
 Taught me in trifles that I set no store,
 But scape forththence, since liberty is *lever*¹.
 Therefore farewell ! go, trouble younger hearts,
 And in me² claim no more authority !
 With idle youth go use thy property,
 And thereon spend thy many brittle darts.
 For, hitherto though I have lost my time,
 Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

A Description of such a one as he would Love.

A face that should content me wondrous well
 Should not be fair, but lovely to behold ;

¹ Or "lieffer," as in ed. 1567, *i.e.* preferable.

² Ed. 1567, "time."

Of lively look, all grief for to repel ;

With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speak, without word, such words as none can tell.

Her tress also should be of crised gold.

With wit, and these, perchance I might be tried,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

Of the Courtier's Life, written to John Poins.

Mine own John Poins ! since ye delight to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the press of courts, whereso they go,
Rather than to live thrall under the awe

Of lordly looks, wrapped within my cloak,
To will and lust learning to set a law :—

It is not that because I scorn or mock
The power of them whom Fortune here hath lent
Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke.
But true it is that I have always meant

Less to esteem them than the common sort,
Of outward things that judge in their intent,

Without regard what inward doth resort.

*

*

*

*

I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong,
 To worship them, like God on earth alone,
 That are as wolves these silly lambs among ;
 I cannot with my words complain and moan,
 And suffer nought,—nor smart without complaint,—
 Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.

I cannot speak and look like as a saint,
 Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure,
 Call craft counsel, for lucre still to paint ;
 I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer ;
 With innocent blood to feed myself fat,
 And do most hurt where that most help I offer.

I am not he that can allow the state
 Of high Cæsär, and damn Cato to die,
 That with his death did 'scape out of the gate
 From Cæsar's hands, if Livy doth not lie,
 And would not live where liberty was lost,
 So did his heart the commonwealth apply.

I am not he, such eloquence to boast
 * * * *
 [To] praise Sir Thopas for a noble tale,
 And scorn the story that the knight told¹ :
 Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale :

¹ Two of the Canterbury Tales.

Grin when he laughs that beareth all the sway,
Frown when he frowns, and groan when he is pale :

On others lust to hang both night and day :—
None of these points would ever frame in me ;
My wit is naught, I cannot learn the way ;
And much the less of things that greater be :

Affirm that Favell hath a goodly grace
In eloquence ; and cruelty to name
Zeal of justice ; and change in time and place ;
And he that suffereth offence without blame,

Call him pitiful,—and him true and plain,
That raileth reckless unto each man's shame :

Say he is rude that cannot lie and feign,
The lecher a lover, and tyranny
To be the right of a prince's reign,—
I cannot, I,—no, no,—it will not be.

This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleeves that weigh (as thou may'st
see)

A chip of chance more than a pound of wit :
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk,
And in foul weather at my book to sit,
In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalk :

No man doth mark whereso I ride or go ;
In lusty leas at liberty I walk.

And of these news I feel nor weal nor wo,
Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel ;
No force for that, for it is order'd so,
That I may leap both hedge and dike full *weel*.

I am not now in France to judge the wine,
With savoury sauce those delicates to feel ;
Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline,
Rather than to be, outwardly to seem.

I meddle not with wits that be so fine,
Nor Flanders cheer lets not my sight to deem

Of black and white, nor takes my wits away
With beastliness ; such do those beasts esteem.

Nor I am not, where truth is given in prey
For money, poison¹, and treason, of some
A common practice, used night and day—
But I am here in Kent and Christendom,

Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme ;—
Where if thou list, mine own John Poins, to come,
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

¹ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “prison.”

LORD SURREY.

HENRY HOWARD, earl of Surrey, son and grandson to two dukes of Norfolk, lords treasurers, was born in 1520. While a boy he resided at Windsor, in the quality of companion to Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond, a natural son of Henry VIII., and, like Surrey, a youth of the highest expectations. They became warm friends; studied together at Wolsey's college in Oxford; travelled into France; and at Calais received Henry, on his visit to Francis I. Richmond was, soon after, married to the lady Mary Howard, Surrey's sister; but died in 1536, at the early age of seventeen.

Surrey was at once the hero of romance, and the practical soldier. His superiority in the accomplishments of chivalry was proved at a tournament held by him at Florence, in honour of his Geraldine, and at another exhibited at Windsor, in the king's presence, in 1540. He served with great distinction in his father's army, which marched against the Scots in 1542, and contributed, by his skill and bravery, to the memorable victory of Flodden Field. In 1544, he commanded, as field-marshal, the English army in the expedition against Boulogne. His talents, his popularity, his high spirit, a suspicion of his intending to marry the princess Mary, with a view of obtaining the crown, and, above all, a treasured hate in the king's breast against the relations of Catharine Howard, procured his condemnation for a most frivolous offence, and he was beheaded in 1547.

It was reserved for the ingenuity of Mr. Walpole to furnish a clue to the maze in which the fair Geraldine, the object of his romantic passion, had so long remained

concealed, and who there can now be little doubt was lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, second daughter of the earl of Kildare. (See Royal and Noble Authors.) This lady, it should be added, became the third wife of Edward Clinton, earl of Lincoln; and Surrey married Frances, daughter of the earl of Oxford, by whom he had several children.

Surrey's poems were first printed by Tottel, in 1557, small 4to, with the following title: " *Songes and Sonettes, written by the right honorable Lorde Henry Haward, late Earle of Surrey, and other.*" The text of this has been preferred in the present extracts. Successive editions, somewhat altered and enlarged, though, for the most part, less correct, appeared in 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574, 1585, 1587, and lastly, in 1717. His translation of Virgil's second and fourth books into English blank verse, said to be equally elegant and faithful, was published in 1557. This very rare and curious work has been reprinted from a copy preserved in Dulwich college library.

For a more particular account of this accomplished man, see Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, or Warton's History of Poetry.

Description and Praise of his Love, Geraldine.

FROM Tuscane came my lady's worthy race ;
 Fair Florence was, sometime, her ancient seat ;
 The western ile, whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Camber's cliffs, first gave her ¹ lively heat.
 Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast ;
 Her sire, an earl ; her dame of princes' blood :

¹ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, " did give her."

From tender years in Britain did she ¹ rest,
 With king's child, where she tasteth costly food ².
 Honson did first present her to mine ey'n ;
 Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight ;
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
 And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
 Her beauty of kind ; her virtues from above ;
 Happy is he that can obtain her love.

*Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his Pleasure
 there passed.*

So cruel prison how could betide, alas,
 As proud Windsor ? where I, in lust and joy,
 With a king's son my childish years did pass
 In greater feasts ³ than Priam's sons of Troy :

Where each sweet place returns a taste full sower ⁴ !
 The large green courts, where we were wont to
 hove ⁵,
 With eyes cast up into *the maiden's tower*,
 And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.

¹ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “she doth.”

² So ed. 1567.—Ed. i. “With a king's child, who tasteth ghostly food.”

³ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “feast.”

⁴ Sour.

⁵ Hover, loiter.

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tigers could but rue ;
Where each of us did plead the other's right.

The palm-play¹, where, despoiled for the game²,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleames of love
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame;
To bait³ her eyes which kept⁴ the leads above.

The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm⁵,
On foaming horse, with swords, and friendly hearts,
With cheer⁶ as though one should another whelm :
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.

The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise,
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.

The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
With reins *avail'd*⁷, and swift y-breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force⁸.

¹ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “plain play.” Probably a misprint.

² Rendered unable to play. ³ Tempt, catch.

⁴ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “keeps.”

⁵ At tournaments they fixed the sleeve of their mistresses on some part of their armour.

6 Looks.

7 Reins dropped.

⁸ *Chasse à forcer*, Fr., is the chase in which the game is run down, in opposition to the *chasse à tirer*, in which it is shot.

The wide vales, eke, that harbour'd us each night,
 Wherewith, alas, reviveth in my breast
 The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight,
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest :

The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
 The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
 Wherewith we past the winter nights ¹ away.

O place of bliss, renewer of my woes !
 Give me account where is my noble *ferē*²,
 Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose,
 To other *leefe*³, but unto me most dear !

The Means to attain happy Life.

[Translated from Martial.]

Martial, the things that do attain
 The happy life be these, I find !
 The riches left, not got with pain ;
 The fruitful ground ; the quiet mind ;
 The *egall*⁴ friend ; no grudge, no strife ;
 No charge of rule nor governance ;
 Without disease the healthful life ;
 The household of continuance ;

¹ Ed. 1567, "night."

³ Dear to others, to all.

² Companion.

⁴ Equal.

The mean diet ; no delicate fare ;
 True wisdom join'd with simpleness ;
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppress ;

The faithful wife, without debate ;
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night :
 Contented with thine own estate¹,
 Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

A Praise of his Love, wherein he reproveth them that compare their Ladies with his.

Give place, ye lovers, here before
 That spent your boasts and brags in vain !
 My lady's beauty passeth more
 The best of yours, I dare well sayne,
 Than doth the sun the candle light,
 Or brightest day the darkest night :

And thereto hath a troth as just,
 As had Penelope the fair ;
 For what she saith, ye may it trust,
 As it by writing sealed were :
 And virtues hath she many *moe*
 Than I with pen have skill to show.

¹ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “Content thyself with thine estate.”

I could rehearse, if that I would,
 The whole effect of Nature's plaint ;
 When she had lost the *perfite* mould,
 The like to whom she could not paint :
 With wringing hands how she did cry !
 And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
 Her kingdom only set apart,
 There was no loss by law of kind
 That could have gone so near her heart ;
 And this was chiefly all her pain,
 She could not make the like again.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
 To be the chiefest work she wrought ;
 In faith, methink, some better ways
 On your behalf might well be sought,
 Than to compare, as ye have done,
 To match the candle with the sun.

*Description of Spring, wherein each Thing renews,
 save only the Lover.*

The *soote*¹ seasòn, that bud and bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale ;
 The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings ;
 The turtle to her *make* hath told her tale.

¹ Sweet.

Summer is come ; for every spray now springs ;
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;
 The buck, in brake his winter coat he flings ;
 The fishes fleet with new-repaired scale ;
 The adder, all her slough away she flings ;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies *smale* ;
 The busy bee, her honey now she *mings*¹ ;
 Winter is worn, that was the flower's bale.
 And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs !

*Praise of certain Psalms of David, translated by
 Sir Thomas Wyatt, the elder.*

The great Macedon, that out of Persie chased
 Darius, of whose huge power all Asie rung,
 In the rich ark dan Homer's rhymes he placed,
 Who feigned gests of heathen princes sung.
 What holy grave, what worthy sepulture² ?
 To Wyatt's psalms should Christians then pur-
 chàse ?
 Where he doth paint the lively faith and pure,
 The stedfast hope, the sweet return to grace
 Of just David by *perfite* penitence :
 Where rulers may see in a mirror clear
 The bitter fruit of false concupiscence ;
 How Jewry bought Uriah's death full dear.

¹ Mingles.

² So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “sepulchre.”

In princes' hearts God's scourge imprinted deep
Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep¹.

On the Death of the same Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Divers thy death do diversly bemoan:
Some, that in presence of thy livelihed
Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swoln,
Yield Cæsar's tears upon Pompeius' head !

[And] some, that watched with the murderer's knife
With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,
Whose practice brake by happy end of life,
With envious tears to hear thy fame so good !

But I,—that knew what harbour'd in that head,
What virtues rare were temper'd in that breast,—
Honour the place that such a jewel bred,
And kiss the ground whereas thy corse² doth
rest !

Of the same.

Wyatt resteth here, that *quick*³ could never rest,
Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain,

¹ Mr. Warton thinks that "probably the last lines may contain an oblique allusion to some of the king's amours."

² So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, "the corpse."

³ Alive.

And virtue sank the deeper in his breast ;
 Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head, where wisdom mysteries did frame,
 Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain
 As on a *stithe*¹, where that some work of fame
 Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern and mild ; where both did grow
 Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice :
 Amid great storms whom grace assured so
 To live upright, and smile at Fortune's choice.

A hand, that taught what might be said in rhyme,
 That left Chaucer the glory of his wit ;
 A mark the which (*unparfited*, for time)
 Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue, that serv'd in foreign realms his king,
 Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame
 Each noble heart ; a worthy guide to bring
 Our English youth by travel unto fame.

An eye, whose judgment none *affect*² could blind,
 Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile ;
 Whose piercing look did represent a mind
 With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile.

¹ An anvil.

² Affection.

A heart, where dread was never so imprest,
To hide the thought that might the truth avance;
In neither fortune lost, nor yet represt,
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corps, where force and beauty met ;
Happy, alas ! too happy, but for foes ;
Lived and ran the race that Nature set ;
Of manhood's shape where she the mold did lose.

*Description of the restless State of a Lover, with Suit
to his Lady to rue on his dying Heart.*

The sun hath twice brought forth his tender green,
Twice clad the earth in lively lustiness ;
Once have the winds the trees despoiled clean,
And once again begins their cruelty ;

Since I have hid under my breast the harm,
That never shall recover healthfulness.

The winter's hurt recovers with the warm ;
The parched green restored is with shade :
What warmth, alas ! may serve for to disarm
The frozen heart that mine in flame¹ hath made ?

¹ Ed. 1567, "inflame."

What cold again is able to restore
My fresh green years, that wither thus and fade ?

* * * * *

And like as time list to my cure apply,
So doth each place my comfort clean refuse.
All thing alive that see'th the heavens with eye
With cloak of night may cover and excuse

Itself from travel of the day's unrest,
Save I, alas, against all others use,

That then stir up the torments of my breast,
And curse each star as causer of my fate ;
And when the sun hath eke the dark opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate

The travels of mine endless smart and pain,
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,

I wish for night more covertly to plain,
And me withdraw from every haunted place,
Lest by my cheer my chance appear too plain ;
And, in my mind, I measure pace by pace,

To seek the place where I myself had lost.

* * * * *

Lo, if I seek, how I do find my sore,
And if I flee, I carry with me still

The venom'd shaft which doth his force restore
By haste of flight, and I may plain my fill

Unto myself, unless this careful song
Print in your heart some parcel of my *teen*¹,
For I, alas, in silence all too long,
Of mine old hurt yet feel the wound but green.

Rue on my life, or else your cruel wrong
Shall well appear, and by my death be seen !

Complaint of a Lover rebuked.

Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captive breast,
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She that me taught to love, and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire
With shamefac'd cloak to shadow and restrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward Love then to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurks and plains
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face :
For my lord's guilt thus faultless 'bide I pains.
Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove.
Sweet is his death, that takes his end by Love.

¹ Sorrow, grief.

NICHOLAS GRIMOALD.

No better account can be given of this author than that afforded by Mr. Warton, from which an abridgment here follows :—

Grimoald was a native of Huntingdonshire, educated first at Christ's College, Cambridge. Removing to Oxford in 1542, he was elected fellow of Merton, and in 1547 was transplanted to Christ Church, where he gave the rhetorical lecture, and wrote a Latin play. In 1548, he explained all Virgil's Georgics by a prose Latin paraphrase in the College-hall : he also wrote commentaries on the *Andria* of Terence, Horace's Epistles, and many pieces of Cicero. His Translation of Tully's Offices into English was first printed in 1553 ; but those of the *Cyropaedia* and other Greek classics never reached the press.

He was chaplain to Bishop Ridley, imprisoned for heresy in Queen Mary's reign, and saved by a recantation. “ But theology does not seem to have been his talent, nor the glories of martyrdom to have made any part of his ambition.”

“ As a writer of verses in rhyme, Grimoald yields to none of his contemporaries, for a masterly choice of chaste expression, and the concise elegancies of didactic versification. Some of the couplets in his poem in praise of moderation have all the smartness which mark the modern style of sententious poetry, and would have done honour to Pope's *ethical epistles*.”

But he is still more remarkable as being the second English poet, after lord Surrey, who wrote in blank verse ; to whose style he added new strength, elegance, and modulation. In the disposition and conduct of his

cadences he often approaches to the legitimate structure of the improved blank verse, though not entirely free from those dissonances and asperities which still adhered to the general character of our diction.

Mr. Ritson in his *Bibliographia* observes, that Grimoald died about 1563, and that his death of Zoroas is translated from the *Alexandreid* of Gualtherus.

The following specimens are all taken from Tottel's *Miscellany* before-mentioned.

Praise of Measure-keeping.

THE ancient time commended not for nought
The mean: what better thing can there be sought?
In mean is virtue plac'd: on either side,
Both right and left, amiss a man shall slide.
Icar, with sire hadst thou the midway flown,
Icarian *beck*¹ by name had no man known.
If middle path kept had proud Phaeton,
No burning brand this earth had fall'n upon.
Ne cruel power, *ne* none too² soft, can reign:
That keeps a mean, the same shall still remain.
Thee, Julie, once did too much mercy spill!
Thee, Nero stern, rigour extreme did kill.
How could Augst so many years well pass?
Nor over meek, nor over fierce he was.
Worship not Jove with curious fancies vain,
Nor dim despise! hold right between these twain.

¹ Water, strait.

² Ed. 1567, "so."

No wasteful wight, no greedy groom¹ is prais'd :
 Stands *largess*² just in *egall*³ balance *payz'd*⁴.
 So Cato's meal surmounts Antonius' cheer,
 And better fame his sober fare hath here.
 Too slender building, bad ; as bad, too gross ;
 One an eye-sore, the tother falls to loss.
 As med'cines help in measure, so (God wot)
 By overmuch the sick their bane have got.
 Unmeet meseems to utter this *mo* ways :
 Measure forbids unmeasurable praise.

Musonius the Philosopher's Saying.

In working well, if travel you sustain,
 Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain ;
 But of the deed the glory shall remain,
 And cause your name with worthy wights to reign.
 In working wrong, if pleasure you attain,
 The pleasure soon shall fade, and void as vain.
 But of the deed throughout the life the shame
 Endures, defacing you with foul defame ;
 And still torments the mind both night and day ;
 Scant length of time the spot can wash away.
 Flee then ill-swading Pleasure's baits untrue,
 And noble Virtue's fair renown pursue.

¹ Ed. 1567, "gut."
³ Equal.

² Liberality. Fr.
⁴ Poised.

Of Friendship.

[In the original, each of the following stanzas makes only two long lines.]

Of all the heavenly gifts
 That mortal men commend,
 What trusty treasure in the world
 Can countervail a friend ?

Our health is soon decay'd ;
 Goods casual, light, and vain ;
 Broke have we seen the force of power,
 And honour suffer stain.

In bodies lust man doth
 Resemble but base brute ;
 True virtue gets and keeps a friend,
 Good guide of our pursuit :

Whose hearty zeal with ours
 Accords in every case ;
 No term of time, no space of place,
 No storm can it deface.

When fickle Fortune fails
 This knot endureth still ;
 Thy ¹ kin out of their kind may swerve
 When friends owe thee good will.

¹ Ed. 1567, "The."

What sweeter solace shall
Befall, than one to find
Upon whose breast thou mayst repose
The 'secrets of thy mind ?

He waileth at thy wo,
His tears with thine be shed ;
With thee doth he all joys enjoy,
So *leef* a life is led.

Behold thy friend, and of
Thyself the pattern see ;
One soul a wonder shall it seem
In bodies twain to be.

In absence present, rich
In want, in sickness sound,
Yea after death alive may'st thou
By thy sure friend be found.

Each house, each town, each realm,
By steadfast love doth stand ;
Where foul debate breeds bitter bale
In each divided land.

O friendship, flower of flowers !
O lively sprite of life !
O sacred bond of blissful peace,
The *stalworth* stanch of strife !

Scipio with Lælius

Didst thou conjoin in care,
At home, in wars, for weal and wo
With *egall* faith to fare.

* * * *

Down Theseus went to hell

Pirith his friend to find :

O THAT THE WIVES IN THESE OUR DAYS
WERE TO THEIR MATES SO KIND !

Cicero, the friendly man,

To Atticus his friend
Of friendship wrote ; such couples, lo !
Doth lot but seldom lend.

Recount thy race now run,

How few shalt thou there see,
Of whom to say, “ This same is he
That never failed me.”

So rare a jewel then

Must needs be holden dear ;
And as thou wilt esteem thyself
So take thy chosen *fere*.

The tyrant in despair

No lack of gold bewails,
But “ Out I am undone,” saith he,
“ For all my friendship fails.”

Wherefore since nothing is
 More kindly for our kind ;
 Next wisdom, thus that teacheth us,
 Love we the friendful ¹ mind.

*The Death of Zoroas, an Egyptian Astronomer, in
 the first Fight that Alexander had with the Per-
 sians.*

[An extract.]

Now clattering arms, now raging broils of war
 'Gan pass the noise of dreadful trumpet's clang.

* * * * *

The lightning Macedon, by swords, by *glaives*,
 By bands and troops of footmen with his guard
 Speeds to Darie. * * *

* * * * *

Shaking her bloody hands Bellone among
 The Perses sow'd all kind of cruel death.

* * * * *

Right over stood in snow-white armour brave
 The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clerk ;
 To whom the heavens lay open, as his book :
 And in celestial bodies he could tell
 The moving, meeting, light, aspèct, eclipse,
 And influence, and constellations all.
 What earthly chances would betide, what year

¹ Ed. 1567, "friendly."

Of plenty stor'd, what sign forewarned dearth :
 How winter gendereth snow, what temperature
 In the prime-tide doth season well the soil ;
 Why summer burns, why autumn hath ripe grapes :
 Whether the circle quadrate may become ;
 Whether our tunes heaven's harmony can yield.

* * * * *

This sage then in the stars had ¹ spied the Fates
 Threaten'd him death, without delay ; and *sithe*
 He saw he could not fatal order change.
 Forward he press'd, in battle that he might
 Meet with the ruler of the Macedons ;
 Of his right hand desirous to be slain,
 The boldest *beurn* ², and worthiest in the field.
 And as a wight now weary of his life,
 And seeking death, in first front of his rage
 Comes desperately to Alexander's face ;
 At him, with darts, one after other, throws ;
 With reckless words and clamour him provokes ;
 And saith, “ Nectanab's bastard, shameful stain
 Of mother's bed ! why losest thou thy strokes,
 Cowards among ? Turn thee to me, in case
 Manhood there be so much left in thy heart !
 Come fight with me, that on my helmet wear
 Apollo's laurel, both for learning's laud,
 And eke for martial praise ; that in my shield
 The sevenfold sophie of Minerve contain ;

¹ Ed. 1567, “ hath.”

² Qu. *bearn*, or *barn* ?

A match more meet, sir king, than any here.”
The noble prince, amov’d, takes ruth upon
The wilful wight, and with soft words again,
“ O monstrous man,” quod he, “ what so thou art,
I pray thee live ! *ne* do not with thy death
This lodge of lore, the Muses’ mansion mar !
That treasure house this hand shall never spoil :
My sword shall never bruise that skilful brain,
Long gather’d heaps of science soon to spill.
O, how fair fruits may you to mortal men
From wisdom’s garden give ? How many may
By you the wiser and the better prove ?
What error, what mad mood, what phrenzy thee
Persuades to be down sent to deep Avern,
Where no arts flourish, nor no knowledge ‘vails ?”
For all these saws, when thus the sovereign said,
Alighted Zoroas : with sword unsheathe’d
The careless king there smote above the greave
At th’ opening of his cuishes—wounded him—

* * * * *

But yet his mind he bent, in any wise,
Him to forbear ; set spurs unto his steed,
And turn’d away, lest anger of his smart
Should cause revenger hand deal baleful blows.
But of the Macedonian chieftain’s knights
One Meleager, could not bear this sight,
But ran upon the said Egyptian *renk*¹,

And cut him in both knees ;—he fell to ground.

* * * * *

The Persians wail'd such sapience to forego :—
 The very foen, the Macedonians wish'd
 He would have liv'd ;—king Alexander self
 Deem'd him a man unmeet to die at all :
 Who won like praise, for conquest of his ire,
 As for stout men in field that day subdued.

* * * * *

But over all, those same Camenes, those same
 Divine Camenes, whose honour he procur'd,
 As tender parent doth his daughters' weal,
 Lamented ; and for thanks, all that they can,
 Do cherish him deceas'd, and set him free
 From dark oblivion of devouring Death.

Marcus Tullius Cicero's Death.

THEREFORE when restless rage of wind and wave
 He saw : “ By Fates, alas ! call'd for,” quod he,
 “ Is hapless Cicero. Sail on, shape course
 To the next shore, and bring me to my death !
 Perdy, these thanks, rescu'd from civil sword,
 Wilt thou, my country, pay ?—I see mine end ;
 So powers divine, so bid the gods above.”

* * * * *

Speaking no more, but drawing from deep heart
 Great groans, e'en at the name of Rome rehears'd,
 His eyes and cheeks with showers of tears he wash'd.

And (though a rout in daily dangers worn)
 With forced face the shipmen held their tears ;
 And striving long the sea's rough flood to pass
 In angry winds and stormy showers made way,
 And, at the last, safe anchor'd in the road,
 Came heavy Cicero a-land : with pain
 His fainted limbs the aged sire doth draw.
 And round about their master stood his band ;
 Nor greatly with their own hard hap dismay'd,
 Nor plighted faith prone ¹ in sharp time to break,
 Some swords prepare ; some their dear lord assist.
 In litter laid they lead him uncouth ways ;
 If so deceive Antonius' cruel *glaives* ².
 They might, and threats of following routs escape.
 Thus lo, that Tully went ! that Tullius,
 Of royal robe and sacred senate prince ;
 When he afar the men approach espieth,
 And of his foen the ensign doth aknow
 And with drawn sword Popilius threatening death,
 Whose life and whole estate in hazard once
 He had preserv'd, when Rome, as yet to-free,
 Heard him, and at his thundering voice amaz'd.
 Herennius eke, more eager ³ than the rest,
 Present inflam'd with fury him pursues.
 What might he do ? Should he use in defence
 Disarmed hands ? or pardon ask for meed ?

¹ The editions read " prove."

² Swords.

³ Ed. 1567, " tiger."

Should he with words attempt to turn the wroth
Of th' armed knight, whose safeguard he had wrought?
No, age forbids, and fix'd within deep breast
His country's love, and falling Rome's image.
" The chariot turn," sayth he, " let loose the reins!
Run to the undeserved death! me, lo,
Hath Phœbus' fowl, as messenger forewarn'd,
And Jove desires a new heaven's-man to make.
Brutus' and Cassius' souls, live you in bliss!
In case yet all the Fates gainstrive us not,
Neither shall we, perchance, die unreveng'd.
Now have I liv'd, O Rome, enough for me:
My passed life nought suffereth me to doubt
Noisome oblivion of the loathsome death.
Slay me! yet all th' offspring to come shall know:
And this decease shall bring eternal life.
Yea, and (unless I fail, and all in vain,
Rome, I sometime thy Augur chosen was,)
Not evermore shall friendly Fortune thee
Favour, Antonius! Once the day shall come
When her dear wights, by cruel spite thus slain,
Victorious Rome shall at thy hands require.
Melikes, therewhile, go see the hoped heaven."
Speech had he left, and therewith he, good man,
His throat prepar'd, and held his head unmov'd,
His hasting to those Fates the very knights
Be loth to see, and, rage rebated, when
They his bare neck beheld, and his hoar hairs,
Scant could they hold the tears that forth 'gan burst,

And almost fell from bloody hands the swords.
Only the stern Herennius with grim look,
“ Dastards, why stand you still ? ” he saith, and
straight
Swaps off the head with his presumptuous iron.
Ne with that slaughter yet is he not fill’d.
Foul shame on shame to heap is his delight.
Wherefore the hands also doth he off smite,
Which durst Antonius’ life so lively paint.
Him yielding strained ghost from welkin high
With loathy cheer lord Phœbus ’gan behold,
And in black cloud, they say, long hid his head.
The Latin Muses, and the Grayes they wept,
And for his fall eternally shall weep.
And lo ! heart-piercing Pitho (strange to tell)
Who had to him suffic’d both sense and words,
When so he spake, and dress’d with nectar *soote*
That flowing tongue, when his wind-pipe disclos’d,
Fled with her fleeing friend, and, out alas,
Hath left the earth, *ne* will no more return.
Popilius fly’th therewhile, and leaving there
The senseless stock, a grisly sight doth bear
Unto Antonius’ board, with mischief fed.

LORD VAUX.

THIS poet (says Mr. Warton) was probably Thomas Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, in Northamptonshire, son of Lord Nicholas, with whom (though no poet), as Mr. Ritson observes, he has been confounded by Wood, and others. Puttenham gave the first occasion to this mistake. He succeeded his father in 1528, was summoned to Parliament in 1531, and seems to have lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign. Two poems in Tottel's collection, viz. "The Assault of Cupid," and that which begins, "I loath that I did love," (from whence three stanzas are quoted in the song of the grave-diggers in Hamlet,) are certainly his.

Several of his pieces are also preserved in "the Paradise of Dainty Devices."

Mr. Ritson assigns a place among the poets to William lord Vaux, son of the above nobleman, and ascribes to him a share in the poems contained in the collection just mentioned, but adduces no authority.

See Percy's Reliques, i. 49, and Lord Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors.

The Assault of Cupid upon the Fort, where the Lover's Heart lay wounded, and how he was taken.

WHEN Cupid scaled first the fort
 Wherein my heart lay wounded sore,
 The battery was of such a sort,
 That I must yield, or die therefore.

There saw I Love upon the wall,
 How he his banner did display ;
 " Alarm ! alarm ! " he 'gan to call,
 And bade his soldiers keep array.

The arms, the which that Cupid bare,
 Were pierced hearts with tears besprent,
 In silver and sable, to declare
 The steadfast love he always meant.

There might you see his band all drest
 In colours like to white and black ;
 With powder and with pellets, *prest*¹
 To bring the fort² to spoil and sack.

Good-will, the master of the shot,
 Stood in the rampire, brave and proud :
 For 'spence of powder, he spar'd not
 " Assault ! assault ! " to cry aloud.

There might you hear the cannons roar ;
 Each piece discharg'd a lover's look ;
 Which had the power to rend, and tore
 In any place whereas they took.

And even with the trumpet's *sown*³
 The scaling-ladders were up set :
 And Beauty walked up and down,
 With bow in hand, and arrows whet.

Then first Desirc began to scale,
 And shrouded him under his targe,
 As one the worthiest of them all,
 And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushed soldiers with their pikes,
 And halberdiers, with handy strokes ;
 The *hargabushe*¹ in flash it lights,
 And dims the air with misty smokes.

And, as it is the² soldiers use,
 When shot and powder 'gins to want,
 I hanged up my flag of truce
 And pleaded for my lifés grant.

When Fancy thus had made her breach,
 And Beauty enter'd with her band,
 With bag and baggage (silly wretch)
 I yielded into Beauty's hand.

Then Beauty bade to blow retreat,
 And every soldier to retire,
 And Mercy mild with speed to fet³
 Me captive bound as prisoner.

" Madam," quoth I, " sith that this day
 Hath served you at all assays,

¹ Arquebusade.

² Ed. 1567, "now."

³ Fetch, Ed. 1567, "set."

I yield to you without delay,
Here of the fortress all the keys.

“ And *sith* that I have been the mark
At whom you shot at with your eye,
Needs must you with your handy-*wark*¹,
Or salve my sore, or let me die.”

*The aged Lover renounceth Love*²

I LOATH that I did love
In youth that I thought sweet,
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not meet.

My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all be³ fled ;
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray hairs upon my head.

For Age with stealing steps
Hath claw'd me with his *crowch*,
And lusty Life away she leaps,
As there had been none such.

¹ Work.

² The editor of Reliques of Anc. Poetry has given some different readings in this poem, from a MS. in the Museum. Vide ii. 186.

³ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “are.”

My Muse doth not delight
Me, as she did before :
My hand and pen are not in plight
As they have been of yore.

For Reason me denies
This youthful idle Rhyme ;
And day by day to me she cries,
“ Leave off these toys in time.”

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say, limping Age will hedge¹ him now,
Where Youth must give him place.

The harbinger of Death
To me I see him ride :
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth bid me to provide

A pick-axe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding-sheet,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

Methinks I hear the clerk,
That knolls the careful knell ;

¹ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “lodge.”

And bids me leave my woful *wark*
 Ere Nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot
 That Youth did laugh to scorn,
 Of me that clean shall be forgot,
 As I had not been born.

Thus must I Youth give up,
 Whose badge I long did wear :
 To them I yield the wanton cup
 That better may it bear.

Lo here the bared¹ scull !
 By whose bald sign I know
 That stooping Age away shall pull
 Which youthful years did sow.

For Beauty with her band
 These crooked cares hath wrought,
 And shipped me into the land
 From whence I first was brought.

And ye that 'bide behind,
 Have ye none other trust !
 As ye of clay were cast by kind,
 So shall ye waste to dust.

¹ Ed. 1567, "barehead."

Of a contented Mind.

[From the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*; ed. 1576. Each of the following stanzas is printed as four lines in the original.]

WHEN all is done and said,
In th' end thus shall you find ;
He most of all doth bathe in bliss,
That hath a quiet mind :
And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour :
And death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay ;
When as the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone ;
For many have been harm'd by speech,
Through thinking, few, or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease ;

And he speaks best, that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death ;
Our kinsmen at the grave :
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have,
Wherefore, for virtue's sake
I can be well content
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

*Being asked the Occasion of his White Head, he
answered thus.*

[From the same.]

WHERE seething sighs, and *sower*¹ sobs
Hath slain the slips that Nature set ;
And scalding showers, with stony throbs,
The kindly sap from them hath *fet* ;
What wonder then though you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be ?

Where Thought hath thrill'd and thrown his spears,
To hurt the heart that harm'd him not ;
And groaning Grief hath ground forth tears,
Mine eyne to stain, my face to spot ;

¹ Ed. 1580, "sorrow."

What wonder then though you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be ?

Where pinching Pain himself hath plac'd,
There Peace with Pleasures were possess'd ;
And walls of wealth are fall'n to waste,
And Poverty in them is prest ;
What wonder then though you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be ?

Where wretched Woe doth weave her web,
Where Care the clue can catch and cast ;
And floods of joy are fall'n to ebb,
So low, that life may not long last ;
What wonder then though you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be ?

These hairs of Age are messengers,
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray :
They be of Death the harbingers,
That do prepare and dress the way.
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How far my race was for to run :
They say my youth is fled, with strength,
And how old age is well begun.

The which I feel : and you may see
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the strings, of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical :
Their tunes declare—a time from ground
I came—and how thereto I shall !
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such strings to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
No worse them take than I have meant :
That after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy, their lives well spent.
God grant likewise that you may see
Upon your¹ head such hairs to be.

[In ed. 1577 and 1580, this piece is attributed, I believe falsely, to W. Hunnis.]

¹ So the sense seems to require. The original has "my."

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

AMONG the uncertain authors, whose works are subjoined to Lord Surrey's Poems, are to be classed (says Mr. Warton) SIR FRANCIS BRIAN, and LORD ROCHFORD¹. THOMAS CHURCHYARD also may be added to the list of contributors. In the catalogue of his numerous productions prefixed to his "Challenge," he says, " Many things in the book of songs and sonnets, in Queen Mary's reign, were of my making." See an account of this author and his works in Ritson's Bibliographia.

Sir Francis Brian (nephew to Bourchier lord Berners, the translator of Froissart), was the friend of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and knighted by Thomas, earl of Surrey, during the expedition to Brittany. His wit and accomplishments procured him the post of gentleman of the privy chamber to Henry VIII., and he was afterwards promoted to more

¹ Sir F. Brian, indeed, is pointed out by Drayton as a contributor to Tottel's miscellany.

" Amongst our poets *Bryon* had a share
 With the two * former, which accempted are
 That time's best makers, and the authors were
 Of those small poems, which the title bear
 Of *songs and sonnets*, wherein oft they hit
 On many dainty passages of wit."

(Epist. to Hen. Reynolds, Esq.)

And Richard Smith says, in a copy of verses before Gascoigne's Works,

" Old *Rockfort* clamb the stately throne
 Which Muses hold in Helicon."

* Surrey and Wyatt.

important employments, and died chief-justiciary of Ireland, 1548.

George Boleyn, viscount Rochford, brother to Queen Anne Boleyn, with whom he was most unjustly accused of a criminal intimacy, was beheaded on this suspicion in May, 1536. He was the idol of the ladies at Henry's court, and wrote several songs and sonnets. The first of the following, which, by the editor of Lord Surrey's Poems, is placed among the works of Sir Thomas Wyatt, is, in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, ascribed to Lord Rochford.

The Lover complaineth the Unkindness of his Love.

My lute awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun !
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done !

* * * *

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection :
So that I am past remedy ;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through Love's shot,
By whom (unkind !) thou hast them won,
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That mak'st but game on earnest pain :
 Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lover's plain,
 Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie wither'd and old
In winter nights that are so cold,
 Plaining in vain unto the moon :
Thy wishes then dare not be told,
 Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
 To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon ;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
 And wish and want, as I have done !

Now cease my lute : this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
 And ended is that we begun ;
Now is this song both sung and past ;
 My lute be still, for I have done !

That each Thing is hurt of itself.

W^HY fearest thou thy outward foe,
 When thou thyself thy harm dost feed ?

Of grief or hurt, of pain or wo,
Within each thing is sown the seed.

So fine was never yet the cloth,
No smith so hard his ir'n did beat,
But th' one consumed was with moth,
Th' other with canker all to-fret.

The knotty oak, and wainscot old,
Within doth eat the silly worm :
E'en so, a mind in envy roll'd
Always within itself doth burn.

Thus every thing that Nature wrought
Within itself his hurt doth bear :
No outward harm need to be sought
Where enemies be within so near.

*The Lover in Liberty smileth at them in Thraldom,
that sometime scorned his Bondage.*

At liberty I sit, and see
Them that have erst laugh'd me to scorn,
Whipp'd with the whip that scourged me,
And now they *ban*¹ that they were born !

¹ Curse.

I see them sit full soberly,
 And think their earnest looks to hide ;
 Now in themselves they cannot spy
 That they, *or* this, in me have spied !

I see them sitting all alone,
 Marking the steps, each word, and look :
 And now they tread where I have gone !
 The painful path that I forsook !

I see them wander all alone,
 And tread full fast in dreadful doubt
 The self-same path that I have gone !
 Blessed be hap that brought me out !

At liberty all this I see ;
 And say no word but *erst among*¹ ;
 Smiling at them that laugh'd at me ;
 Lo such is hap ! mark well my song !

The Lover in Despair lamenteth his Case.

ADIEU desert, how art thou spent !
 Ah dropping tears, how do you waste !
 Ah scalding sighs, how be ye spent,
 To prick them forth that will not haste !

¹ I do not understand this expression.

Ah pained heart, thou gap'st for grace
 E'en there where pity hath no place !

As easy 't is the stony rock
 From place to place for to remove,
 As by thy plaint for to provoke
 A frozen heart from hate to love.
 What should I say ? such is thy lot,
 To fawn on them that *force*¹ thee not.

Thus may'st thou safely say and swear
 That rigour reign'th and ruth doth fail,
 In thankless thoughts thy thoughts do wear,
 Thy truth, thy faith may nought avail
 For thy good will. Why should thou so
 Still graft where grace it will not grow ?

Alas, poor heart, thus hast thou spent
 Thy flowering time, thy pleasant years !
 With sighing voice weep and lament,
 For of thy hope no fruit appears :
 Thy true meaning is paid with scorn,
 That ever sow'th and reap'th no corn.

And where thou seeks a quiet port,
 Thou dost but weigh against the wind ;

¹ Love.

For where thou gladdest¹ wouldest resort,
 There is no place for thee assign'd.
 Thy destiny hath set it so
 That thy true heart should cause thy wo.

A Praise of his Lady.

GIVE place, you ladies, and be gone.
 Boast not yourselves at all !
 For here at hand approacheth one
 Whose face will stain you all !

The virtue of her lively looks
 Excels the precious stone :
 I wish to have none other books
 To read or look upon.

In each of her two chrystral eyes
 Smileth a naked boy :
 It would you all in heart suffice
 To see that lamp² of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
 Where she her shape did take ;
 Or else I doubt if Nature could
 So fair a creature make.

¹ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “gladdiest.”

² So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “lamb.”

She may be well compared
Unto the phenix kind,
Whose like was never seen nor heard,
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In troth Penelope,
In word and eke in deed steadfast :
What will you more we say ?

* * * *

Her roseal colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play ;
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mix'd with shamefac'dness ;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord, it is a world to see
How virtue can repair,
And deck in her such honesty
Whom Nature made so fair !

*Truly she doth so far exceed
Our women now-a-days,
As doth the gilly-flower a weed,
And more a thousand ways.*

*How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree ?
For all the rest are plain but chaff
Which seem good corn to be.*

*This gift alone I shall her give :
When Death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.*

*The Lover, accusing his Love for her Unfaithfulness,
purposeth to live in Liberty.*

*THE smoky sighs, the bitter tears
That I in vain have wasted,
The broken sleeps, the wo and fears,
That long in me have lasted,
The love, and all I owe to thee,
Here I renounce, and make me free.*

* * * *

*The fruits were fair the which did grow
Within my ¹ garden planted,*

¹ So ed. 1567.—Ed. i. “ thy.”

*The leaves were green of every bough,
And moisture nothing¹ wanted ;
Yet, or the blossoms 'gan [to] fall
The caterpillar wasted all.*

Thy body was the garden-place,
And sugar'd words it beareth ;
The blossoms all, thy faith it was,
Which, as the canker, weareth.
The caterpillar is the same
That hath won thee, and lost thy name.

*That all Things sometime find Ease of their Pain,
save only the Lover.*

I see there is no sort
Of things that live in grief,
Which at some time may not resort
Whereas they have relief.

The chased deer hath soil
To cool him in his heat ;
The ass after his weary toil
In stable is up set.

¹ So ed. i.—Ed. 1867, “never.”

The cony hath his cave,
The little bird his nest,
From heat and cold themselves to save
At all times as they list.

The owl, with feeble sight,
Lies lurking in the leaves ;
The sparrow in the frosty night
May shroud her in the eaves.

But, woe to me, alas !
In sun, not yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting-place
My burden to unlade.

*The Lover, that once disdained Love, is now become
subject, being caught in his Snare.*

[The couplet printed in italics is said to have been written by Mary Queen of Scots with a diamond on a window of Fotheringay Castle : probably, as Warton suggests, a recollected passage from this poem. Vide Hist. E. Poet. iii. 56.]

To this my song give ear who list,
And mine intent judge as ye will ;
The time is come that I have miss'd
The thing whereon I hoped still ;
*And from the top of all my trust
Mishap hath thrown me in the dust.*

The time hath been, and that of late,
 My heart and I might leap at large,
 And was not shut within the gate
 Of love's desire, nor took no charge
 Of any thing that did pertain
 As touching love, in any pain.

My thought was free, my heart was light,
 I marked not who lost, who *saught*¹,
 I play'd by day, I slept by night,
 I *forced* not who wept, who laugh'd ;
 My thought from all such things was free,
 And I myself at liberty.

I took no heed to taunts nor toys,
 As lief to see them frown as smile ;
 Where Fortune laugh'd I scorn'd their joys,
 I found their frauds, and every wile ;
 And to myself ofttimes I smil'd,
 To see how Love had them beguil'd.

Thus, in the net of my conceit,
 I masked still among the sort
 Of such as fed upon the bait
 That Cupid laid for his disport ;
 And ever, as I saw them caught,
 I them beheld and thereat laugh'd.

¹ Perhaps saved, or won.

Till at the length, when Cupid spied
My scornful will, and spiteful use,
And how I past not who was tied,
So that myself might still live loose ;
He set himself to lie in wait,
And in my way he threw a bait.

Such one as Nature never made,
I dare well say, save she alone ;
Such one she was, as would invade
A heart more hard than marble stone ;
Such one she is, I know it right,
Her Nature made to shew her might.

Then, as a man c'en in a maze,
When use of reason is away,
So I began to stare and gaze ;
And suddenly, without delay,
Or ever I had the wit to look,
I swallow'd up both bait and hook.

Which daily grieves me more and more,
By sundry sorts of careful wo ;
And none alive may salve the sore,
But only she that hurt me so ;
In whom my life doth now consist,
To save or slay me, as she list.

But seeing now that I am caught,
And bound so fast I cannot flee ;

Be ye by mine ensample taught,
That in your fancies feel you free ;
Despise not them that lovers are,
Lest ye be caught within his snare.

*The Lover not regarded in earnest Suit, being become
wiser, refuseth her proffered Love.*

Do 'way your physic, I faint no more ;
The salve you sent, it comes too late ;
You wist well all my grief before,
And what I suffer'd for your sake ;
Whole is my heart, I plain no more,
A new the cure did undertake,
Wherfore do 'way, you come too late.

For whiles you knew I was your own,
So long in vain you made me gape,
And though my faith it were well known,
Yet small regard thou took thereat.
But, now the blast is over-blown,
Of vain physic a salve you shape,
Wherfore do 'way, you come too late.

How long, *or* this, have I been fain
To gape for mercy at your gate,
Until the time I spied it plain
That Pity and you fell at debate.

For my redress then was I fain
 Your service clean for to forsake :
 Wherefore do 'way, you come too late.

Harpalus' Complaint of Phillida's Love bestowed on Corin, who loved her not, and denied him that loved her.

PHILLIDA was a fair maid,
 And ¹ fresh as any flower ;
 Whom Harpalus the herdman pray'd
 To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
 Where herdmen both *yfere* ² ;
 And Phillida could twist and spin,
 And thereto sing full clear.

But Phillida was all too coy
 For Harpalus to win,
 For Corin was her only joy,
 Who *forst* ³ her not a pin.

How often would she flowers twine,
 How often garlands make

¹ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “As.”

³ Loved.

² Together.

Of cowslips and of columbine?

And all for Corin's sake.

But Corin he had hawks to lure,

And *forced* more the field;

Of lover's law he took no cure,

For once he was beguil'd.

Harpalus prevailed nought,

His labour all was lost;

For he was farthest from her thought,

And yet he lov'd her most.

Therefore wax'd he both pale and lean,

And dry as clod of clay;

His flesh it was consumed clean,

His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long been shave,

His hair hung all *unkempt*¹;

A man most fit e'en for the grave,

Whom spiteful Love had spent².

His eyes were red, and all *fore-watch'd*³,

His face *besprent*⁴ with tears;

It seem'd unhappy had him long hatch'd

In mids of his despairs.

¹ Uncombed.

² So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “*skent*.”

³ Overwatched, tired with watching.

⁴ Besprinkled.

His clothes were black, and also bare,
As one forlorn was he ;
Upon his head always he ware
A wreath of willow tree.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,
And he sate in the dale ;
And thus, with sighs and sorrows shrill,
He 'gan to tell his tale :

“ O Harpalus ! ” thus would he say,
“ Unhappiest under sun !
The cause of thine unhappy day
By love was first begun.

“ For thou went’st ¹ first by suit to seek
A tiger to make tame ;
That sets not by thy love a leek,
But makes thy grief her game.

“ As easy it were for to convert
The frost into the flame,
As for to turn a froward heart,
Whom thou so fain would’st frame.

“ Corin he liveth careless,
He leaps among the leaves ;

¹ So ed. i.—Ed. 1567, “ wenest.”

He eats the fruits of thy *redress*¹!
 Thou reap'st, he takes the sheaves.

“ My beasts, awhile your food refrain,
 And hark your herdman's sound !
 Whom spiteful Love, alas ! hath slain,
*Through-girt*² with many a wound.

“ O happy be ye, beastes wild,
 That here your pasture takes !
 I see that ye be not beguil'd
 Of these your faithful *makes*³.

“ The hart he feedeth by the hind,
 The buck hard by the doe,
 The turtle dove is not *unkind*
 To him that loves her so.

“ But, welaway ! that Nature wrought
 Thee, Phillida, so fair :
 For I may say that I have bought
 Thy beauty all too dear !

“ What reason is⁴ that cruelty
 With beauty should have part ?

¹ Labour.

² Pierced-through.

³ Mates.

⁴ So ed. 1567.—Ed. i. “ is it.”

Or else that such great tyranny
Should dwell in woman's heart ?

* * * *

“ O, Cupid, grant this my request,
And do not stop thine ears !

That she may feel within her breast
The pains of my despairs :

“ Of Corin that is careless
That she may crave her fee,
As I have done in great distress
That lov'd her faithfully.

“ But since that I shall die her slave,
Her slave and eke her thrall,
Write you, my friends, upon my grave
This chance that is befall.

“ HERE LIETH UNHAPPY HARPALUS,
BY CRUEL LOVE NOW SLAIN,
WHOM PHILLIDA UNJUSTLY THUS
HATH MURDER'D WITH DISDAIN.”

EDWARD VI.

(1547 to 1553.)

THE poetical annals of this reign are almost entirely filled with metrical translations from various parts of the Holy Scriptures. Wyatt and Surrey had translated some of the Psalms ; but THOMAS STERNHOLD, an enthusiast in the cause of the reformation, taking offence at the indecent ballads which were current among the courtiers, and hoping to substitute a set of more holy subjects, undertook *a translation of the Psalter*. A similar attempt had been made in France by Clement Marot, and, strange to say, had been made with success : and though Sternhold did not possess the talents of Marot, his industry has been rewarded by still more permanent popularity. It is rather whimsical that the first versions of the Psalms were made, in both countries, by *laymen* and *court* poets : and they translated nearly an equal number ; Marot 50, and Sternhold 51. Sternhold died in 1549 ; and his psalms were printed in the same year, by Edward Whitchurch.

JOHN HOPKINS, a clergyman and schoolmaster in Suffolk, rather a better poet than Sternhold, added 58 Psalms to the list. Of the other contributors, the chief, in point of rank and learning, was WILLIAM WHYTTINGHAM, dean of Durham, whose translations are marked with the initials of his name. THOMAS NORTON, a barrister, and native of Sharpenhoe, in Bedfordshire, who is said to have assisted Sackville in composing the tragedy of Gorboduc, wrote 27. The entire collection was at length published by John Day, in 1562.

It certainly is not easy to discover the grand features

of Hebrew poetry through the muddy medium of this translation ; but it is a curious repertory, and highly characteristic of the time in which it was written. Metre was the universal vehicle of devotion. Our poets were inspired with a real and fervent enthusiasm ; and though the tameness and insipidity of the language in which they vented this inspiration may surprise and disgust a modern reader, it was probably once thought to derive grandeur and sanctity from its subject.

The most notable versifiers of this reign were, JOHN HALL, who is noticed more particularly in the next page ; WILLIAM HUNNIS, a gentleman of the chapel under Edward VI. afterwards chapel-master to Queen Elizabeth, and a most tedious contributor to *the Paradise of Dainty Devices* ; Archbishop PARKER, and ROBERT CROWLEY, a preacher and printer in Holborn ; each of whom undertook a version of the Psalter ; WILLIAM BALDWIN and FRANCIS SEAGUR, both publishers of devotional poems ; and CHRISTOPHER TYE, doctor of music at Cambridge, 1545, and musical professor to Prince Edward, and probably to the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, who *translated and set to music the Acts of the Apostles*.

Of such a period it is not extraordinary that few specimens should be worth preserving.

JOHN HALL.

IN the new edition of Phillips's "Theatrum Poetarum," this author is said to have been a surgeon at Maidstone in Kent, and to have written many tracts on the subject of his profession. Besides his "Court of Virtue," (printed by Marshe in 1565, 12mo,) from which the following specimens are extracted, he published in metre "The Proverbs of Salomon, and certain Psalms of David," printed by Whitchurch, 8vo. n. d. His birth may, perhaps, be placed about 1520. Vide Ritson's Bibliographia for further information.

A DITTY,

Named "Blame not my Lute;" which, under that Title, toucheth, replieth, and rebuketh the wicked State and Enormities of most People in these present miserable Days.

BLAME not my lute, though it do sound
 The rébuke of your wicked sin ;
 But rather seek, as ye are bound,
 To know what case that ye are in.
 And though this song do sin confute,
 And sharply wickedness rebuke ;—
 Blame not my lute !

If my lute blame the covetise,
 The gluttons, and the drunkards vile,

The proud disdain of worldly wise,
 And how Falsehood doth Truth exile ;
 Though Vice and Sin be now in place,
 In stead of Virtue and of Grace ;—
 Blame not my lute !

Though Wrong in Justice' place be set,
 Committing great iniquity ;
 Though hypocrites be counted great,
 That maintain still idolatry ;
 Though some set more by things of nought
 Than by the Lord that all hath wrought ;—
 Blame not my lute !

* * * *

Blame not my lute I you desire,
 But blame the cause that we thus play :
 For burning heat blame not the fire,
 But him that blow'th the coal alway.
 Blame ye the cause, blame ye not us,
 That we men's faults have touched thus ;—
 Blame not my lute !

. * * *

The just and true Man complaineth that Flattery and Falsehood is more regarded than Truth, and rejoiceth that he is hated for the Truth.

If truth may take no trusty hold,
 Nor cleave so fast as flattering sense,

Well may thy heart, poor man, be cold !
 For then is gone all sure defence.

* • * * *

If meaning well may take no place,
 Nor dealing just have no regard,
 Thou must devise another space
 To feign such things as may be heard.

Shall virtue dwell in such disdain ?
 And honesty be had in hate ?
 Then must we learn to glose, and feign,
 Or else remain in vile estate.

But if there be none other way
 To purchase favour and good-will,
 Better it were, I dare well say,
 In vile estate to tarry still.

Yet if wisdom were nobleness,
 As noble birth and riches is,
 Then should not truth be in distress,
 And flattery should of favour miss.

“ Blam’d but not sham’d,” the proverb is,
 And truth can have none other wrong :
 So may they hap their mark to miss,
 That think themselves in falsehood strong.

Then hated, lo, I must rejoice,
And fond-regard despise as vain :
Closing my mouth, stopping my voice
From speech in presence of disdain.

A DITTY,

*To be sung of Musicians in the Morning, at their
Lord or Master's Chamber Door, or elsewhere of
him to be heard.*

THE dawning day begins to glare,
And Lucifer doth shine on high,
And saith that Phœbus doth prepare
To show himself immediately.

And the most dark tenébrous night
Is fain to flee and turn her back,
Which can in no wise hide the light,
But bears away her mantle black.

Wherefore, in time let us arise,
And slothfulness do clean away ;
Doing some godly exercise,
As servants true, while it is day.

Let us in no wise time abuse,
Which is God's creature excellent ;
All slothful sleep let us refuse,
To virtuous works let us be bent.

ALEXANDER SCOT.

THIS author, "the Anacreon of old Scottish poetry," says Mr. Pinkerton, "began to write about 1550. His pieces are very correct and elegant for the age ; and almost all amatory. From p. 192 to 211 of Lord Hailes's collection are *seven* of this poet's pieces ; and in the Bannatyne MS. are *seventeen* more unpublished. He stands at the head of the ancient minor poets of Scotland."

Lament when his Wife left him.

To love unlov'd it is a pain ;
 For she that is my sovereign,
 Some wanton man so high has set her,
 That I can get no love again,
 But break my heart, and nought the better.

When that I went with that sweet *may*
 To dance, to sing, to sport, and play,
 And oft-times in my armis *plet*¹ her—
 I do now mourn both night and day,
 And break my heart, and nought the better.

Where I was wont to see her go,
 Right timely *passand* to and fro,

¹ Folded.

With comely smiles when that I met her—
 And now I live in pain and wo,
 And break my heart, and nought the better.

*Whatane ane glaikit*¹ fool am I
 To slay myself with melancholy,
Sen weill I ken I may not get her ?
 Or what should be the cause, and why,
 To break my heart, and nought the better ?

My heart, *sen* thou may not her please,
 Adieu ! as good love comes as *gais*² ;
 Go choose another, and forget her !
 God give him dolour and disease,
 That breaks [his] heart, and nought the better.

Of Womankind.

I MUSE and marvel in my mind,
 What way to write or put in verse
 The quaint counsels of womankind,
 Or half their havings to rehearse :
 I find their *haill*³ affection
 So contrair their complexion.

For why ? *no leid unleill they leid*⁴ ;
 Untruth expressly they expel ;

¹ What a silly fool.

² Goes.

³ Whole.

⁴ Suffer no unloyal person.

Yet they are plenish'd and replete
 Of falsehood and deceit *thairsell*¹ :
 So find I their affection
 Contrair their own complexion.

They favour no ways foolish men,
 And very few of them are wise ;
 All greedy persons they mis-ken,
 And they are full of covetise :
 So find I their affection
 Contrair their own complexion.

They would have all men bound and thrall
 To them, and they for to be free :
 They covet *ilk* man at their call,
 And they to live at liberty :
 So find I their affection
 Contrair their own complexion.

They take delight in martial deeds,
 And are of nature *tremebund* ;
 They would men nourish'd all their needs,
Syne, comfortless lets them confound :
 So find I their affection
 Contrair their own complexion.

¹ Themselves.

The virtue of this writ, and vigour,
Made in comparison it is,
That feminine are of this figure,
Which clepit is *Antiphrasis* :
For why ? their *haill* affection
Is contrair their complexion.

I wot, good women will not *wyt*¹ me,
Nor of this schedule be ashamat ;
For, be they courteous, they will 'quit me ;
And *gif* they crab, here I *quyt-clame*² it :
Confessand their affection
Conform to their complexion.

¹ Blame.

² Disclaim.

CLAPPERTON.

A SCOTTISH poet, whose history is unknown, but who appears to have flourished about 1550. The following specimen is taken from Pinkerton's *Anc. Scot. Poems*, 1786.

Wo worth Marriage!

IN *Bowdoun*¹, on black *monunday*²,
When all was gatherit to the play,
Both men and women 'semblit there,
I heard a sweet one sigh, and say
“ *Wo worth* marriage for evermair !

“ Maidens, ye may have great *pleasànce*
For to do *Venus* óbservance,
Though I inclosit be with care,
That I dare neither sing nor dance.
Wo worth marriage for evermair !

“ When that I was a maiden *ying*³,
Lightly would I dance and sing,
And sport and play, *bayth* late and *air*⁴.
Now dare I nought look to *sic* thing.
Wo worth marriage for evermair !

¹ A village on the Tweed, near old Melrose.

² Monday. ³ Young. ⁴ Early.

“ Thus am I bounden, out of bliss,
 Unto *ane* churl says I am his,
 That I dare nought look o'er the stair,
*Scantly*¹ to give Sir John *ane* kiss !
Wo worth marriage for evermair !

“ No were I *ane* maiden as I was—
 To make me lady of the Bas—
 And though that I were ne'er so fair,
 To wedding should I never pass.
Wo worth marriage for evermair !

“ All night I *clatter*² upon my creed,
Prayand to God that I were dead ;
 Or else out of this world he were :
 Then should I see for some *remeid*.
Wo worth marriage for evermair !

“ Ye should hear tell (and he were *gane*)
 That I should be *ane* wanton *ane*.
 To *leir*³ the law of lovis *layr*⁴
 In our town like me should be *nane*.
Wo worth marriage for evermair !

“ I should put on my russet gown,
 My red *kirtill*, my hose of brown,

¹ Scarcely.

² Chatter.

³ Learn.

⁴ Doctrine.

And let them see my yellow hair
Under my *curchè*¹ *hingand*² down.

Wo worth marriage for evermair !

“ Lovers *bayth* should hear and see,
I should love them that would love me ;
Their hearts for me should ne'er be *sair*³ :
But aye unweddit should I be.

Wo worth marriage for evermair !”

¹ Kerchief.

² Hanging.

³ Sore.

QUEEN MARY.

(1553 to 1558.)

THE short and sanguinary reign of this female fanatic does not seem to have left any traces of its malignant influence on our literary history. The narrowness of the queen's temper, the gloom of her court, and her frequent proscriptions, were not likely to excite a taste or to furnish subjects for poetry ; nevertheless they did not materially check the impulse already given. Indeed, if Mr. Warton's mode of arrangement be admitted, it is to this reign that we are indebted for the first regular tragedy, and the first attempt at epic poetry, in the English language, as well as for two critical dissertations of very considerable merit.

The tragedy of *Gorboduc*, afterwards published under the title of *Ferrex and Porrex*, was written by SACKVILLE LORD BUCKHURST, and first earl of Dorset, who was born in 1530. It is said to have been completed and fitted for the stage by the assistance of Norton ; but Mr. Warton thinks that the whole was Sackville's composition, and finished in the beginning of this reign, when he was a student at the Inner Temple. In 1557, he formed the outline of a poem of the epic kind, entitled *a Mirror for Magistrates*, and which, in its plan and character, had some resemblance to the *Inferno* of Dante. It was intended to exhibit all the illustrious and unfortunate characters of English history, from the Conquest to the end of the fourteenth century ; who were to pass in review before the poet, and severally recite to him their misfortunes. The scene was hell, to which the poet was supposed to have descended, under the guidance of *Sorrow*.

But Sackville had only leisure to finish the *induction*, or poetical preface, and the *concluding legend*, which was that of *Henry Stafford, duke of Buckingham*.

The two associates, WILLIAM BALDWIN and GEORGE FERRERS, to whom he delegated the completion of the work, materially altered its structure ; substituting for his machinery the contrivance adopted by Boccacio in his treatise “*de Casibus Principum*.” A company is assembled, each of whom, excepting one, personates an unfortunate sufferer, and, under that assumed character, relates his adventures to the silent person of the assembly. The work thus arranged, was published by Thomas Marsh in 1559. After passing through four (if not five) subsequent editions, it was republished in 1587, with considerable additions, under the care of a new editor, JOHN HIGINS ; and, its popularity still continuing, it was again edited (licentiously modernized) by RICHARD NICCOLS, in 1610, with the addition of “*A Winter Night’s Vision*,” and of a new poem, called “*England’s Eliza*.”

The *Toxophilus*, by *Roger Ascham*, and the *Art of Rhetorique*, by *Thomas Wilson*, both of which were intended as models of a *pure* English prose style, and contain many just and pertinent remarks on our language, are referred by Mr. Warton to this reign. But Wilson’s Rhetoric, though first printed in 1553, must have been composed in the reign of Edward VI., and the *Toxophilus*, which was published in 1545, seems to belong to that of Henry VIII. It may also be doubted whether the greater part of the poems in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices* were composed during this reign ; but having no means of ascertaining the date of such anonymous pieces as are extracted from that miscellany, I have thought it best to follow Mr. Warton’s authority.

THOMAS NORTON.

THE time of his birth is not mentioned by Wood, who calls him a forward and busy Calvinist. He has been already noticed in the account of the preceding reign (to which, perhaps, he more properly belongs) as a translator of the Psalms, and as a supposed assistant to Sackville in completing the tragedy of Gorboduc. His title to the following short piece rests on the authority of a MS. in the Cotton library, entitled, "Verses on several Subjects, about Queen Mary's Time."

A man may live thrice Nestor's life,
 Thrice wander out Ulysses' race,
 Yet never find Ulysses' wife ;
 Such change hath chanced in this case !
 Less time will serve than Paris had,
 Small pain (if *none* be small enow)
 To find good store of Helen's trade ;
 Such sap the root doth yield the bough !
 For one good wife, Ulysses slew
 A worthy knot of gentle blood :
 For one ill wife, Greece overthrew
 The town of Troy. *Sith* bad and good
 Bring mischief, Lord let be thy will
 To keep me free from either ill !

RICHARD EDWARDS

WAS born in 1523, educated at Oxford, and in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign was appointed one of the gentlemen of her chapel. He died in 1566, much esteemed by his contemporaries for the variety of his talents, being at once the best fiddler, mimic, and sonneteer of the court. He composed three theatrical pieces, viz. Damon and Pythias (printed in Dodsley's Old Plays), and Palamon and Arcite, in two parts ; as well as the " Soul knil," *soul's knell*, once very generally admired, which Gascoigne ridicules some of his time for supposing to have been made in extremity of sickness. Vide his " Epistle to al yong Gentlemen," in his works, ed. 1577.

[From " Verses on several Subjects, about Queen Mary's Time." Cotton MSS. Brit. Mus.]

WHEN women first dame Nature wrought,
 " All good," quoth she, " none shall be naught :
 All wise shall be, none shall be fools,
 For wit shall spring from women's schools.
 In all good gifts they shall excell,
 Their Nature all no tongue can tell."—
 Thus Nature said :—I heard it, I :—
 I pray you ask them if I do lie.

By Nature's grant this must ensue,—
 No woman false, but all most true :
 None sow debate, but love maintain,

None wish to see their lover's pain.
As turtles true their chosen one
They love, and pine when he is gone.
This is most true, none can deny :—
I pray you ask them if I do lie ?

No lamb so meek as women be,
Their humble hearts from pride are free.
Rich things they wear ;—and wot you why ?—
Only to please their husband's eye !
They never strive their wills to have,
Their husband's love, nought else they crave ;
Vain talk in them none can espy :—
I pray you ask them if I do lie ?

The eagle with his piercing eye
Shall burn and waste the mountains high ;
Huge rocks shall fleet as ship with sail ;
The crab shall run, swim shall the snail ;
Springs shall return from whence they came ;
Sheep shall be wild, and tigers tame ;
Ere these my words false you shall try—
Ha, ha ! methinks I make a lie !

MAY.

[From the Paradise of Dainty Devices. Ed. 1576.]

WHEN May is in his prime,
Then may each heart rejoice :

When May bedecks each branch with green,
 Each bird strains forth his voice.

The lively sap creeps up
 Into the blooming thorn :
 The flowers, which cold in prison kept,
 Now laughs the frost to scorn.

All Nature's *imps*¹ triumphs
 Whiles joyful May doth last ;
 When May is gone, of all the year
 The pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hue,
 May breeds and brings new blood,
 May marcheth throughout every limb,
 May makes the merry mood.

May pricketh tender hearts
 Their warbling notes to tune.
 Full strange it is, yet some, we see,
 Do make their May in June.

Thus things are strangely wrought,
 Whiles joyful May doth last.
 Take May in time : when May is gone,
 The pleasant time is past.

All ye that live on earth,
 And have your May at will ;
 Rejoice in May, as I do now,
 And use your May with

Use May, while that you may,
 For May hath but his time ;
 When all the fruit is gone, it is
 Too late the tree to climb.

Your liking and your lust
 Is fresh whiles May doth last :
 When May is gone, of all the year
 The pleasant time is past.

Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est.

[In the Paradise of Dainty Devices.]

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have
 slept,
 I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had
 wept.
 She sighed sore, and sang full sweet¹, to bring the
 babe to rest,
 That would not cease², but cried still, in sucking at
 her breast.

¹ So ed. 1580.—Ed. 1576, “sore.”

² So ed. 1580.—Ed. 1576, “rest.”

She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with
her child,
She rocked it, and rated it, until on her it smil'd ;
Then did she say, " Now have I found the proverb
true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is¹ of
love."

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to
write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter utter'd she of weight in place whereas
she sat ;
And proved plain, there was no beast, nor creature
bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without discòrd
and strife ;
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God
above,
" The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of
love."

* * * * *

" I marvel much, pardie," quoth she, " for to behold
the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world
about ;

¹ So ed. 1580.—Ed. 1576, " is the renewing."

Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check,
and some can smoothly smile,

And some embrace others in arms, and there think
many a wile.

Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and
some stout,

Yet are they never friends indeed untill they once
fall out."

Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did
remove,

" The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of
love."

THOMAS TUSSER

WAS born (says Mr. Warton) at Rivenhall, in Essex, about the year 1523, and died in London, 1580. He was of an ancient family: was first placed as a chorister in the collegiate chapel of the castle of Wallingford; then impressed into the king's chapel, from whence he was admitted into the choir of St. Paul's cathedral, and completed his education at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge. From hence he was called up to court by his patron, William Lord Paget; but, at the end of about ten years, exchanged the life of a courtier for the profession of a farmer, which he successively practised at Ratwood in Sussex, Ipswich, Fairstead, Norwich, and many other places. He was also, for some time, a singing-man in Norwich cathedral: but he prospered no where; and every period of his singular life seems to have been marked by the ceaseless persecutions of Fortune.

At Ratwood he composed his "Hundreth Good Points of Husbandrie," which was first printed in 1557, and passed through many subsequent editions (with improvements), which are diligently enumerated in Ritson's Bibliographia. That by Denham, in 1580, took the title of "the Five hundred pointes of good husbandrie, as well for champion or open countrie, as also for the woodland, or severall, mixed in everie month, with huswiferie, over and besides the booke of huswiferie. Corrected, better ordered, and newlie augmented to a fourth part more," &c.

It was finally reprinted (says the London Review for May, 1800) in 1710, with notes and observations by Mr. Daniel Hilman, a surveyor, of Epsom, in Surrey.

This work is a sensible and lively, though not an elegant didactic poem, being solely intended for the use of

the practical farmer. The preface "to the buier of this book" begins with the following lines, in a metre afterwards adopted by Shenstone :

What lookest thou herein to have?
 Fine verses, thy fancy to please?
 Of many, my betters, *that* crave:
 Look nothing but rudeness in these.

In general, as Mr. Warton has justly observed, the work is "valuable as a genuine picture of the agriculture, the rural arts, and the domestic economy and customs of our industrious ancestors." The following specimens will sufficiently exemplify the style of this author.

Moral Reflections on the Wind.

Though winds do rage, as winds were *wood*¹,
 And cause spring-tides to raise great flood;
 And lofty ships leave anchor in mud,
 Bereaving many of life and of blood;
 Yet, true it is, as cow chews cud,
 And trees, at spring, doth yield forth bud,
 Except wind stands as never it stood,
 It is an ill wind turns none to good.

A SONNET

Upon the Author's first seven Years' Service.

[Perhaps addressed to his wife.]

Seven times hath Janus ta'en new year by hand,
 Seven times hath blustering March blown forth
 his power,

¹ Mad with rage.

To drive out April's buds, by sea and land,
 For minion May to deck most trim with flower :
 Seven times hath temperate Ver like pageant plaid ;
 And pleasant *Æstas* eke her flowers told ;
 Seven times *Autumnus'* heat hath been delay'd,
 With *Hyems'* boisterous blasts and bitter cold :
 Seven times the thirteen moons have changed hue ;
 Seven times the sun his course hath gone about ;
 Seven times each bird his nest hath built anew ;—
 Since first time you to serve I choosed out :
 Still yours am I, though thus the time hath past,
 And trust to be, as long as life shall last.

Good Huswifely Physick.

Good huswife provides, ere a sickness do come,
 Of sundry good things in her house to have some.
 Good *aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
 Rose-water, and treacle, to comfort thine heart.
 Cold herbs in her garden, for argues that burn,
 That over-strong heat to good temper may turn.
 White endive, and succory, with spinach enow ;
 All such with good pot-herbs, should follow the
 plough.

Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
 And others the like, or else lie like a fool.
 Conserves of barbary, quinces, and such,
 With sirops, that easeth the sickly so much.

Ask *Medicus'* counsel, ere medicine ye take,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physic, because of the cost,
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be lost.
Good broth, and good keeping, do much now and
than :
Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth man.
In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best;
In sickness, hate trouble ; seek quiet and rest.
Remember thy soul ; let no fancy prevail ;
Make ready to God-ward ; let faith never quail :
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner He ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

The three Ravens.

A DIRGE.

I.

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
 Down a down, hey down, hey down,
 There were three ravens sat on a tree,
 With a down;
 There were three ravens sat on a tree,
 They were as black as they might be,
 With a down, derry, derry, derry, down, down.

II.

The one of them said to his *make*¹,
 Where shall we our breakfast take?

III.

Down in yonder greene field :
 There lies a knight slain under his shield.

IV.

His hounds they lie down at his feet,
 So well they their master keep.

¹ Mate.

V.

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare him come nigh.

VI.

Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go :

VII.

She lift up his bloody head,
And kist his wounds that were so red :

VIII.

She got him upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake :

IX.

She buried him before the prime :
She was dead herself ere even-song time !

X.

God send every gentleman,
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a *leman* !

This elegant and pathetic little piece is taken from Mr. Ritson's volume of Ancient Songs (1792), where it is printed, together with the original music, from Ravenscroft's "Melismata," 1611, 4to. The burthen of the first stanza is to be supplied in all the others.

YLOOP¹.

The perfect Trial of a faithful Friend.

[From the Paradise of Dainty Devices.]

Not stayed state, but feeble stay ;
 Not costly robes, but bare array ;
 Not passed wealth, but present want ;
 Not heaped store, but slender scant ;
 Not plenty's purse, but poor estate ;
 Not happy hap, but froward fate ;
 Not wish at will, but want of joy ;
 Not heart's good health, but heart's annoy ;
 Not freedom's use, but prison's thrall ;
 Not costly seat, but lowest fall ;
 Not weal I mean, but wretched woe ;
 Doth truly try the friend from foe :
 But nought but froward fortune proves,
 Who fawning feigns, or simply loves.

*Though Fortune have set thee on high,
 Remember yet that thou shalt die.*

[From the same Collection.]

To die, dame Nature did man frame :
 Death is a thing most perfect sure :

¹ Mr. Steevens supposed the real name to be Pooly, the letters of which it is composed being reversed ; but no anecdotes of this author are known.

We ought not Nature's works to blame ;
She made no thing still to endure.
That law she made when we were born,
That hence we should return again :
To render right we must not scorn :
Death is due debt : it is no pain.

* * * *

Death hath in all the earth a right ;
His power is great, it stretcheth far :
No lord, no prince, can scape his might ;
No creature can his duty bar.
The wise, the just, the strong, the high,
The chaste, the meek, the free of heart,
The rich, the poor—who can deny ?—
Have yielded all unto his dart.

Seeing no man then can Death escape,
Nor hire him hence for any gain,
We ought not fear his carrion shape ;
He only brings ill men to pain.
If thou have led thy life aright,
Death is the end of misery :
If thou in God hast thy delight,
Thou diest to live eternally.

Each wight, therefore, while he lives here,
Let him think on his dying day ;

In midst of wealth, in midst of cheer,
 Let him account he must away.
 This thought makes man to God a friend ;
 This thought doth banish pride and sin ;
 This thought doth bring a man in th' end
 Where he of Death the field shall win.

(Signed T. Marshall, ed. 1577.)

*Man's flitting life finds surest stay
 Where sacred Virtue beareth sway.*

[From the same Collection.]

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
 By raging seas is rent in twain ;
 The marble stone is pierc'd at length,
 With little drops of drizzling rain :
 The ox doth yield unto the yoke ;
 The steel obey'th the hammer-stroke.

The stately stag that seems so stout,
 By yelping hounds at bay is set :
 The swiftest bird, that flees about,
 Is caught at length in fowler's net :
 The greatest fish in deepest brook
 Is soon deceiv'd with subtle hook.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will
 All things are bounden to obey,

For all his wit, and worthy skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is no thing but time doth waste ;
The heavens, the earth, consume at last.

But Virtue sits, triumphing still,
Upon the throne of glorious Fame :
Though spiteful Death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death, whatso betides,
The state of Virtue never slides.

Dr. Percy says, this poem is subscribed M. T. "perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall." Mr. Ritson (Bibl. Poet.) ascribes it "rather to M. Thorn, whose surname is elsewhere printed at length."

M. he adds, seems to be frequently used for *Master*.

[From the same Collection.]

WHY should I longer long to live
In this disease of fantasy,
Since Fortune doth not cease to give
Things to my mind most contrary :
And at my joys doth lower and frown,
'Till she hath turn'd them upside-down ?

A friend I had, to me most dear,
And, of long time, faithful and just :

There was no one my heart so near,
Nor one in whom I had more trust ;
Whom now of late, without cause why,
Fortune hath made my enemy.

The grass, methinks, should grow in sky :
The stars unto the earth cleave fast ;
The water-stream should pass awry ;
The winds should leave their strength of blast ;
The sun and moon, by one assent,
Should both forsake the firmament ;

The fish in air should fly with fin ;
The fowls in flood should bring forth fry ;
All things methinks should first begin
To take their course unnaturally ;—
Afore my friend should alter so,
Without a cause to be my foe.

But such is Fortune's hate, I say,
Such is her will on me to wreak ;
Such spite she hath at me alway,
And ceaseth not my heart to break.
With such despite of cruelty,
Wherfore then longer live should I ?

(Signed E. S. in ed. 1577.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(1558 to 1603.)

THE poetical history of this important reign, which occupies near a century in our annals, could not easily be comprised in a moderate volume. Epic and didactic poems, satires, plays, masks, translations from the Greek, Latin, and all the modern languages, historical legends, devotional poems, pastorals, sonnets, madrigals, acrostics, and humorous and romantic ballads, were produced during this period with a profusion which, perhaps, has never since been equalled. No less than seventy-four poets are assigned to the reign of Elizabeth in the new edition of the "Theatrum Poetarum," and the catalogue might certainly be much farther extended.

It is true that, of these claimants to immortality, the far greater number have been very generally consigned to oblivion; a few, such as Drayton, Fairfax, Warner, Sir John Harrington, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. continue to be cited in deference to their ancient reputation; but Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Spenser, and Sir John Davis, are still confessed to be unrivalled in their several styles of composition, although more than two centuries have elapsed, during which the progress of literature and the improvement of our language have been constant and uninterrupted.

The literary splendour of this reign may be justly attributed to the effects of the Reformation. "When the corruptions and impostures of popery were abolished," says Mr. Warton, "the laity, who had now been taught to assert their natural privileges, became impatient of the old monopoly of knowledge, and demanded admittance to

the usurpations of the clergy. The general curiosity for new discoveries, heightened either by just or imaginary ideas of the treasures contained in the Greek and Roman writers, excited all persons of leisure and fortune to study the classics. The pedantry of the present age was the politeness of the last." Of this pedantry he adduces a curious instance in the occupations of Queen Elizabeth, whose marvellous progress in the Greek nouns is recorded with rapture by her preceptor Roger Ascham ; and he might have found many similar examples in Anne Boleyn, and other distinguished characters. But these efforts of patience and industry in the great, were perhaps necessary to encourage and preserve the general emulation of the learned. In a short time, all the treasures of Greek, Latin, and Italian literature were laid open to the public through the medium of translation. The former supplied our poetry with an inexhaustible fund of new and beautiful allusions : the latter afforded numberless stories taken from common life, in which variety of incident and ingenuity of contrivance were happily united. The genius which was destined to combine this mass of materials could not fail to be called forth by the patronage of the court, by the incentive of general applause, and by the hopes of raising the literary glory of our nation to a level with that which was the result of its political and military triumphs.

It must also be remembered, that the English language was, at this time, much more copious, and consequently better adapted to poetry, than at any prior or subsequent period. Our vocabulary was enriched, during the first half of the sixteenth century, by almost daily adoptions from the learned languages ; and though they were often admitted without necessity, and only in consequence of a blind veneration for the dignity of polysyllables, they must have added something to the expression, as well as to the harmony and variety, of our language. These

exotics, however, did not occasion the expulsion of the natives. Our vulgar tongue having become the vehicle of religion, was regarded not only with national partiality, but with pious reverence. Chaucer, who was supposed to have greatly assisted the doctrines of his contemporary, Wickliffe, by ridiculing the absurdities and exposing the impostures of the monks, was not only respected as the father of English poetry, but revered as a champion of reformation : and a familiar knowledge of his phraseology was considered, at least in the reign of Edward VI., as essential to the politeness of a courtier. "I know them," says Wilson in his "Rhetorique," "that think rhetorick to stand wholly upon dark words : and he that can catch an *ink-horn term* by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician.—He that cometh lately out of France will talk French-English, and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated. *The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer.*" This, by the way, may serve to explain the cause of Spenser's predilection for a phraseology which, though antiquated, was not either obsolete or unfashionable.

The whole *world of words*, therefore (to borrow an expression of one of our glossarists), was open to Shakspeare and his contemporaries, and the mode of employing its treasures was left very much to their discretion. Criticism was in its infancy : this was the age of adventure and experiment, undertaken for the instruction of posterity. Mr. Warton thinks he sees in the writers of this reign "a certain dignity of inattention to niceties," and to this he attributes the "flowing modulation which now marked the measures of our poets :" but there seems to be neither dignity nor inattention in deviating from rules which had never been laid down ; and the modulation which he ascribes to this cause is not less likely to have resulted from the musical studies which now formed a part

of general education. The lyrical compositions of this time are so far from being usually marked with a faulty negligence, that excess of ornament, and laboured affectation, are their characteristic blemishes. Such as are free from conceit and antithesis are, in general, exquisitely polished, and may safely be compared with the most elegant and finished specimens of modern poetry.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

“I FIND none example, so well maintaining this figure in English metre, (of the Gorgeous) [Exargasia] as that ditty of her Majesty’s own making, passing sweet and harmonical.—And this was the action: our sovereign lady, perceiving how by the Scottish queen’s residence within this realm, at so great liberty and ease as were scarce worthy of so great and dangerous a prisoner, bred secret factions among her people, and made many of her nobility incline to favour her party:—to declare that she was nothing ignorant in those secret favours, though she had long with great wisdom and patience dissembled it, writeth this ditty, most sweet and sententious,” &c. Puttenham, “Arte of English Poesie,” p. 207.

A DITTY.

THE doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
 And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten
 mine annoy.
 For falsehood now doth flow, and subject faith doth
 ebb;
 Which would not be if Reason rul’d, or Wisdom
 weav’d the web.
 But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
 Which turn to rain of late repent, by course of
 changed winds.

The top of hope suppos'd the root of ruth will be,
And fruitless all their graffed guiles, as shortly ye
shall see.

Then dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition
blinds,

Shall be unseal'd by worthy wights, whose foresight
falsehood finds.

The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule hath taught still
peace to grow.

No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port,
Our realm it brooks no strangers' force, let them
elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ
To poll their tops that seek such change, and gape
for joy.

WEBSTER, ALIAS GEORGE PUTTENHAM,

PUBLISHED "The Arte of English Poesie, contrived into three Books," 1589, 4to. This writer has given us many specimens of his own poetry, with a view of exemplifying the rules he inculcates.

Puttenham speaks of himself as having been a scholar in Oxford ; though whether he was bred there, Wood says he could not tell. He recites an anecdote which he remembered in the first year of Queen Mary's reign, and he quotes a passage from an eclogue entitled "Elpine," which he made at the age of eighteen, addressed to King Edward VI. This places the date of his birth before 1535. He was author of two interludes, "Lustie London," and "The Woer," and a copious composer of Triumphals, &c. in honour of Queen Elizabeth ; to whom he was a gentleman-pensioner. His "Arte of Poesie," is commended by Bolton, in his Hypercritica, as "elegant, witty, and artificial." The following short ditty is, perhaps, the best that can be selected as an example of his talents.

CRUEL you be, who can say nay ;
 Since ye delight in other's woe :
 Unwise am I, ye may well say,
 For that I have honoûr'd you so :
 But blameless I, who could not choose
 To be enchanted by your eye :
 But ye to blame, thus to refuse
 My service, and to let me die.

JOHN HARINGTON, Esq.,

FATHER of Sir John Harington, to whom the following production was inadvertently ascribed in the former edition of these Specimens. He was imprisoned in the reign of Queen Mary for having espoused the cause of Elizabeth, who rewarded his attachment by the reversion of a grant of lands at Kelston near Bath. He died in 1582 ; and, if the poem here selected be rightly attributed to him by the Harington papers, he cannot be denied the singular merit of having united an elegance of taste with an artifice of style which far exceeded his contemporaries.

A SONNET

Made on Isabella Markham, when I first thought her fair, as she stood at the Princess's window in goodly Attire, and talked to divers in the Court-yard.

[From a MS. dated 1564. Vide *Nugae Antiquae*.]

WHENCE comes my love ?—Oh, heart, disclose !
 'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose ;
 From lips that spoil the ruby's praise ;
 From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze :
 Whence comes my woe, as freely own ;—
 Ah me ! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind ;
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire :
Yet all so fair, but speak my moan,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek,
Yet not a heart to save my pain ?
O Venus ! take thy gifts again.
Make nought so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like your own.

EARL OF OXFORD.

EDWARD VERE, Earl of Oxford, the seventeenth of his surname and family, was a pensioner, says Wood, of St. John's College, Cambridge, and distinguished in his youth for wit, valour, and patriotism. He succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an *old man* in 1604. It is, therefore, probable that he was not born later than 1534.

His poetical talents were much admired, or at least much extolled, by his contemporaries : and such of his sonnets as are preserved in the Paradise of Dainty Devices are certainly not among the worst, although they are by no means the best, in that collection. One only (the Judgment of Desire) can be said to rise a little above mediocrity.

Penitent Beauty.

[From Lord Oxford's Works, vol. i. p. 552.]

WHEN I was fair and young, then favour graced me ;
Of many was I sought their mistress for to be ;
But I did scorn them all, and answer'd them there-
fore,

Go, go !—go, seek some other-where, importune me
no more !

How many weeping eyes I made to pine in wo,
How many sighing hearts, I have not skill to show.

But I the prouder grew, and still thus spake therefore,—

“ Go, go!—go, seek some other-where, importune me no more !”

Then spake brave Venus’ son, that brave victorious boy,

Saying, “ You dainty dame, for that you be so coy, I will so pull your plumes, as you shall say no more—

‘ Go, go!—go, seek some other-where, importune me no more !”

As soon as he had said, such care grew in my breast, That neither night nor day I could take any rest, Wherefore I did repent that I had said before,—

“ Go, go!—go, seek some other-where, importune me no more !”

Of the Birth and bringing up of Desire.

[From Briton’s Bowre of Delights, 1597.]

“ WHEN wert thou born, Desire ?”

“ In pomp and pride of May.”

“ By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot ?”

“ By Good-conceit, men say.”

“ Tell me who was thy nurse ?”

“ Fresh Youth, in sugar’d joy.”

“ What was thy meat and daily food ? ”

“ Sore sighs, with great annoy.”

“ What had you then to drink ? ”

“ Unfeigned lovers’ tears.”

“ What cradle were you rocked in ? ”

“ In hope devoid of fears.”

“ What brought you then asleep ? ”

“ Sweet speech, that lik’d men best.”

“ And where is now your dwelling place ? ”

“ In gentle hearts I rest.”

“ Doth company displease ? ”

“ It doth in many one.”

“ Where would Desire then chuse to be ? ”

“ He likes to muse alone.”

“ What feedeth most your sight ? ”

“ To gaze on Favour still.”

“ Who find you most to be your foe ? ”

“ Disdain of my good will.”

“ Will ever Age or Death

Bring you unto decay ? ”

“ No, no : Desire both lives and dies

Ten thousand times a day.”

BARNABY GOOGE,

A CELEBRATED translator, but of whose life no particulars are known, except that he was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, from whence he removed to Staple Inn. Supposing him to have published his first work at twenty-five years of age, he was born in 1535.

His principal work was the "Zodiak of Life," translated from Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus; a very moral but very tiresome satire, perfectly unconnected with astronomy, first printed complete in 1565, 12mo. The first *three* books had appeared in 1560, and the first *six* in 1561. In 1570 he translated, from Naogeorgus, a poem on Antichrist; in 1577, he did into English Heresbach's œconomical treatise on Agriculture, &c.; in 1579, Lopes de Mendoza's Spanish Proverbs, and afterwards Aristotle's Categories.

His "Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes," printed by T. Colwell, for Ralph Newbery, 1563, was considered by Mr. Steevens as one of the rarest books in the English language; and the following extract from it is not the least favourable effusion of Googe's genius.

To the Tune of "Apelles."

THE rushing rivers that do run,
 The valleys sweet, adorned new,
 That leans their sides against the sun,
 With flowers fresh of sundry hue;
 Both ash, and elm, and oak so high,
 Do all lament my woful cry.

While winter, black with hideous storms,
Doth spoil the ground of summer's green,
While spring-time sweet the leaf returns,
That, late, on tree could not be seen ;
While summer burns, while harvest reigns,
Still, still do rage my restless pains.

No end I find in all my smart,
But endless torment I sustain ;
Since first, alas, my woful heart
By sight of thee, was forc'd to plain ;
Since that I lost my liberty,
Since that thou mad'st a slave of me.

My heart, that once abroad was free,
Thy beauty hath in durance brought ;
Once, reason rul'd and guided me,
And now is wit consum'd with thought.
Once, I rejoic'd above the sky ;
And now, for thee, alas, I die.

Once, I rejoic'd in company ;
And now, my chief and whole delight
Is from my friends away to fly,
And keep, alone, my wearied sprite.
Thy face divine and my desire,
From flesh hath me transform'd to fire.

O Nature! thou that first did frame
My lady's hair of purest gold ;
Her face of chrystal to the same ;
Her lips of precious rubies mould ;
Her neck of alabaster white
Surmounting far each other wight ;

Why didst thou not, that time, devise,
Why didst thou not foresee before,
The mischief that thereof doth rise,
And grief on grief doth heap with store,
To make her heart of wax alone,
And not of flint, and marble stone.

O lady ! shew thy favour yet !
Let not thy servant die for thee ;
Where Rigour rul'd let Mercy sit :
Let Pity conquer Cruelty !
Let not Disdain, a fiend of hell,
Possess the place where Grace should dwell.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

WAS educated at both universities ; studied at Gray's Inn ; quitted the law for the army ; served in the war in the Low Countries, and died in 1578. If Wood's account be accurate, his birth may perhaps be placed about the year 1540 : but as he mentions his " crooked age and hoary hairs," I suspect that he was born much earlier.

" Among the lesser late poets," says Edmund Bolton, in his *Hypercritica*, " George Gascoigne's works *may be endured*." Puttenham praises him for " a good metre and a plentiful vein ;" and Nash says of him, that " he first beat the path to that perfection which our best poets have aspired to since his departure." He is mentioned with praise by the editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* ; and Mr. Warton is of opinion that he " has much exceeded all the poets of his age in smoothness and harmony of versification."

His " *Jocasta*," in which he was assisted by Francis Kynwelmarsh, is a very respectable performance : his " *Supposes*," a comedy translated from the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, is distinguished by uncommon ease and elegance of dialogue ; but in his smaller poems he is certainly too diffuse, and full of conceit.

There are three collected editions of his works, in 1572, 1575, and 1587, 4to, all of which are rare, and seldom found complete.

A strange Passion of a Lover.

* * * * *

I LAUGH sometimes with little lust;

So jest I oft, and feel no joy ;

Mine ease is builded all on trust,
And yet mistrust breeds mine annoy.
I live and lack, I lack and have,
I have and miss the thing I crave.

* * * *

Then like the lark, that past the night
In heavy sleep with cares opprest,
Yet, when she spies the pleasant light,
She sends sweet notes from out her breast,
So sing I now, because I think
How joys approach when sorrows shrink.

And as fair Philomene again
Can watch and sing when other sleep,
And taketh pleasure in her pain,
To 'wray the wo that makes her weep,
So sing I now, for to bewray
The loathsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee, dear wench, I write,
That know'st my mirth, but not my moan ;
I pray God grant thee deep delight,
To live in joys when I am gone.
I cannot live ; it will not be ;
I die to think to part from thee.

The Lullaby of a Lover.

SING lullaby, as lovers do,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest ;
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child ;
And, if I be not much beguil'd,
Full many wanton babes have I,
Which must be still'd with lullaby.

First lullaby my youthful years !
It is now time to go to bed :
For, crooked age and hoary hairs
Have won the haven within my head.
With lullaby then youth be still,
With lullaby content thy will ;
Since courage quails, and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind !

Next, lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glance apace ;
For every glass may now suffice
To shew the furrows in my face.
With lullaby then wink a while ;
With lullaby your looks beguile ;
Let no fair face, nor beauty bright,
Entice you *eft* with vain delight.

And lullaby, my wanton will !

Let reason's rule now reign thy thought,
Since all too late I find by skill

How dear I have thy fancies bought ;
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubts appease ;
For, trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus lullaby my youth, mine eyes,

My will, my ware, and all that was !
I can no *mo* delays devise ;

But, welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave,
With lullaby your dreams deceive,
And, when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this¹ lullaby.

THE DOLE OF DISDAIN.

*Written by a Lover disdainfully rejected, contrary
to former Promise.*

* * * *

I MUST alledge, and thou canst tell
How faithfully I vow'd to serve :

¹ Ed. 1572, "Gascoigne's."

And how thou seemd'st to like me well ;

And how thou saidst I did deserve
To be thy lord, thy knight, thy king,
And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now, thou cruel one,

Condemn desert to deep despair ?
Is all thy promise past and gone ?

Is faith so fled into the air ?
If that be so, what rests for me,
But thus, in song, to say to thee ?

If Cresside's name were not so known,

And written wide on every wall ;
If bruit of pride were not so blown
Upon Angelica withall ;
For *hault* disdain thou mightst be she,
Or Cresside for inconstancy.

And, in reward of thy desert,

I hope at last to see thee paid
With deep repentance for thy part,
Which thou hast now so lewdly play'd ;
Medoro, he must be thy make,
Since thou Orlando dost forsake.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE,

ONE of the most celebrated sonneteers in this sonnet-making age, was born, probably, about 1540. Being of a respectable family, and having acquired an early reputation for talents, he was employed as secretary by Randolph, during his mission to Russia. Here he wrote to his friends some very amusing poetical epistles, descriptive of the manners and customs of that country. They are to be found in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, vol. i. p. 384, &c. On his return he published a volume of "Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets, 1567 ;" and in 1576, another of "Tragical Tales." He also composed a translation of Ovid's *Epistles*, 1567, and of Mantuan's *Eclogues*, 1567, all of which were printed in duodecimo.

The Lover confesseth himself to be in Love, &c.

If banish'd sleep, and watchful care,
 If mind affright with dreadful dreams,
 If torments rife, and pleasure rare,
 If face besmear'd with often streams,
 If change of cheer from joy to smart,
 If alter'd hue from pale to red,
 If faltering tongue with trembling heart,
 If sobbing sighs with fury fed,
 If sudden hope by fear oppress'd,
 If fear by hope suppress'd again,

Be proofs, that love within the breast
 Hath bound the heart with fancy's chain

* * * *

Then I, of force, no longer may
 In covert keep my piercing flame,
 Which ever doth itself bewray,
 But yield myself to fancy's frame.

*The Lover wisheth to be conjoined and fast linked
 with his Lady, never to sunder.*

I READ how Salmacis, sometime, with sight
 On sudden lov'd Cyllenus' son, and sought
 Forthwith, with all her power, and forced might
 To bring to pass her close-conceived thought :
 Whom as by hap she saw in open mead,
 She sued unto, in hope to have been sped.

With sugar'd words she woo'd and spar'd no speech,
 But boarded him with many a pleasant tale ;
 Requesting him, of ruth, to be her *leech*¹,
 For whom she had *abid* such bitter bale :
 But he, replete with pride and scornful cheer,
 Disdain'd her earnest suit and songs to hear.

Away she went ; a woful, wretched wight,
 And shrouded her, not far from thence, a space :

¹ Physician.

When that at length the stripling saw in sight
 No creature there, but all were out of place,
 He shifts his robes, and to the river ran,
 And there to bathe him bare the boy began.

The nymph in hope as then to have attain'd
 Her long-desired love, retir'd to flood,
 And in her arms the naked *noory*¹ strain'd,
 Whereat the boy began to strive *a-good*² ;
 But struggling nought availed in that plight,
 For why ? the nymph surpass'd the boy in might.

“ O gods,” quoth *tho*³ the girl, “ this gift I crave,
 This boy and I may never part again !
 But so our corpses may conjoined have,
 As one we may appear ; not bodies twain.”
 The gods agreed ; the water so it wrought,
 As both were one ; thyself would so have thought.

As from a tree we sundry times espy
 A *twissell*⁴ grow by nature's subtle might,
 And, being two, for-cause they grow so nigh,
 For one are ta'en, and so appear in sight :
 So was the nymph and *noory* joined *y-fere*⁵,
 As two no more, but one self thing they were.

¹ A boy, probably from *nourisson*. Fr.

² In earnest.

³ Then.

⁴ Double fruit.

⁵ Together.

O ! where is now become that blessed lake
 Wherein those two did bathe to both their joy ?
 How might we do, or such provision make,
 To have the hap as had the maiden-boy ?
 To alter form and shape of either kind,
 And yet in proof of both a share to find ?

Then should our limbs with lovely link be tied,
 And hearts of hate no taste sustain at all :
 But both, for aye, in perfect league abide,
 And each to other live as friendly thrall :
 That th' one might feel the pangs the other had,
 And partner be of aught that made him glad.

I would not strive, I would not stir a whit,
 (As did Cyllenus' son, that stately wight,)
 But, well content to be hermaphrodite,
 Would cling as close to thee as e'er I might :
 And laugh to think my hap so good to be,
 And in such sort fast to be link'd with thee.

The assured Promise of a constant Lover.

WHEN Phœnix shall have many *makes*¹,
 And fishes shun the silver lakes ;

¹ Mates.

When wolves and lambs *y-fere* shall play,
And Phœbus cease to shine by day ;
When grass on marble stone shall grow,
And every man embrace his foe ;
When moles shall leave to dig the ground,
And hares accord with hateful hound ;

* * * *

When Pan shall pass Apollo's skill,
And fools of fancies have their fill ;
When hawks shall dread the silly fowl,
And men esteem the nightish owl ;
When pearl shall be of little price,
And golden Virtue friend to Vice ;
When Fortune hath no change in store,
Then will I *false*, and not before.

'Till all these monsters come to pass,
I am *Timetes*, as I was.

My love, as long as life shall last,
Not *forcing* any fortune's blast ;
No threat, nor thraldom shall prevail
To cause my faith one jot to fail ;
But, as I was, so will I be,
A lover, and a friend to thee.

SIR EDWARD DYER,

A POET whose lot has been rather singular. His name is generally coupled with that of Sir Philip Sidney, and of the most fashionable writers of the age ; and yet Bolton, who was almost a contemporary critic, professes " not to have seen much of his poetry." Though a knight, in a reign when knighthood was nobility, the time of his birth is unknown. Wood intimates that he received some of his academical education at Balliol College, Oxford. Having the character of a well-bred man, he was taken into the service of the court. Queen Elizabeth employed him in several embassies, and conferred on him the Chancellorship of the Garter. He died in the reign of King James.

The letters M. D. in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices* are presumed (says Mr. Ritson in his *Bibliographia*) to denote this Master Dyer. Of six pieces, preserved in England's Helicon, only half of one appeared worth transcribing, as a specimen of his style.

To Phillis the fair Shepherdess.

My Phillis hath the morning sun
At first to look upon her ;
And Phillis hath morn-waking birds,
Her risings still to honour.

My Phillis hath prime-feather'd flowers,
That smile when she treads on them ;
And Phillis hath a gallant flock,
That leaps since she doth own them.

But Phillis hath too hard a heart ;
Alas, that she should have it !
It yields no mercy to desert,
Nor grace to those that crave it.

Signed S. E. D.

JOHN STILL

Was born at Grantham in Lincolnshire, about 1542, and educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded M.A. and D.D. After passing through several gradations in the church, and having been successively master of St. John's and Trinity Colleges, and vice-chancellor of Cambridge, he attained the mitre of Bath and Wells, after the demise of Bishop Godwin, and died in 1607. Sir John Harington speaks of him with glowing commendation, in his brief "State of the Church."

He is believed to have written the earliest English drama that exhibited any approaches to regular comedy. This drama, entitled "Gammer Gurton's Needle," was acted in 1566, though not printed till 1575. It contains the following *chanson à boire*, which has had the honour to occupy a page in Warton's poetic history, from its vein of ease and humour.

A SONG.

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good ;
 But sure, I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.
 Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothing a cold,
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I have no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt, and thoroughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek :
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, “ Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.”
Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do ;

They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to ;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

ROBERT GREEN

WAS born, perhaps, about 1550, and died in 1592. He is said to have been equally famous for his wit and profligacy ; and his life forms a melancholy epocha in the history of our literature, if it be true, as the well-informed authors of the *Biographia Dramatica* have asserted, that he was the first English poet who *wrote for bread*. Not less than thirty-five different pamphlets, in most of which are interspersed small pieces of poetry, are ascribed to Green ; and he was the undoubted author of five plays. The best account of his life was compiled by the late Mr. Steevens, from the MS. notes of Oldys ; and is to be found in Berkenhout's "*Biographia Literaria*."

SONG.

[From his "*Farewell to Folly*," 1617.]

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content ;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown :
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
 The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such
 bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

 The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
 The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
 The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare.

Obscured life sets down a type of bliss ;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Melicertus' Description of his Mistress.

[From his "Arcadia," 1589, and 1610.]

Tune on my pipe the praises of my love,
And, midst thy oaten harmony, recount
How fair she is that makes thy music mount,
And every string of thy heart's harp to move.

Shall I compare her form unto the sphere
Whence sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine ?
Ah, more than that, by just compare, is thine,
Whose chrystral looks the cloudy heavens do clear.

How oft have I descending Titan seen
His burning locks couch in the sea-queen's lap ;
And beauteous Thetis his red body wrap
In watry robes, as he her lord had been ?

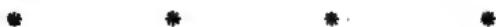
When as my nymph, impatient of the night,
Bade bright Atreus with his train give place,
Whiles she led forth the day with her fair face,
And lent each star a more than Delian light.

Not Jove, or Nature (should they both agree
To make a woman of the firmament
Of his mix'd purity) could not invent
A sky-born form so beautiful as she.

The Penitent Palmer's Ode.

[From "Francesco's Fortunes," or the second part of Greene's
"Never too late," 1590, 4to.]

Whilom, in the winter's rage,
A Palmer old and full of age,
Sat, and thought upon his youth,
With eyes' tears, and heart's ruth,
Being all with cares y-blent,
When he thought on years mispent;
When his follies came to mind,
How fond love had made him blind,
And wrapp'd him in a field of woes,
Shadowed with pleasure's shows;
Then he sigh'd, and said, "Alas,
Man is sin, and flesh is grass.
I thought my mistress' hairs were gold,
And in their locks my heart I fold;
Her amber tresses were the sight
That wrapped me in vain delight;
Her ivory front, her pretty chin,
Were *stakes* that drew me on to sin.



Her face was fair, her breath was sweet,
 All her looks for love was meet :
 But love is folly : this I know :
 And beauty fadeth like to snow.
 O why should man delight in pride,
 Whose blossom like a dew doth glide ?
 When these supposes touch'd my thought,
 That world was vain, and beauty nought,
 I 'gan sigh, and say, alas,
 Man is sin, and flesh is grass !"

SONNET.

[From Greene's "Orpharion," 1599, 4to.]

Cupid abroad was 'lated in the night,
 His wings were wet with ranging in the rain :
 Harbour he sought : to me he took his flight,
 To dry his plumes : I heard the boy complain ;
 I op'd the door, and granted his desire ;
 I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow, by the fire's flame
 I spied his quiver hanging by his back ;
 Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
 I would have gone, for fear of farther wrack,
 But what I drad did me poor wretch betide :
 For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierc'd the quick, and I began to start ;
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high ;
His shaft procur'd a sharp, yet sugar'd smart ;
Away he flew : for why, his wings were dry :
But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
That sore I griev'd I welcom'd such a guest.

Philomela's Ode that she sung in her Arbour.

[From the "Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale," 1615.]

Sitting by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god : and some esteem
Honour is the chief content
That to men in life is lent.
And some others do contend,
Quiet none like to a friend.
Others hold, there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he is lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said, all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss :

And in my thoughts I did approve
 Nought so sweet as is true love.
 Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
 When mouth kisseth, and heart 'grees :
 With arms folded, and lips meeting,
 Each soul another sweetly greeting !
 For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
 And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
 If love be so sweet a thing
 That such happy bliss doth bring,
 Happy is love's sugar'd thrall ;
 But unhappy maidens all,
 Who esteem your virgin's blisses
 Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
 No such quiet to the mind
 As true love, with kisses kind.
 But, if a kiss prove unchaste,
 Then is true love quite disgrac'd.
 Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
 No love sweet but honesty !

Doron's Description of Samela.

[From Greene's "Arcadia," 1610, 4to; also in "England's Helicon."]

Like to Diana in her summer-weed,
 Girt with a crimson robe of brightest die,
 Goes fair Samela ;

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When, washed by Arethusa, faint they lie,
Is fair Samela.

As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela ;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancies move,
Shines fair Samela.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela ;
Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches fram'd of ebony ;
Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest ¹ hue,
And Juno in the shew of majesty ;
For she's Samela ;
Pallas in wit : all three, if you well view
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

¹ Eng. Helicon, "brightest."

ROBERT SOUTHWELL,

AN English jesuit, was born in 1560, and executed at Tyburn in 1595. His poems, all of which are on moral or religious subjects, are far from deserving the neglect which they have experienced. It is remarkable, that the few copies of his works which are now known to exist, are the remnant of at least twenty-four different editions, of which eleven were printed between 1593 and 1600. The best account of this writer is to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1798.

Times go by Turns.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
 The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower :
 Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow ;
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb :
 Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day :
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish ;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd ;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall ;
Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never all.

Scorn not the least.

WHERE words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend.
Yet, higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy grey-hound still pursue the chase :
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race :

He that high growth on cedars did bestow
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe :
The Lazar pin'd, while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

Upon the Image of Death ¹.

[From the "Mæonies," 1585, 4to.]

BEFORE my face the picture hangs
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold qualms ² and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find :
But yet alas ! full little I
Do think hereon that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin ;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose have sometimes been ;

¹ This is also to be found in the *Microbillion* of Simon Wastel, 1629.

² So printed in Wastell.—In Southwell, "names."

I see the bones, across that lie,
Yet little think, that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must :
I see the sentence eke, that saith
“ Remember, man, that thou art dust.”
But yet, alas, but seldom I
Do think indeed, that I must die !

Continually at my bed’s head
An hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I, ere morning, may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well :
But yet, alas, for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die !

The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife, wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair
Which is my only usual seat,
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I !

My ancestors are turn’d to clay,
And many of my mates are gone ;
My youngers daily drop away ;—
And can I think to ’scape alone ?

No, no, I know that I¹ must die,
And yet my life amend not I !

Not Solomon, for all his wit,
Nor Sampson, though he were so strong,
No king, nor ever person yet
Could 'scape, but death laid him along !
Wherefore I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I !

Though all the east did quake to hear
Of Alexander's dreadful name,
And all the west did likewise fear
To hear of Julius Cæsar's fame,
Yet both by death in dust now lie ;
Who then can 'scape, but he must die ?

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey,
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way.
O grant me grace, O God, that I
My life may mend, sith I must die !

¹ Wastell, "all."

A Vale of Tears.

[From the same.]

A VALE there is, enwrapt with dreadful shades,
Which thick of mourning pines shrouds from the sun,
Where hanging cliffs yield short and dumpish glades,
And snowy floods with broken streams do run :

Where eye-room is from rock to cloudy sky,
From thence to dales which stormy ruins shroud,
Then, to the crushed water's frothy fry,
Which tumbleth from the tops where snow is *thow'd* :

Where ears of other sound can have no choice,
But various blustering of the stubborn wind,
In trees, in caves, in straits, with diverse noise,
Which now doth hiss, now howl, now roar by kind :

Where waters wrestle with encountering stones,
That break their streams, and turn them into foam,
The hollow clouds, full fraught with thundering groans,
With hideous thumps discharge their pregnant womb.

And in the horror of this fearful quire
Consists the music of this doleful place :
All pleasant birds their tunes from thence retire,
Where none but heavy notes have any grace.

Resort there is of none but pilgrim wights,
That pass with trembling foot and panting heart,
With terror cast in cold and shuddering frights,
And all the place to terror fram'd by art.

Yet Nature's work it is, of Art untouch'd ;
So strait indeed, so vast unto the eye,
With such disorder'd order strangely couch'd,
And so with pleasing horror low and high,

That who it views, must needs remain aghast
Much at the work ; more at the maker's might ;
And muse how Nature such a plot could cast,
Where nothing seemed wrong, yet nothing right.

A place for mated minds, and only bower,
Where every thing doth sooth a dumpish mood :
Earth lies forlorn : the cloudy sky doth lour :
The wind here weeps, here sighs, here cries aloud.

The struggling flood between the marble groans ;
Then, roaring, beats upon the craggy sides ;
A little off, amidst the pebble stones,
With bubbling streams a purling noise it glides.

The pines, thick set, high grown, and ever green,
Still clothe the place with shade and mourning
veil :

Here gaping cliffs, there moss-grown plain is seen :
Here hope doth spring, and there again doth
quail.

Huge massy stones, that hang by tickle stay,
Still threaten foul, and seem to hang in fear :
Some wither'd trees, asham'd of their decay,
Beset with green, and forc'd grey coats to wear.

Here chrystral springs, crept out of secret vein,
Straight find some envious hole that hides their
grain ;

Here seared tufts lament the wants of grace,
There thunder-wrack gives terror to the place.

All pangs and heavy passions here may find
A thousand motives suitly to their griefs,
To feed the sorrows of their troubled mind,
And chase away dame Pleasure's vain reliefs.

To plaining thoughts the vale a rest may be,
To which from worldly toys they may retire,
Where sorrow springs from water, stone, and tree,
Where every thing with mourners doth con-
spire.

Sit here my soul ! mourn [streams¹ of] tears afloat,
Here all thy sinful foils alone recount ;
Of solemn tunes make thou the dolefull'st note,
That to thy ditties dolour may amount.

When echo doth repeat thy painful cries,
Think that the very stones thy sins bewray,—
And now accuse thee with their sad replies
As heaven and earth shall in the latter day.

Let former faults be fuel of the fire,
For grief the limbeck of thy heart to still,
Thy pensive thoughts and dumps of thy desire,
And vapour tears up to thy eyes at will.

Let tears to tunes and pains to plaints be prest,
And let this be the burden to thy song ;—
“ Come deep remorse ! possess my sinful breast !
Delights, adieu ! I harbour'd you too long ! ”

¹ Edit. 1620.

HUMFREY GIFFORD,

Of whom I know no more than that he was author of “A Posie of Gilloflowers, eche differing from other in colour and odour, yet all sweete,” London, 1580, 4to, b. i. Imprinted for J. Perin. This very scarce volume contains prose translations from the Italian and French, and a collection of poems, devotional, moral, and narrative. Gifford wrote with great facility, as will appear from the following specimens.

*Something made of Nothing, at a Gentlewoman's
Request.*

YE gladly would have me to make you some toy,
And yet will not tell me whereof I should write :
The strangeness of this doth breed me annoy,
And makes me to seek what things to endite.

If I should write rashly what comes in my brain,
It might be such matter as likes you not best ;
And rather I would great sorrow sustain
Than not to fulfil your lawful request.

Two dangers most doubtful oppress me alike,
Ne am I resolved to which I might yield ;

Wherfore, by perforce, I am forced to seek
This slender device to serve for my shield.

Since nothing ye give me to busy my brain,
No thing but your nothing of me can ye crave.
Wherfore now receive your nothing again ;
Of nothing, but nothing, what else would ye have ?

SONG.

A WOMAN's face is full of wiles,
Her tears are like the crocadill :
With outward cheer on thee she smiles,
When in her heart she thinks thee ill.

Her tongue still chats of this and that,
Than aspine leaf it wags more fast ;
And as she talks she knows not what,
There issues many a truthless blast.

Thou far dost take thy mark amiss,
If thou think faith in them to find ;
The weather-cock more constant is,
Which turns about with every wind.

I know some pepper-nosed dame
Will term me fool, and saucy jack,
That dare their credit so defame
And lay such slanders on their back :

What, though on me they pour their spite ?
I may not use the *gloser's* trade,
I cannot say the crow is white,
But needs must call a spade a spade.

A Dream.

Laid in my quiet bed to rest,
When sleep my senses all had drown'd,
Such dreams arose within my breast
As did with fear my mind confound.

Methought, I wander'd in a wood
Which was as dark as pit of hell ;
In midst whereof such waters stood,
That where to pass I could not tell.

The lion, tiger, wolf, and bear,
There thunder'd forth such hideous cries,
As made huge echoes in the air,
And seem'd almost to pierce the skies.

Long vex'd with care I there abode,
And to get forth I wanted power :
At every footstep that I trode
I fear'd some beast would me devour.

Abiding thus perplex'd with pain,
This case within myself I scann'd ;

That human help was all in vain,
Unless the Lord with us do stand.

Then, falling flat upon my face,
In humble sort to God I pray'd,
That, in this dark and dreadful place,
He would vouchsafe to be mine aid.

Arising then, a wight with wings
Of ancient years methinks I see :
A burning torch in hand he brings,
And thus began to speak to me :

“ That God, whose aid thou didst implore,
Hath sent me hither for thy sake !
Pluck up thy sprites, lament no more !
With me thou must thy journey take.”

Against a huge and lofty hill
With swiftest pace methinks we go,
Where such a sound mine ears did fill,
As moved my heart to bleed for wo.

Methought I heard a woful wight
In doleful sort pour forth great plaints,
Whose cries did so my mind affright,
That e'en with fear each member faints.

“ Fie ! ” quoth my guide, “ what means this
change ?

Pass on apace, with courage bold :
Hereby doth stand a prison strange,
Where wondrous things thou may’st behold.”

Then came we to a fort of brass,
Where, peering through great iron grates,
We saw a woman sit, alas,
Which ruthfully bewail’d her fates.

Her face was far more white than snow,
And on her head a crown she *ware*,
Beset with stones, that glister’d so
As hundred torches had been there.

Her song was “ Wo ! and welaway !
What torments here do I sustain ! ”
A new mishap did her dismay
Which more and more increas’d her pain.

An ugly creature, all in black,
Ran to her seat, and flang her down,
Who rent her garments from her back,
And spoil’d her of her precious crown.

This crown he placed upon his head ;
And, leaving her in doleful case,
With swiftest pace away he fled ;
And darkness came in all the place.

But then to hear the woful moan
And piteous groans that she forth sent,
He had, no doubt, a heart of stone
That could give ear and not lament.

Then, quoth my guide, “ Note well my talk,
And thou shalt hear this dream declar’d :
The wood, in which thou first didst walk
Unto the world may be compar’d.

“ The roaring beasts plainly express
The sundry snares in which we fall :
This gaol, is named Deep-distress,
In which dame Virtue lies as thrall :

“ She is the wight which here within
So dolefully doth howl and cry :
Her foe is called Deadly Sin,
That proffer’d her this villainy.

“ My name is Time, whom God hath sent
To warn thee of thy soul’s decay :
In time, therefore, thy sins lament,
Lest time from thee be ta’en away.”

As soon as he these words had said,
With swiftest pace away he flies ;
And I hereat was so afraid,
That drowsy sleep forsook mine eyes.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

BORN at Haye's Farm in Devonshire, 1552, and beheaded in Palace-yard, Westminster, 1618.

This astonishing man, in whom almost every variety of talent, and all the acquirements of science, were united with heroic courage, and the most ardent spirit of enterprise, is classed by Puttenham among those poets " who have writ excellently well, if their doings could be found out and made public." These *doings*, however, have not been collected ; and it must be confessed that the authority on which some of the following specimens are assigned to this author is not quite satisfactory.

Isaac Walton has informed us, that the reply to Marlowe's " Passionate Shepherd" was " made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days :" and, as far as this poem is concerned, such testimony is certainly sufficient. But Mr. Warton observes, that this " Reply," which is found in " England's Helicon," is there subscribed " *Ignoto, Raleigh's constant signature;*" and this latter assertion is denied by another very able critic, who contends that this signature was affixed by the publisher, who meant to express by it his own ignorance of the author's name. Mr. Warton, however, had perhaps good reasons for his opinion, though he neglected to adduce them ; and it is to be observed, that in Mr. Steevens's copy of the first edition of the Helicon, the original signature was *W. R.* ; the second subscription of *Ignoto* (which has been followed in the subsequent editions) being, rather awkwardly, pasted over it. That the fantastic denominations of *Ignoto*, *Immerito*, &c. were, like the devices of knights errant, inviolably preserved to the original occupant, is extremely

doubtful ; but it seems scarcely worth while to reject even this slight designation of property, in cases where no other claim is brought forward.

The Shepherd to the Flowers.

[From "England's Helicon."]

SWEET violets, Love's Paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched bear
Within your paly faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind,
That plays amidst the plain !
If, by the favour of propitious stars you gain
Such grace, as in my lady's bosom place you find,
Be proud to touch those places :
And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,
Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,
You, honours of the flowery meads, I pray,
You pretty daughters of the Earth and Sun,
With mild and seemly breathing straight display
My bitter sighs, that have my heart undone !—

* * * * *

[Signed *Ignoto.*]

A Defiance to Disdainful Love.

[From the same Collection.]

Now have I learn'd with much ado, at last,
By true disdain to kill Desire ;
This was the mark at which I shot so fast ;
Unto this height I did aspire,
Proud Love, now do thy worst ! and spare not ;
For thee, and all thy shafts, I care not !

What hast thou left wherewith to move my mind ?
What life to quicken dead Desire ?
I count thy words and oaths as light as wind,
I feel no heat in all thy fire.
Go ! change thy bow, and get a stronger :
Go ! break thy shafts, and buy thee longer !

In vain thou bait'st thy hooks with beauty's blaze,
In vain thy wanton eyes allure :
These are but toys for them that love to gaze :
I know what harm thy looks procure.
Some strange conceit must be devised,
Or, thou and all thy arts despised.

An Heroical Poem.

[From the same Collection.]

My wanton Muse, that whilom us'd to sing
Fair Beauty's praise, and Venus' sweet delight,

Of late had chang'd the tenor of her string
 To higher tunes than serve for Cupid's fight :
 Shrill trumpets' sound, sharp swords, and lances
 strong,
 War, blood, and death, were matter of my song.

The god of Love by chance had heard thereof,
 That I was prov'd a rebel to his crown,
 " Fit words for war ! " quoth he in angry scoff,
 " A likely man to write of Mars's frown !
 Well are they sped, whose praises he shall write,
 Whose wanton pen can nought but love indite ! "

This said, he whisk'd his party-colour'd wings,
 And down to earth he comes, more swift than
 thought :
 Then to my heart in angry haste he flings,
 To see what change these news of war had
 wrought.
 He pries, he looks, he ransacks every vein,
 Yet finds he nought, save love, and lover's pain.

Then I, that now perceiv'd his needless fear,
 With heavy smile began to plead my cause.
 " In vain," quoth I, " this endless grief I bear,
 In vain I strive to keep thy grievous laws,
 If after proof, so often trusty found,
 Unjust suspect condemn me as unsound.—

“ My Muse, indeed, to war inclines her mind ;
 The famous acts of worthy Brute to write ;
 To whom the gods this island’s rule assign’d,
 Which long he sought by seas, through Neptune’s
 spite.

With such conceits my busy *head* doth swell,
 But in my *heart* nought else but love can dwell.

“ And in this war thy part is not the least :
 Here shall my muse Brute’s noble love declare ;
 Here shalt thou see thy double love increas’d
 Of fairest twins that ever lady bare.
 Let Mars triumph in armour shining bright,
 His conquer’d arms shall be thy triumph’s light.

“ As he the world, so thou shalt him subdue ;
 And I thy glory through the world will ring ;
 So, by ¹ my pains, thou wilt consent to rue,
 And kill despair.” With that he whisk’d his wing,
 And bid me write, and promis’d wished rest ;
 But, sore I fear, false hope will be the best.

The Nymph’s Reply to the [passionate] Shepherd.

[From the same Collection.]

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd’s tongue,

¹ For ?

These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

[Signed *Ignoto.*]

The Shepherd's Description of Love.

[From the same Collection.]

Melibœus. SHEPHERD, what's love ? I pray thee,
tell ?

Faustus. It is that fountain, and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell :
It is, perhaps, that *sauncing* bell
That tolls all in to heaven or hell ;
And this is love, as I heard tell.

Mel. Yet what is love ? I prithee say !

Faust. It is a work on holiday :
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty bloods, in fresh array,
Hear, ten months after, of the play ;—
And this is love, as I hear say.

Mel. Yet, what is love ? good shepherd, *saine* !

Faust. It is a sunshine mix'd with rain ;
It is a tooth-ach, or like pain ;
It is a game where none doth gain.
The lass saith, No, and would full fain !—
And this is love, as I hear saine.

Mel. Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray ?

Faust. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray ;
It is a thing will soon away ;

Then, nymphs, take 'vantage while ye may !—
And this is love, as I hear say.

Mel. Yet, what is love ? good shepherd, show !
Faust. A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
 A prize that passeth to and fro,
 A thing for one, a thing for *moe* ;
 And he that proves shall find it
 And, shepherd, this is love I trow.

The Silent Lover.

PASSIONS are liken'd best to floods and streams ;
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb :
 So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
 They that are rich in words must needs discover
 They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
 The merit of true passion,
 With thinking that he feels no smart
 Who sues for no compassion.

Since if my plaints were not t' approve
 The conquest of thy beauty,
 It comes not from defect of love,
 But fear t' exceed my duty.

For, knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection ;

I rather choose to want relief,
Than venture the revealing :
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair despairs the healing.

Silence in love betrays more wo
Than words though ne'er so witty ;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My love for secret passion ;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

Verses found in his Bible.

E'en such is time ; which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have !
And pays us nought but age and dust,
Which, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

[*Imitation of Marlow.*]

[In "England's Helicon" it succeeds the copy printed in p. 190 of this vol., and is entitled, "Another of the same nature made since."]

COME live with me and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar and the spreading vine,
And all the woods to be a screen,
Lest Phœbus kiss my summer's queen.

The seat for your disport shall be
Over some river, in a tree,
Where silver sands and pebbles sing
Eternal ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the nymphs at play,
And how the Satyrs spend the day ;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heavenly-tuned throats,
Possess wood's echoes with sweet notes ;
Which to your senses will impart
A music to inflame the heart.

Upon the bare and leafless oak,
The ring-dove's wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you possess
To play with me and do no less.

In bowers of laurel trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night,
While Flora busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand glow-worms shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with most majesty.

Then in mine arms will I enclose
Lily's fair mixture with the rose ;
Whose nice perfections in love's play
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus, as we pass the welcome night
In sportful pleasures and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the grounds
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.

If these may serve for to entice
Your presence to love's Paradise,
Then come with me, and be my dear,
And we will straight begin the year.

(“*Ignoto*,” the printed subscription.)

TIMOTHY KENDALL

WAS born at North Aston, in Oxfordshire, successively educated at Eton and at Oxford, and afterwards a student of the law at Staple-inn. He published, in 1577, "Flowers of Epigrammes, out of sundrie the moste singular authours selected," &c. In this publication appeared the following verses translated from Walter Haddon's Latin poems, 1567. Kendall thought it essential to the diffusion of matrimonial felicity, that such an epitome of the whole duty of married persons should not be locked up in a learned language. The following specimens are inserted, not for their poetical merit, but on account of the curious picture of ancient manners which they exhibit.

PRECEPTS OF WEDLOCK.

The Husband's Request.

My wife, if thou regard mine ease,
 Pray to the Lord! him praise and please.
 Displease not me for any thing.
 Care how thy children up to bring.
 Let still thine house be neat and fine.
 Always provide for children thine.
 Be merry, but with modesty,
 Lest some men blame thy honesty.

Let manners thine be pleasant still ;
With *Jacks* yet do not play the *Jill*.
Go in thy garments soberly,
Let no spot be thereon to spy.
Be merry, when that I am merry ;
When I lour, sing not thou "*hey-derry.*"
The man that liked is of me
Let him likewise be lik'd of thee.
That which I say in company
See thou refel not openly.
If aught I speak that likes not thee,
Thereof in secret 'monish me.
Whatso in secret I thee tell,
Reveal not, but conceal it well.
Think not strange wives do make me warni.
When I thee hurt, shew me thy harm.
Confess when-so thou dost offend.
Chide not to bed-ward when we wend.
Sleep slightly : rise betime, and pray :
When thou art dress'd, to work away !
Believe not all thing that is said.
Speak little, as beseems a maid.
In presence mine, dispute thou not :
Reply not : chat must be forgot.
The honest do associate still ;
Loath living with the lewd and ill !
Let lewdness none, thy life afford.
Be always true of tongue and word.

Let shamefac'dness thy mistress be.
Do these, and, wife, come *cull*¹ with me.

The Wife's Answer.

HUSBAND! if thou wilt pure appear,
E'en as thyself then hold me dear.
So shalt thou please *Jehove* divine,
So shalt thou make me nourish mine.
See that our house, wherein we dwell,
Be handsome, wholesome, walled well,
And let us have what use requires.
Make servants sweat at work, not fires.
See that thy speech be mild and meek ;
Of froward frumps be still to seek.
If thou wilt have me do for thee,
Then see thou likewise do for me.
If thou on thy friends do bestow,
Be liberal to my friends also.
For servants thine keep tauntings tart ;
Admonish gently me apart :
And, when in sport some time I spend,
Do thou not sharply reprehend.
And when I jby with thee to jest,
In angry mood do not molest.

¹ From *accoler*, Fr., to embrace. It is often written *coll*, to distinguish it from the more usual word *cull*, from *cueillir*.

'Tis not enough that I love thee,
But sometime thou must make of me.
If I shall not of thee be jealous,
See thou cleave not to many fellows.
Though thou hast toiled out the day,
At night be merry yet alw^{ay}.
Use never much abroad to roam,
But still keep close with me at home.
Thou saidst much, when thou wast a wooer ;
Now we are coupled, be a doer.
Penelope if I shall be,
Then be Ulysses unto me.

EDMUND SPENSER.

FROM satisfactory information that has lately been procured, it appears that Spenser was born about 1553, and died in 1598-9. He was educated at Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, which he quitted in 1576, and, retiring into the North, composed his "Shepherd's Calendar," the dedication of which seems to have procured him his first introduction to Sir Philip Sidney. In 1579, he was employed by Leicester, to whom he had been recommended by Sidney, in some foreign commission. In 1580 he became secretary to Lord Grey, of Wilton, then appointed lord deputy of Ireland, and in 1582 returned with him to England. In 1586 he obtained a grant of 3000 acres of land in the county of Cork, and in the following year took possession of his estate, where he generally continued to reside, till 1598, when, as Drummond relates, on the authority of Ben Jonson, his house was plundered and burnt by the Irish rebels, his child murdered, and himself with his wife driven, in the greatest distress, to England. It was in the course of the eleven years passed in Ireland, that he composed his "Fairy Queen."

If these dates be correct, it will follow that, notwithstanding the illiberal opposition of Lord Burleigh, whose memory has been devoted to ignominy by every admirer of Spenser, the period during which our amiable poet was condemned

To fret his soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat his heart with comfortless despairs,

was not very long protracted; since he began to enjoy the advantages of public office at the age of 26, and at

33 was rewarded by an ample and independent fortune, of which he was only deprived by a general and national calamity. Few candidates for court favour, with no better pretensions than great literary merit, have been so successful.

Mr. Warton has offered the best excuses that can be alleged for the defects of the "Fairy Queen," ascribing the wildness and irregularity of its plan to Spenser's predilection for Ariosto. But the "Orlando Furioso," though absurd and extravagant, is uniformly amusing. We are enabled to travel to the conclusion of our journey without fatigue, though often bewildered by the windings of the road, and surprised by the abrupt change of our travelling companions; whereas it is scarcely possible to accompany Spenser's allegorical heroes to the end of their excursions. They want flesh and blood; a want for which nothing can compensate. The personification of abstract ideas furnishes the most brilliant images of poetry; but these meteor forms, which startle and delight us when our senses are flurried by passion, must not be submitted to our cool and deliberate examination. A ghost must not be dragged into day-light. Personification protracted into allegory affects a modern reader almost as disagreeably as inspiration continued to madness.

This, however, was the fault of the age; and all that genius could do for such a subject has been done by Spenser. His glowing fancy, his unbounded command of language, and his astonishing facility and sweetness of versification, have placed him in the very first rank of English poets. It is hoped that the following specimens, selected from his minor compositions, will be found to be tolerably illustrative of his poetical as well as of his moral character.

The three first books of the "Fairy Queen" were printed in quarto, 1590, and again with the three next in 1596.

SONNET.

MARK, when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me, whereto can ye liken it ?
When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear
An hundred graces, as in shade, to sit.
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sun-shine in summer's day,
That, when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly
ray ;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheered
With that sun-shine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

SONNET.

LIKE as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And, in her songs, sends many a wishful vow
For his return, that seems to linger late :
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love ;
And, wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.

Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth *hove*
 Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight :
 Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
 In her unspotted pleasance to delight.
 Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss,
 And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss,

The Butterfly.

[Extracted from the "Muiopotmos."]

THE woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
 With his air-cutting wings he measur'd wide ;
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
 Nor the rank grassy fen's delights untried.
 But none of these, however sweet they been,
 Mote please his fancy, nor him cause abide.
 His choiceful sense with every change doth flit ;
 No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unstay'd desire
 Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprites,
 There, lavish Nature, in her best attire,
 Pours forth sweet odours and alluring sights ;
 And Art, with her contending, doth aspire
 T' excel the natural with made delights :
 And all that fair or pleasant may be found,
 In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survèy, with curious busy eye,
Of every flower and herb there set in order ;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feet their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
He casts his glutton sense to satisfy ;
Now, sucking of the sap of herb most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet ;
And then he percheth on some bank thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

[From the "Epithalamion."]

[Edition 1595.]

Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love ?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend !
How slowly does sad time his feathers move !
Haste thee, O fairest planet, to thy home,
Within the western foam :

Thy tired steeds, long since, have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright evening star, with golden crest,
Appear out of the east.
Fair child of Beauty ! glorious lamp of Love !
That all the host of heaven in ranks doth lead,
And guidest lovers thorough the night's dread ;
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh between thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echoes
ring.

[From the "Ruins of Time."]

O VAIN world's glory, and unstedfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinful earth !
Which from their first, until their utmost date,
Taste no one hour of happiness or mirth :
But, like as at the in-gate of their birth,
They crying creep out of their mother's womb,
So wailing, back go to their woful tomb.

*

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring Death,

With so great labour, and long-lasting pain,
As if his days for ever should remain ?
Sith all that in this world is great, or gay,
Doth, as a vapour, vanish and decay.

Look back, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become :
Where be those learned wits, and antique sages,
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum ?
Where those great warriours which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and main,
And made one *meare*¹ of the earth and of their
reign ?—

High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries :
All those, O pity ! now are turn'd to dust,
And overgrown with black oblivion's rust.—

Where my high steeples whilom used to stand,
On which the lordly falcon wont to tower,

¹ Boundary.

There now is but an heap of lime and sand,
For the screech-owl to build her baleful bower :
And, where the nightingale wont forth to pour
Her restless plaints, to comfort wakeful lovers,
There now haunt yelling mews and whining plovers.

* * * *

O trustless state of miserable men !
That build your bliss on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly think yourselves half happy, then
When painted faces, with smooth flattering,
Do fawn on you, and your wide praises sing !
And when the courting masker louteth low,
Him true in heart and trusty to you trow !

All is but feigned, and with oker dy'd,
That every shower will wash and wipe away ;
All things do change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decay :
Therefore, whatever man bear'st worldly sway,
Living, on God and on thyself rely ;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

JOHN LYLIE

Was born in the wilds of Kent, about 1553, became a student in Magdalen College, Oxford, 1569, was afterwards a demy, took the degrees of B.A. and M.A., and is supposed to have died about 1600. That he possessed considerable talents for poetry the following specimens will testify ; but he is said to have gained the admiration of Queen Elizabeth's court, by the invention of a *new English*, a model of which he exhibited in two prose works called "Euphues and his England," &c. London, 1580, and "Euphues : the Anatomy of Wit," &c. 1581. It is to be supposed that this strange and barbarous jargon, the obscurity of which no human intellect is able to pierce, was adopted by the fashionable beauties of that virgin court for the purpose of shielding their virtue from the addresses of importunate ignorance.

Lylie wrote nine plays, six of which were republished, with the following songs, by Blount, in 1632, 12mo, under the title of "Sixe Court Comedies, often presented and acted before Queene Elizabeth by the children of her Majestie's chappell and the children of Paules : written by the onely rare poet of that time, the witie, comicall, facetiously-quicke, and unparallel'd John Lylie, Master of Arts."

SONG.

[From "Alexander and Campaspe."]

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail ?
Oh ! 'tis the ravish'd nightingale :

Jug, jug,—jug, jug,—tereu, she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.

Brave prick-song ! who is't now we hear ?
None but the lark so shrill and clear ;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark, hark ! with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin red-breast tunes his note !
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring !

SONG.

[From the same.]

Gr. Oh for a bowl of fat Canary,
Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry,
Some nectar else from Juno's dairy !
Oh these draughts would make us merry !

Ps. Oh for a wench (I deal in faces
And in other daintier things !)
Tickled am I with her embraces ;
Fine dancing in such Fairy rings.

M. Oh for a plump fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney ;

None is happy but a glutton,
None an ass but who wants money.

CHORUS.

Wines indeed, and girls are good,
But brave victuals feast the blood.
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,
Jove would leap down to surfeit here.

Cupid and Campaspe.

[From the same.]

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses : Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows :
Loses them too : then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how) ;
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then, the dimple of his chin :
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes :
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me !

SONG.

{From "Gallathea."}

O YES ! O yes ! if any maid
Whom leering Cupid has betray'd
To frowns of spite, to eyes of scorn,
And would in madness now see torn
The boy in pieces ; let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doom !

O yes ! O yes ! has any lost
A heart which many a sigh hath cost ?
Is any cozen'd of a tear
Which, as a pearl, Disdain does wear ?
Here stands the thief ; let her but come
Hither, and lay on him her doom !

Is any one undone by fire,
And turn'd to ashes through desire ?
Did ever any lady weep,
Being cheated of her golden sleep,
Stol'n by sick thoughts ? the pirate's found,
And in her tears he shall be drown'd.

Read his indictment : let him hear
What he's to trust to : Boy, give ear !

SONG.

[From "Sappho and Phaon."]

O CRUEL Love ! on thee I lay
 My curse, which shall strike blind the day.
 Never may sleep with velvet hand
 Charm thine eyes with sacred wand !
 Thy jailors shall be Hopes and Fears,
 Thy prison-mates, Groans, Sighs, and Tears :
 Thy play (to wear out weary times)
 Fantastic passions, vows, and rhymes.
 Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall.

* * * *

Hope, like thy fool, at thy bed's head,
 Mock thee, 'till Madness strike thee dead ;

As, Phaon, thou dost me with thy proud eyes :
 In thee poor Sappho lives, for thee she dies !

Vulcan's Song, in making of the Arrows.

[From the same.]

My shag-hair Cyclops, come, let's ply
 Our Lemnian hammers lustily :
 By my wife's sparrows
 I swear these arrows
 Shall singing fly,
 Through many a wanton's eye.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE anecdotes of the short but brilliant life of this accomplished man, to whose patronage our literature owes so many obligations, are too well known to require any notice in this place. Considered as a poet, he was certainly too much infected with that fondness for conceit and antithesis, which the example of the Italian writers had rendered fashionable ; but this fault in him was evidently the effect of imitation, not of character ; and is often compensated by real wit, and elegance, and facility. His amatory poems are not whining lamentations about the perfections and cruelty of an ideal paragon, but are lively, dramatic, and descriptive of real passion.

The "Arcadia," if considered as a romance, is tiresome and uninteresting ; so that few readers have the patience to search for the many curious and animated descriptions, the acute observations, and just sentiments, with which it abounds, and which induced Sir William Temple to describe this author as "the greatest poet and the noblest genius of any that have left writings in our own or any modern language."

The first edition of the "Arcadia" appeared in 1590, and the second in 1593. The "Defence of Poesy," which is valuable as a most judicious and early piece of criticism, was first published in 1595 : "Astrophel and Stella" in 1591.

Sir Philip Sidney was born the 29th of Nov. 1554, and died of a wound received before Zutphen, on the 22d of Sept. 1586.

FAINT amorist ! what, dost thou think
To taste love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall ? or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour ?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, that dar'st not venture
In Charon's barge ? a lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.

He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee ? 'tis to show it
That thy coldness makes her do it.
Is she silent, is she mute ?
Silence fully grants thy suit.
Doth she pout and leave the room ?
Then she goes to bid thee come.

Is she sick ? why then be sure,
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with "No ?"
Tush ! she loves to hear thee woo.
Doth she call the faith of men
In question ? nay, she loves thee then ;
And if e'er she makes a blot,
She's lost if that thou hitt'st her not.

He that, after ten denials,
 Dares attempt no farther trials,
 Hath no warrant to acquire
 The dainties of his chaste desire.

SONG.

[From "Astrophel and Stella." Also in "England's Helicon."]

IN a grove most rich of shade,
 Where birds wanton music made,
 May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
 New perfum'd ¹ with flowers fresh growing,
 Astrophel with Stella sweet
 Did for mutual comfort meet ;
 Both within themselves oppressed,
 But each in the ² other blessed.
 Him great harms had taught much care ;
 Her fair neck a foul yoke bare :
 But her sight his cares did banish ;
 In his sight her yoke did vanish.
 Wept they had (alas the while !),
 But now tears themselves did smile :
 * * * * *
 Sigh they did ³ : but now betwixt
 Sighs of woes were glad sighs mix'd :
 * * * * *

¹ Ed. 1591, "perfum'd." ² Ed. 1591, "either in each."
³ Ed. 1591, "Sigh'd they had."

Their ears hungry of each word
Which the dear tongue would afford.

“Stella! whose voice when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth;
Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character¹ of bliss;
Whose sweet face² all beauty passeth,
Save thy³ mind which yet⁴ surpasseth;
Grant—O grant—but speech, alas,
Fails me, fearing on to pass!—

* * * * *

“Grant—O dear! on knees I pray,”
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
“That not I, but, since I love⁵ you,
Time and place for me may⁶ move you!
Never season was more fit,
Never room more apt for it!
Smiling air allows my reason;
These⁷ birds sing, ‘Now use the season:
This small wind, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss;

¹ Ed. 1591, “the characters.”

² So ed. 1591.—Ed. 1598, “Whose face all, all,” and so
Hel.

³ Ed. 1591, “the.”

⁴ Eng. Hel. “it.”

⁵ Ed. 1591, “prove.”

⁶ Ed. 1591, “from me ne’er.”

⁷ Eng. Hel. “The.”

And if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity ?”

There, his hands, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue’s language plain ;
But her hands, his hands repelling¹,
Gave repulse all grace excelling².
Then³ she spake ; her speech was such
As not ears but heart did touch.
While suchwise she love denied
As yet love she signified.

“ Astrophel !” said she, “ my love,
Cease in these effects to prove.
Now be still : yet still, believe me,
Thy grief more than death would⁴ grieve me.
If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort but of thee ;
Let me, fed⁵ with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless⁶, endless languish !
If those eyes you praised be
Half so dear as you to me,
Let me home return stark blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder-minded !

¹ Ed. 1591, “compelling.”

² Ed. 1591, “expelling.”

³ From this line to the four last of the poem is wanting in ed. 1591.

⁴ Eng. Hel. “doth.”

⁵ Eng. Hel. “feed.”

⁶ Eng. Hel. “helpless.”

If to secret of my heart
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.

“ If more may be said, I say,
All my bliss in¹ thee I lay :
If thou love, my love content thee ;
For, all love, all faith is meant thee ,
Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try.
Tyrant Honour doth thus use thee ;
Stella’s self might not refuse thee.
Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest (though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed)
I should blush when thou art named.”

Therewithal, away she went,
Leaving him to² passion rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

¹ Eng. Hel. “ on.”

² Ed. 1591, “ with.”

SONG.

[From "Astrophel and Stella." Also in "England's Helicon."]

ONLY joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care ;
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward ¹ for sharpest pain.

Take me to thee, and thee to me—
“No, no!—no, no!—my dear, let be!”

Night hath clos'd all in her cloak ;
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke ;
Danger hence good care doth keep ;
Jealousy itself ² doth sleep.

Take me, &c.

Better place no wit can find
Cupid's yoke ³ to loose, or bind :
These sweet flowers on ⁴ fine bed too
Us in their best language woo.

Take me, &c.

* * * *
That you heard was but a mouse :
Dumb sleep holdeth all the house :
Yet, asleep, methinks they say,
“Young folks ⁵, take time while you may.”

Take me, &c.

¹ Ed. 1591, "rewards."

² Ed. 1591, "himself."

³ Ed. 1591, "knot."

⁴ Ed. 1591, "our."

⁵ Ed. 1591, "fools."

Your fair mother is a-bed,
 Candles out, and curtain spread :
 She thinks you do letters write :—
 Write, but let me first ¹ endite.

Take me, &c.

Sweet, alas ! why strive ² you thus ?
 Concord better fitteth us ;
 Leave to Mars the force of hands !
 Your power in your beauty stands.

Take me, &c.

Wo to me ! and do you ³ swear
 Me to hate ? but I forbear !
 Cursed be my destins ⁴ all,
 That brought me so high to fall !
 Soon with my death I will please thee.—
 " No, no !—no, no !—my dear, let be !"

SONNET.

[From "Astrophel and Stella."]

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
 Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
 Nor nourish special locks of ⁵ vowed hair,

¹ Ed. 1591, "first let me."

² Eng. Hel. "saine."

³ Eng. Hel. "you do."

⁴ Eng. Hel. and ed. 1591, "destinies."

⁵ Ed. 1591, "with."

Nor give each speech a full point of a groan ;
 The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
 Of them who ¹ in their lips Love's standard bear,
 " What, he ?" say they of me, " now ² I dare
 swear
 He cannot love ! No, no ; let him alone."
 And think so still ! so Stella know my mind :
 Profess ³ indeed I do ⁴ not Cupid's art ⁵ ;
 But you ⁶, fair maids, at length this true ⁷ shall find,
 That his right badge is but worn ⁸ in the heart.
 Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove :
 They love indeed, who quake to say ⁹ they love.

SONG.

[From "Astrophel and Stella." Not contained in ed. 1591.]

" Who is it that this dark night
 Underneath my window plaineth ?"

¹ Ed. 1591, " which."

² Ed. 1591, " no."

³ Ed. 1591, " Protest."

⁴ Ed. 1591, " know."

⁵ Ed. 1591, " dart."

⁶ Ed. 1591, " how."

⁷ Ed. 1591, " truth."

⁸ Ed. 1591, " is learned."

⁹ Ed. 1591, " dare not say."

N. B. Ed. 1591 of *Astrophel and Stella*, from which the various readings in this and the preceding pages are taken, is not the same which was printed by Thomas Newman in that year (see Ritson's *Bibliographia*, and Herbert's *Ames*;) but one by Matthew Lowne, which is without date, agrees with it in title, and is, in all probability, a reprint. The year in which it was published may be ascertained from internal evidence.

It is one who, from thy sight
Being (ah !) exil'd, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

“ Why, alas ! and are you he ?
Be not yet those fancies changed ?”
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

“ What if you new beauties see ?
Will not they stir new affection ?”
I will think they pictures be
(Image-like of saint's perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

“ Peace ! I think that some give ear ;
Come no more, lest I get anger.”
Bliss ! I will my bliss forbear,
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger :
But my soul shall harbour there.

“ Well, begone ! begone, I say,
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you.”
O ! unjust is Fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away !

A TALE.

[Vide "Pembroke Arcadia," p. 705, octavo edit. and 377, ed. 1598.]

A NEIGHBOUR mine not long ago there was,
But nameless he, for blameless he shall be,
That married had a trick and bonny lass
As in a summer-day a man might see ;
But he himself a foul unhandsome groom,
And far unfit to hold so good a room.

Now, whether mov'd with self-unworthiness,
Or with her beauty, fit to make a prey,
Fell jealousy did so his brain oppress,
That if he absent were but half a day,
He guest the worst (you wot what is the worst),
And in himself new doubting causes nurst.

While thus he fear'd the silly innocent,
Who yet was good, because she knew none ill,
Unto his house a jolly shepherd went,
To whom our prince did bear a great good will ;
Because in wrestling, and in pastoral,
He far did pass the rest of shepherds all.

And therefore he a courtier was benamed ;
And as a courtier was with cheer received
(For they have tongues to make a poor man blamed
If he to them his duty misconceived) ;
And, for this courtier should well like his table,
The good man bade his wife be serviceable.

And so she was, and all with good intent :

But few days past, while she good manner used,
But that her husband thought her service bent
To such an end as he might be abused ;
Yet, like a coward, fearing stranger's pride,
He made the simple wench his wrath abide.

With chumpish looks, hard words, and secret nips,
Grumbling at her when she his kindness sought,
Asking her how she tasted courtier's lips,
He forc'd her think that which she never thought.
In fine, he made her guess there was some sweet
In that which he so fear'd that she should meet.

When once this enter'd was in woman's heart,
And that it had inflam'd a new desire,
There rested then to play a woman's part ;
Fuel to seek, and not to quench the fire.
But (for his jealous eye she well did find)
She studied cunning how the same to blind.

And thus she did. One day to him she came,
And, though against his will, on him she lean'd,
And out 'gan cry, " Ah, well-away for shame !
If you help not, our wedlock will be stain'd !"
The good man, starting, ask'd what did her move ?
She sigh'd, and said the bad guest sought her love.

He, little looking that she should complain
Of that, whereto he fear'd she was inclin'd ;

Bussing her oft, and in his heart full fain,
 He did demand what remedy to find ;
 How they might get that guest from them to wend,
 And yet, the prince, that lov'd him, not offend.

“ Husband,” quoth she, “ go to him by and by,
 And tell him you do find I do him love :
 And therefore pray him, that of courtesy
 He will absent himself lest he should move
 A young girl’s heart to that were shame for both :
 Whereto you know his honest heart were loth.

“ Thus shall you show that him you do not doubt,
 . And as for me, sweet husband, I must bear !”
 Glad was the man when he had heard her out,
 And did the same, although with mickle fear ;
 For fear he did, lest he the young man might
 In choler put, with whom he would not fight.

The courtly shepherd, much aghast at this,
 Not seeing erst such token in the wife,
 Though full of scorn, would not his duty miss,
 Knowing that ill becomes a household strife,
 Did go his way ; but sojourn’d near thereby,
 That yet the ground hereof he might espy.

The wife, thus having settled husband’s brain,
 Who would have sworn his spouse Diana was,
 Watched when she a farther point might gain,
 Which little time did fitly bring to pass :

For to the court her man was call'd by name,
Whither he needs must go for fear of blame.

Three days before that he must sure depart,
She written had, but in a hand disguis'd,
A letter such, which might from either part
Seem to proceed, so well it was devis'd ;
She seal'd it first, then she the sealing brake,
And to her jealous husband did it take.

With weeping eyes (her eyes she taught to weep)
She told him that the courtier had it sent :
" Alas," quoth she, " thus women's shame doth
creep !"
The good man read, on both sides, the content :
It title had " Unto my only Love :"
Subscription was, " Yours most, if you will prove."

Th' epistle self such kind of words it had :—
" My sweetest joy ! the comfort of my sprite !
So may thy flocks increase, thy dear heart glad,
So may each thing, e'en as thou wishest, light,
As thou wilt deign to read, and gently read,
This mourning ink, in which my heart doth bleed.

" Long have I lov'd,—alas, thou worthy art !
Long have I lov'd,—alas, love craveth love !
Long have I lov'd thyself ! alas, my heart
Doth break, now tongue unto thy name doth
move !

And think not that thy answer answer is,
But that it is my doom of bale or bliss.

“ The jealous wretch must now to court be gone :
 Ne can he fail, for prince hath for him sent :
Now is the time we may be here alone,
 And give a long desire a sweet content.
Thus shall you both reward a lover true,
And eke revenge his wrong-suspecting you.”

And this was all, and this the husband read
 With chafe enough, till she him pacified ;
Desiring that no grief in him be bred,
 Now that he had her words so truly tried :
But that he would to him the letter show,
That with his fault he might her goodness know.

That straight was done ; with many a boisterous
 threat
 That to the king he would his sin declare ;
But now the courtier 'gan to smell thefeat,
 And, with some words which showed little care,
He staid until the good man was departed ;
Then gave he him the blow which never smarted.

Thus may you see the jealous wretch was made
 The pander of the thing he most did fear :
Take heed, therefore, how you ensue that trade,
 Lest the same marks of jealousy you bear !

For sure no jealousy can that prevent,
Whereto two parties once be full content.

A DITTY.

[From Puttenham's "Art of Poesy."]

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given ;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
There never was a better bargain driven ;
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one ;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides ;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own ;
I cherish his, because in me it bides ;
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

LORD BROOK.

FULK GREVILLE, Lord Brook, descended from the ancient family of the Grevilles, was born at Alcaster in Warwickshire, 1554, was educated both at Oxford and Cambridge, and introduced very early to the court of Elizabeth, with whom he effectually ingratiated himself; and though, like all her favourites, he had often reason to complain of her political coquetry, and was disappointed by her caprice in his projects of obtaining military distinction, he was rewarded by her with many important and lucrative employments. He had also the address to acquire and preserve the favour of her successors, James and Charles, by the former of whom he was created Lord Brook, in 1620. He was at last assassinated by one of his own retainers, Ralph Heywood, and died of the wound on the 30th of September, 1628.

Lord Brook, like his friend and relation Sir P. Sidney, was a liberal patron of literature; and his poetry, particularly his *matchless* Mustapha, as Bolton calls it, was much admired by his contemporaries.

I, with whose colours Myra drest her head,
 I, that wore posies of her own hand-making,
 I, that mine own name in the chimneys read,
 By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking,
 Must I look on, in hope time coming may
 With change bring back my turn again to play ?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
A garland sweet, with true-love knots in flowers,
Which I to wear about mine arm was bound,
That each of us might know that all was ours ;
Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,
And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes ?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named ;
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
Watching with sighs till dead Love be awaked ?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
Like Jealousy o'er-watched with Desire,
Was ever warned modesty to keep,
While her breath speaking kindled Nature's fire,
Must I look on a-cold while others warm them ?
Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them ?

[To be found also in "England's Helicon," where it is signed
"Ignoto."]

AWAY with these self-loving lads
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads !

Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep,
 In love of those¹ that lye asleep ;
 For Cupid is a *meadow*² god,
 And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweet³ Cupid's shafts, like Destiny,
 Do causeless⁴ good or ill decree ;
 Desert is borne out of his bow ;
 Reward upon his wing⁵ doth go :
 What fools are they that have not known
 That Love likes no laws but his own.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
 I wear her rings on holidays,
 On every tree I write her name,
 And every day I read the same :
 Where honour Cupid's rival is,
 There miracles are seen of his.

The worth that worthiness should move
 Is love, that is the bow⁶ of love ;
 And love as well thee foster⁷ can
 As can the mighty nobleman.

¹ Eng. Hel. "them."

² So all the copies; but, as this word seems to afford no very definite meaning, Mr. Ritson, in his *Songs*, prints "merry."

³ Eng. Hel. "God." ⁴ Eng. Hel. "Doth either."

⁵ Eng. Hel. "feet." ⁶ Eng. Hel. "which is the due."

⁷ Eng. Hel. "the shepherd."

Sweet saint ! , 'tis true, you worthy be,
Yet, without love, nought worth to me !

The Dream.

ALL my senses, like beacon's flame,
Gave alarm to Desire
To take arms in Cynthia's name,
And set all my thoughts on fire.

Up I start, believing well
To see if Cynthia were awake ;
Wonders I saw, who can tell ?
And thus unto myself I spake :

“ Sweet god, Cupid, where am I ?
That by pale Diana's light
Such rich beauties do espy
As harm our senses with delight.

“ Am I borne up to the skies ?
See where Jove and Venus shine,
Showing in her heavenly eyes
That Desire is divine.”

Eng. Hel. “ nymph.”

I stept forth to touch the sky,
I, a god by Cupid's dreams ;
Cynthia, who did naked lie,
Runs away, like silver streams ;

Leaving hollow banks behind,
Who can neither forward move,
Nor, if rivers be unkind,
Turn away, or leave to love.

* * * *

There stand I, like men that preach
From the execution-place ;
At their death content to teach
All the world with their disgrace.

He that lets his Cynthia lie
Naked on a bed of play,
To say prayers ere she die,
Teacheth Time to run away.

Let no love-desiring heart
In the stars go seek his fate ;
Love is only Nature's art,
Wonder hinders love and hate.

* * * *

NICHOLAS BRETON,

A POET of whose life no anecdotes remain, unless he be pointed out in a passage transcribed by the late Mr. Steevens from "Bridge's Northamptonshire," p. 81. This states, that a person of this name, son to Captain John Breton of Tamworth, in Staffordshire, after serving in the Low-countries, under Dudley, Earl of Leicester, retired to an estate which he had purchased at Norton, in Northamptonshire, where he died in 1624. Breton was probably born about 1555, because his second production, "The Works of a Young Wit," from which two of the following specimens were selected, was published in 1577.

In p. 321 of the new edition of "Theatrum Poetarum," is contained the epitaph of another Nicholas Breton, who died on the 4th of June, 1658.

For the most complete catalogue known of his numerous performances, see Ritson's "Bibliographia Poetica."

A Farewell to Town.

SINCE secret Spite hath sworn my wo,
 And I am driven by Destiny
 Against my will, God knows, to go
 From place of gallant company,
 And, in the stead of sweet delight,
 To reap the fruits of foul despite :

As it hath been a custom long
To bid farewell when men depart,
So will I sing this solemn song
Farewell, to some, with all my heart :
But those my friends : but to my foes
I wish a nettle in their nose.

I wish my friends their hearts' content ;
My foes, again, the contrary :
I wish myself, the time were spent
That I must spend in misery :
I wish my deadly foe no worse
Than want of friends and empty purse.

But, now my wishes thus are done,
I must begin to bid farewell :
With friends and foes I have begun,
And therefore now I cannot tell
Which first to choose, or ere I part
To write a farewell from my heart.

First, place of worldly Paradise,
Thou gallant court, to thee farewell !
For froward Fortune me denies
Now longer near to thee to dwell.
I must go live, I wot not where,
Nor how to live when I come there.

And next, adieu you gallant dames,
The chief of noble youth's delight !
Untoward Fortune now so frames,
That I am banish'd from your sight,
And in your stead, against my will,
I must go live with country Jill.

Now next, my gallant youths, farewell ;
My lads that oft have cheered my heart !
My grief of mind no tongue can tell,
To think that I must from you part.
I now must leave you all, alas,
And live with some old lobcock ass !

And now farewell thou gallant lute,
With instruments of music's sounds !
Recorder, citern, harp, and flute,
And heavenly descants on sweet grounds ;
I now must leave you all indeed,
And make some music on a reed !

And now, you stately stamping steeds,
And gallant geldings fair, adieu !
My heavy heart for sorrow bleeds,
To think that I must part with you :
And on a strawen pannel sit,
And ride some country carting tit !

And now farewell both spear and shield,
Caliver, pistol, arquebus,
See, see, what sighs my heart doth yield
To think that I must leave you thus ;
And lay aside my rapier blade,
And take in hand a ditching spade !

And you farewell, all gallant games,
Primero, and Imperial,
Wherewith I us'd, with courtly dames,
To pass away the time withal :
I now must learn some country plays
For ale and cakes on holidays !

And now farewell each dainty dish,
With sundry sorts of sugar'd wine !
Farewell, I say, fine flesh and fish,
To please this dainty mouth of mine !
I now, alas, must leave all these,
And make good cheer with bread and cheese !

And now, all orders, due farewell !
My table laid when it was noon ;
My heavy heart it irks to tell
My dainty dinners all are done :
With leeks and onions, whig and whey,
I must content me as I may.

And farewell all gay garments now,
With jewels rich, of rare device !
Like Robin Hood, I wot not how,
I must go range in woodman's wise ;
Clad in a coat of green, or grey,
And glad to get it if I may.

What shall I say, but bid adieu
To every dram of sweet delight,
In place where pleasure never grew,
In dungeon deep of foul despite,
I must, ah me ! wretch as I may,
Go sing the song of welaway !

[From the same.]

Not long ago, as I at supper sat,
Whereas indeed I had exceeding cheer,
In order serv'd, with store of this and that,
With flaggons fill'd with wine, and ale, and beer,
I did behold, that well set out the rest,
A troop of dames in brave attire address.—

Now 'gan I guess, by outward countenance,
The disposition of each dainty dame :
And though, perhaps, I missed some by chance,
I hit some right, I do not doubt the same.

But shall I tell of each one what I guest ?
No, fie ! for why ? fond tattling breeds unrest.

But let them be such as they were ! by chance
Our banquet done, we had our music by,
And then, you know, the youth must needs go
dance,
First, *galliards* ; then *larousse* ; and *heidegy* ;
“Old lusty gallant ;” “all flowers of the bloom ;”
And then, *a hall* ! for dancers must have room.

And to it then ; with set and turn about,
Change sides, and cross, and mince it like a hawk ;
Backwards and forwards, take hands then, in and
out ;
And, now and then, a little wholesome talk,
That none could hear, close *rowned*¹ in the ear ;
Well ! I say nought : but much good sport was
there.

Then might my minion hear her mate at will :
But, God forgive all such as judge amiss !
Some men, I know, would soon imagine ill,
By secret spying of some knavish kiss :
But let them leave such jealousy for shame !
Dancers must kiss : the law allows the same.

¹ Whispered.

And when friends meet some merry sign must pass

Of welcoming unto each other's sight :

And for a kiss that's not so much, alas !

Dancers, besides, may claim a kiss of right,

After the dance is ended, and before ;

But some will kiss upòn kiss : that goes sore.

But what ? I had almost myself forgot

To tell you on of this same gentle crew ;

Some were, alas, with dancing grown so hot,

As some must sit ; while other danc'd anew :

And thus forsooth our dancing held us on

Till midnight full ; high time for to be gone.

But to behold the graces of each dame !

How some would dance as though they did but
walk ;

And some would trip as though one leg were lame ;

And some would mince it like a sparrow hawk ;

And some would dance upright as any bolt :

And some would leap and skip like a young colt !

And some would *fidge*, as though she had the itch ;

And some would bow half crooked in the joints ;

And some would have a trick ; and some a twitch ;

Some shook their arms, as they had hung up
points :

With thousands more that were too long to tell,
But made me laugh my heart sore, I wot well.

But let them pass : and now “ sir, we must part ;
I thank you, sir, for my exceeding cheer.”—
“ Welcome,” quoth the good man, “ with all my
heart :
In faith the market serves but ill to year,
When one could not devise more meat to dress.”—
Jesu ! (thought I) what means this foolishness ?

But let that pass.—Then, parting at the door,
Believe me now, it was a sport to see
What stir there was, who should go out before ;
Such curtsies low, with “ Pray you pardon me”—
“ You shall not choose ”—“ In faith you are to
blame.”—
Goodsooth ! (thought I) a man would think the
same !

Now being forth (with much ado) at last,
Then part they all ; each one unto their house ;
And who had mark'd the pretty looks that past
From privy friend unto his pretty mouse,
Would say with me, at twelve o'clock at night,
It was a parting, trust me, worth the sight.

But let them part, and pass in God his name !
God speed them well, I pray, and me no worse !

Some are gone home with dancing almost lame ;
And some go light by means of empty purse :
And, to be short, home goeth every one,
And home go I unto my lodge alone.

A Pastoral of Phillis and Corydon.

[From England's "Helicon."]

ON a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet !
By that flower there is a bower
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not this face admire ?
Who would not this saint adore ?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more ?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone :
Look on me, for I am he,
The poor silly Corydon.

Thou, that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain ;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

Phillida and Corydon.

[From the same.]

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood side,
When as May was in his pride :
There I spied, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot,
He would love, and she would not :
She said, never man was true ;
He said, none was false to you.
He said, he had lov'd her long ;
She said, love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then ;
She said, maids must kiss no men,

Till they did for good and all :
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth,
Never lov'd a truer youth.
Then with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as *silly* shepherds use
When they will not love abuse ;
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was made the lady of the May.

A sweet Pastoral.

[From the same.]

Good Muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony !
This weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet Love, begone a while,
Thou know'st my heaviness !
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness !

See how my little flock,
That lov'd to feed on high,

Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die!

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colour *leese*,
And not a leaf is seen.

The black-bird and the thrush,
That made the woods to ring,
With all the rest are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas ! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
Lack herb hath lost her savour ;
And Phillida the fair hath lost
The comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That how to hope upon delights
It is but mere deceit.

And therefore, my sweet Muse,
That know'st what help is best,
Do now thy heavenly cunning use
To set my heart at rest !

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend ;
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end !

A Quarrel with Love.

[In his " Melancholic Humours," 1600.]

OH that I could write a story
Of Love's dealing with infection !
How he makes the spirit sorry
That is touch'd with his affection !

But he doth so closely wind him
In the plaits of will ill-pleased,
That the heart can never find him
Till it be too much diseased.

'Tis a subtle kind of spirit,
Of a venom-kind of nature,
That can, like a cony-ferret,
Creep un-wares upon a creature.

Never eye that can behold it,
Though it worketh first by seeing ;
Nor conceit that can unfold it,
Though in thoughts be all its being.

Oh ! it maketh old men witty,
Young men wanton, women idle,
While that Patience weeps, for pity
Reason bits not Nature's bridle.

What it is, is in conjecture,
Seeking much, but nothing finding ;
Like to Fancy's architecture,
With illusions Reason blinding.

Yet can beauty so retain it
In the profit of her service,
That she closely can maintain it
For her servant chief in office.

In her eye she chiefly breeds it ;
In her cheeks she chiefly hides it ;
In her servant's faith she feeds it,
While his only heart abides it.

An Epitaph on Poet Spenser.

[In the same.]

MOURNFUL Muses, sorrow's minions,
Dwelling in Despair's opinions,
Ye, that never thought invented
How a heart may be contented—
(But, in torments all distressed,
Hopeless how to be redressed,
All with howling and with crying
Live in a continual dying)—

Sing a dirge on Spenser's death,
Till your souls be out of breath !

Bid the dunces keep their dens,
And the poets break their pens,
Bid the shepherds shed their tears,
And the nymphs go tear their hairs ;
Bid the scholars leave their reading,
And prepare their hearts to bleeding ;
Bid the valiant and the wise
Full of sorrows fill their eyes ;
All for grief that he is gone
Who did grace them every one !

Farewell, art of poetry,
Scorning idle foolery !

Farewell, true conceited reason,
Where was never thought of treason !
Farewell judgment, with invention !
To describe a heart's intention !
Farewell wit, whose sound and sense
Shews a poet's excellence !
Farewell, all in one together,
And with Spenser's garland wither !

*A sweet Contention between Love, his Mistress, and
Beauty.*

[In the "Bowre of Delights, 1597."]

Love and my Mistress were at strife
Who had the greater power on me :
Betwixt them both, oh, what a life !
Nay, what a death is this to be !

She said, she did it with her eye ;
He said, he did it with his dart ;
Betwixt them both (a silly wretch !)
"Tis I that have the wounded heart.

She said, she only spake the word
That did enchant my peering sense ;
He said, he only gave the sound
That enter'd heart without defence.

She said, her Beauty was the mark
That did amaze the highest mind ;
He said, he only made the mist
Whereby the senses grew so blind.

She said, that, only for her sake,
The best would venture life and limb :
He said, she was too much deceiv'd ;
They honour'd her, because of him.

Long while, alas, she would not yield,
But it was she that rul'd the roast ;
Until, by proof, she did confess,
If he were gone her joy was lost.

And then she cried, “ Oh, dainty Love,
I now do find it is for thee
That I am lov'd and honour'd both,
And thou hast power to conquer me ! ”

But, when I heard her yield to Love,
Oh ! how my heart did leap for joy,
That now I had some little hope
To have an end of mine annoy !

For though that Fancy Beauty found
A power all too pitiless,
Yet Love would never have the heart
To leave his servant comfortless.

But as too soon before the field
The trumpets sound the overthrow,
So all too soon I joy'd too much,
For I awak'd, and nothing so.

THOMAS LODGE,

DESCENDED from a family of his name in Lincolnshire, was born probably about 1556, and entered of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1574. Though much admired for his classical learning and poetical talents, he wisely embraced the more useful profession of physic. This he studied at Avignon, obtained a diploma, returned to England ; and, partly by his skill, and partly by the favour of the Roman Catholics, to whose persuasion he was attached, soon rose into notice, and obtained considerable practice. He wrote a play, called "Promos and Cassandra," and various poems, many of which have considerable merit. Their titles may be seen in Ritson's *Bibliographia*. The first two of the following specimens are from the "Pleasant Historie of Glaucus and Scilla, &c." 1610. He died in 1625.

[Extract from a Poem in Commendation of a solitary Life.]

* * * * *

SWEET solitary life, thou true repose,
 Wherein the wise contemplate heaven aright ;
 In thee no dread of war or worldly foes ;
 In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight ;
 In thee no wanton ears, to win with words,
 Nor lurking toys which city-life affords.

At peep of day, when, in her crimson pride,
 The morn bespreads with roses all the way,
 Where Phœbus' coach, with radiant course, must
 glide,
 The hermit bends his humble knees to pray :
 Blessing that God, whose bounty did bestow
 Such beauties on the earthly things below.

Whether with solace tripping on the trees,
 He sees the citizens of forest sport,
 Or, midst the wither'd oak, beholds the bees
 Intend their labour with a kind consort ;
 Down drop his tears, to think how they agree,
 While men alone with hate inflamed be.

Taste he the fruits that spring from Tellus' womb,
 Or drink he of the crystal springs that flows,
 He thanks his God ; and sighs their cursed doom
 That fondly wealth in surfeiting bestows :
 And, with St. Jerome, saith, " the desart is
 A paradise of solace, joy, and bliss."

Father of Light ! thou Maker of the Heav'n !
 From whom my being-well, and being springs,
 Bring to effect this, my desired *steaven*,
 That I may leave the thought of worldly things !
 Then, in my troubles, will I bless the time
 My muse vouchsaf'd me such a lucky rhyme.

THE earth, late choak'd with showers,
Is now array'd in green ;
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen,
The heavens laugh at her glory ;
Yet bide I sad and sorry !

The woods are deck'd with leaves,
And trees are clothed gay,
And Flora, crown'd with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play ;
Where I am clad in black,
The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices ;
And chant, in their degrees,
Their loves and lucky choices ;
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,
And I my fatal grave ;
Their flight to heaven is made,
My walk on earth I have :
They free, I thrall: they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.

[From "The Phœnix Nest."]

Now I find thy looks were feigned,
Quickly lost and quickly gained ;
Soft thy skin, like wool of wethers,
Heart, unstable, light as feathers :
Tongue untrusty, subtle-sighted,
Wanton will, with change delighted ;
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason !

Of thine eyes I made my mirror ;
From thy beauty came mine error :
All thy words I counted witty,
All thy smiles I deemed pity ;
Thy false tears, that me aggrieved,
First of all my heart deceived ;
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason !

Feign'd acceptance, when I asked,
Lovely words, with cunning masked,
Holy vows, but heart unholy ;
Wretched man ! my trust was folly !
Wit shall guide me in this durance,
Since in love is no assurance.

Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason !

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow,
And make white those tresses yellow :
Wrinkled face, for looks delightful,
Shall acquaint thee, dame despiteful !
And when time shall date thy glory,
Then, too late, thou wilt be sorry.
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason !

GEORGE CHAPMAN

Was born in 1557, and died in 1634 ; but of this long life few anecdotes are preserved, nor is it certain whether Oxford or Cambridge had the honour of completing his studies. That he was a man of uncommon learning and considerable genius appears from his translation of the whole works of Homer, and some parts of Hesiod and Musæus. Oldys remarks in his MS. notes on Langbaine, that the head of Chapman was a treasury or chronicle of whatever was memorable among the poets of his time, and that he preserved in his own conduct the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the sun-flower, that disdains to open its leaves to a smoking taper.

Of seventeen pieces which he composed for the theatre, three are allowed to possess a great degree of merit ; viz. " Busy d'Amboise," a tragedy ; the " Widow's Tears," a comedy ; and his " Masque for the Inns of Court."

The specimen here given from his continuation of Marlowe's " Hero and Leander, 1606," may give a faint idea of his style, which is generally spirited, but often irregular and obscure.

EPITHALAMION.

COME, come, dear Night ! Love's mart of kisses,
 Sweet close of his ambitious line,
 The fruitful summer of his blisses ;
 Love's glory doth in darkness shine.
 O come, soft rest of cares ! come, Night,
 Come, naked Virtue's only 'tire,

The reaped harvest of the light,
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.

Love calls to war ;
Sighs, his alarms,
Lips, his swords are,
The field, his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious Day's out-facing face ;
And all thy crowned flames command,
For torches to our nuptial grace.
Love calls to war, &c.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Herbals of discord in thy way ;
Her beauty's day doth never cease.
Love calls to war, &c.

The evening star I see :
Rise, youths, the evening star
Helps Love to summon War,
Both now embracing be !

Rise, youths ! Love's rite claims more than banquets, rise !
Now the bright marigolds that deck the skies,
Phœbus' celestial flowers, that (contrary
To his flowers here) ope when he shuts his eye,

And shuts when he does open, crown your sports!
Now, Love in Night, and Night in Love, exhorts
Courtship and dances ; all your parts employ,
And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy :
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes ;
Rise, youths ! Love's rite claims more than banquets,
rise.

WILLIAM WARNER.

THE time of this author's birth is unknown, but it may probably be placed about 1558; which supposes him to have published his first work at the age of 25. He is said to have been an attorney of the Common Pleas, and to have died in 1608-9, at Amwell, in Hertfordshire, "a man of *good years*, and of honest reputation."

His first work was in prose, and entitled, "Syrinx, a sevenfold History," &c., licensed in 1584, and he is said to have been a translator of Plautus; but his principal work was "Albion's England," first printed in 1586, and six times afterwards. The last edition (in 1612) has the "Continuance," by the same author, annexed, which was printed separately in 1606.

The astonishing popularity of this poem, which by Warner's contemporaries was even preferred to their favourite "Mirror for Magistrates," is a proof that he possessed the most valuable talent of a poet, that of amusing and interesting his readers. This he effected partly by means of numerous episodes, which are always lively though not always to the purpose, and partly by means of a style which, at the time, was thought highly elegant, and which certainly possesses the merit of uncommon ease and simplicity.

Two of his most striking episodes, viz. "Argentile and Curan," and "the Patient Countess," have already appeared in "the Muses' Library," and in the "Reliques of ancient English Poetry." Another, the "Romance of Sir J. Mandeville," is too long for insertion in a miscellany, but perhaps the following may have a chance of

pleasing from their singularity. The two long lines of fourteen syllables of the original are here divided into four short line stanzas.

The Legend of St. Christopher.

THERE was a man of stature big,
And big withall in mind ;
For serve he would, yet one than whom
He greater none might find.

He, hearing that the emperor
Was in the world most great,
Came to his court, was entertain'd,
And, serving him at meat,

It chanced the devil was nam'd—whereat
The emperor him blest ;
When as, until he knew the cause,
The Pagan would not rest.

But when he heard his lord to fear
The devil, his ghostly foe,
He left his service, and to seek
And serve the devil did go.

Of heaven or hell, God or the devil,
He erst nor heard nor car'd ;
Alone he sought to serve the same
That would by none be dar'd.

He met (who soon is met) the devil;
Was entertain'd: they walk,
Till, coming to a cross, the devil
Did fearfully it balk :

The servant, musing, questioned
His master of his fear :
“One Christ,” quoth he with dread, “I mind
When doth a cross appear.”

“Then serve thyself!” the giant said,
“That Christ to serve I'll seek!”
For him he ask'd a hermit, who
Advised him to be meek ;

By which, by faith, and works of alms,
Would sought-for Christ be found ;
And how and where to practise these
He gave directions sound.

Then he, that scorn'd his service late
To greatest potentates,
E'en at a common ferry, now,
To carry all awaits.

A Tale of the Beginning of Friars and Cloisterers.

Quoth he, not long since was a man
That did his *devoir* give
To kill the passions of his flesh,
And did in penance live.

And, though beloved of the king,
He lived by his sweat ;
Affirming, men that would not work
Unworthy for to eat.

He told the erring their amiss,
And taught them to amend :
He counselled the comfortless,
And all his days did spend

In prayer and in poverty :
Amongst his doings well,
High-ways he mended ; doing which,
This accident befell :

A dozen thieves to have been hang'd
Were led this hermit by ;
To whom he went, exhorting them
As Christian men to die.

So penitent they were, and he
So pitiful, good man,
As to the king for pardon of
The prisoners he ran :

Which got, he gave it them ; but this
Proviso did he add,
That they should ever work as he :—
They grant, poor souls, and glad.

He got them gowns of country grey,
And hoods for rain and cold,
And hempen girdles, which (besides
Themselves) might burdens hold ;

Pick-ax and spade : and hard to work
The convent fell together ;
With robes, and ropes, and every tool
For every work and weather.

So did they toil, as thereabout
No causey was unwrought ;
Wherefore new labours for his men
The holy hermit sought.

But, at departure, prayed them
To fast, to watch, and pray,
And live remote from worldly men ;
And goeth so his way.

The holy thieves (for now in them
Had custom wrought content)
Could much of Scripture ; and indeed
Did heartily repent.

Now when the country-folk did hear
Of these same men devout,
Religiously they haunt their cells ;
And lastly, brought about

That from the woods to buildings brave
They won their hermit's crew,
Who was from found-out work return'd,
And their *aposta* knew.

He, going to their stately place,
Did find in every dish
Fat beef, and *brewis* ; and great store
Of dainty fowl and fish.

Who seeing their *saturity*,
And practising to win
His pupils thence, "Excess," he said,
"Doth work access to sin.

"Who fareth finest, doth but feed ;
And over-feedeth oft ;
Who sleepeth softest, doth but sleep ;
And, sometimes, over-soft.

“ Who clads him trimmest, is but clad;
The fairest is but fair;
And all but live : yea, if so long,
Yet not with lesser care
Than forms, backs, bones, and bellies, that
More homely cherish’d are.

“ Learn freedom and felicity ;
Hawks flying where they list,
Be kindlier and more sound than hawks
Best tended on the fist !”

Thus preach’d he promis’d abstinence ;
And bids them come away :
No haste but good : well were they, and
So well as they would stay.—

The godly hermit, when all means
In vain he did perceive,
Departing said—“ I found you knaves,
And knaves I do you leave !”

HENRY CONSTABLE.

IT appears from Mr. Malone's *Shakespeare*, vol. x. p. 74, that this author took his degree of B.A. at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1579, so that he may be considered as contemporary with Warner, and indeed is so regarded by Phillips. He was highly praised by Edmond Bolton, Ben Jonson, and others, and Mr. Warton mentions him as "a noted sonnet writer;" yet the following, though as notable sonnets as his "*Diana*" could furnish, can hardly entitle him to be denominated "the first sonneteer of his time." See Hawkins' *Origin of the English Drama*, iii. 212. The Rev. Mr. Todd, in his valuable edition of Milton's poetical works, has described a very curious MS. of Constable's unpublished poems, in his own possession.

[From his "*Diana*," 1594, 12mo.]

WONDER it is, and pity is't, that she
 In whom all Beauty's treasure we may find,
 That may enrich the body and the mind,
 Towards the poor should use no charity.
 My love is gone a begging unto thee,
 And if that Beauty had not been more kind
 Than Pity, long ere' this he had been pin'd,
 But Beauty is content his food to be.

Oh, pity have, when such poor orphans beg,
Love, naked boy, hath nothing on his back,
And though he wanteth neither arm nor leg,
Yet maim'd he is, *sith* he his sight doth lack.
And yet, though blind, he Beauty can behold,
And yet, though naked, he feels more heat than
cold.

SONNET.

If ever Sorrow spoke from soul that loves,
As speaks a spirit in a man possess'd,
In me her spirit speaks, my soul it moves,
Whose sigh-swoln words breed whirlwinds in my
breast:
Or like the echo of a passing bell,
Which, sounding on the water, seems to howl,
So rings my heart a fearful heavy knell,
And keeps all night in consort with the owl.
My cheek with a thin ice of tears is clad,
Mine eyes, like morning stars, are blear'd and red,
What resteth then but I be raging mad,
To see that she, my care's chief conduit-head,
When all streams else help quench my burning
heart,
Shuts up her springs, and will no grace impart.

SONNET.

I BEING Care, thou fliest me' as ill fortùne,
Care, the consuming canker of the mind ;
The discord that disorders sweet heart's tune,
Th' abortive bastard of a coward mind :
The light foot lackey that runs post by death,
Bearing the letters which contain our end :
The busy advocate that sells his breath,
Denouncing worst to him is most his friend.
O dear ! this Care no interest holds in me ;
But holy Care, the guardian of thy fair,
Thine honour's champion, and thy virtue's fee,
The zeal which thee from barbarous times shall
bear :
This Care am I ; this care my life hath taken,
Dear to my soul ! then leave me not forsaken !

THOMAS WATSON,

A LONDONER born, says Wood, who spent some time in the university of Oxford, not in the pursuits of logic or philosophy, but in the smooth and pleasant studies of poetry and romance. Afterwards retiring to the metropolis, he became a student of the common law, and appears from collateral testimony to have died about 1592.

For an account of the writings of this author, whom an eminent critic and commentator (with what degree of justice may be doubted) has pronounced to be a more elegant sonneteer than Shakspeare, the reader is referred to the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lxviii. p. 669.

SONNET.

[From his "Hecatompathia, or Passionate Centurie of Love," no date, but licensed in the Stationers' books, 1581.]

WHEN May is in his prime, and youthful Spring
Doth clothe the tree with leaves, and ground with
flowers,

And time of year reviveth every thing,
And lovely Nature smiles, and nothing lours ;
Then Philomela most doth strain her breast,
With night-complaints, and sits in little rest.

This bird's estate I may compare with mine,
To whom fond love doth work such wrongs by
day,

That in the night my heart must needs repine,
And storm with sighs, to ease me as I may,
Whilst others are becalm'd, or lie them still,
Or sail secure, with tide and wind at will.

And as all those which hear this bird complain
Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
Without remorse, or pitying her pain ;
So she, for whom I wail both day and night,
Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint,
A just reward for serving such a saint !

IN Thetis's lap while Titan took his rest,
I slumbering lay within my restless bed,
Till Morpheus us'd a falsed sorry jest,
Presenting her by whom I still am led,
For then I thought she came to end my wo,
But when I wak'd, alas ! 'twas nothing so !

Embracing air instead of my delight,
I blamed Love, as author of the guile ;
Who, with a second sleep clos'd up my sight,
And said (methought) that I must bide awhile
Ixion's pains, whose arms did oft embrace
False darken'd clouds instead of Juno's grace.

When I had lain and slumber'd thus a while,
Ruing the doleful doom that Love assign'd,
A woman-saint, which bare an angel's face,
Bade me awake, and ease my troubled mind :
With that I wak'd, forgetting what was pass'd,
And saw 'twas Hope which helped thus at last.

SONNET.

IN time the bull is brought to wear the yoke,
In time all haggard hawks will stoop the lures ;
In time small wedge will cleave the sturdiest oak,
In time the marble wears with weakest showers :
More fierce is my sweet love, more hard withal,
Than beast or bird, than tree or stony wall.

No yoke prevails, she will not yield to might ;
No lure will cause her stoop, she bears full *gorge* ;
No wedge of woes makes print, she recks no right,
No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge :
Help therefore, heavenly boy ! come pierce her
breast
With that same shaft which robs me of my rest.

So let her feel thy force, that she relent ;
So keep her low, that she vouchsafe a prey ;
So frame her will to right, that pride be spent :
So forge, that I may speed without delay ;

Which if thou do, I'll swear, and sing with joy,
That Love no longer is a blinded boy.

SONNET.

My heedless heart, which Love yet never knew
But as he was described with painter's hand,
One day, amongst the rest, would needs go view
The labyrinth of Love, with all his band,
To see the Minotaur his ugly face,
And such as there lay slain within the place.

But soon my guiding thread, by Reason spun,
Wherewith I past along his darksome cave,
Was broke, alas ! by him, and over-run,
And I perforce became his captive slave ;
Since when, as yet I never found the way
To leave that maze wherein so many stray.

Yet THOU ! on whom mine eyes have gaz'd so long,
May'st, if thou wilt, play Ariadne's part,
And by a second thread revenge the wrong
Which, through deceit, hath hurt my guiltless
heart :
Vouchsafe in time to save and set me free,
Who seek and serve none other saint but thee.

SONNET.

ALL ye that grieve to think my death so near,
Take pity on yourselves, whose thought is blind :
Can there be day unless some light appear ?
Can fire be cold, which yieldeth heat by kind ?
If love were pass'd, my life would soon decay,
Love bids me hope, and hope is all my stay.

And you that see in what estate I stand,
Now hot, now cold, and yet am living still,
Persuade yourselves Love hath a mighty hand,
And custom frames what pleaseth best her will :
A lingering use of Love hath taught my breast
To harbour strife, and yet to live in rest.

The man that dwells far north hath seldom harm
With blast of winter's wind, or nipping frost ;
The Negro seldom feels himself too warm
If he abide within his native coast ;
So love in me a second nature is,
And custom makes me think my woes are bliss.

SONNET.

YOUTH made a fault through lightness of belief,
Which fond belief Love placed in my breast ;
But now I find that reason gives relief,
And time shows truth, and wit that's bought is
best :

Muse not therefore although I change my vein,
He runs too far which never turns again.

Henceforth my mind shall have a watchful eye,
I'll scorn fond love, and practise of the same ;
The wisdom of my heart shall soon descry
Each thing that's good from what deserveth
blame.

My song shall be—" Fortune hath spit her spite,
And Love can hurt no more with all his might."

Therefore all you, to whom my cause is known,
Think better comes, and pardon what is past :
I find that all my wildest oats are sown,
And joy to see what now I see at last ;
And since that Love was cause I trod awry,
I here take off his bells and let him fly.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON,

BORN at Kelston, in Somersetshire, 1561, educated at Eton, and afterwards entered of Christ's College, Cambridge. He appears for a short time to have studied the law at Lincoln's Inn, but soon quitted Littleton for Aribsto. In 1599, he became a military man, and, on the recommendation of Queen Elizabeth, accompanied the Earl of Essex to Ireland, where he was knighted in the field. Having attended the ill-fated earl at his impolitic return, he partook of the queen's displeasure, and retired to his paternal seat, where he chiefly resided till the time of his death, which happened in 1612.

As a writer he is principally known by his translation of "Orlando Furioso," which appeared in 1591, and was much admired at the time, though now found to be inaccurate and feeble. He completed a metrical version of the Psalms that has not been committed to print, but is preserved in the select and curious library of Mr. Douce. He published a very humorous satire in 1596, entitled, "The Metamorphosis of Ajax;" he composed a brief supplement to Godwin's catalogue of Bishops, in 1606, and versified a portion of "Schola Salerni," in 1609. But the "elegant and wittie epigrams" of our learned knight formed his most popular production, and underwent several impressions. From lib. i. epig. 4, the following specimen is extracted.

*Of a Pointed Diamond, given by the Author to his
Wife, at the Birth of his eldest Son.*

DEAR ! I to thee this diamond commend,
In which a model of thyself I send.

How just unto thy joints this circlet sitteth,
So just thy face and shape my fancies fitteth :
The touch will try this ring of purest gold,
My touch tries thee, as pure though softer mould :
That metal precious is, the stone is true,
As true as (then how much more precious) you !
The gem is clear, and hath, nor needs, no foil ;
Thy face, nay more, thy fame is free from soil :
You'll deem this dear because from me you have it,
I deem your faith more dear, because you gave it.
This pointed diamond cuts glass and steel,
Your love's like force in my firm heart I feel :
But this, as all things else, time wastes with wearing,
Where you my jewels multiply with bearing.

SAMUEL DANIEL,

THE son of a music-master, was born in 1562 near Taunton, in Somersetshire, and admitted a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, which he quitted at the end of three years without taking a degree. He seems to have been early distinguished by his poetical talents, and to have received either a pension, or some valuable presents, from Queen Elizabeth ; to whom he acknowledges his obligations in the dedication to his works, 1602. In the following reign, he was Gentleman-extraordinary and Groom of the Chamber to Anne, the consort of James. Towards the close of his life, he retired to a farm at Beckington, where he died in 1619.

His "Delia," and "Complaint of Rosamond," were published in 1592 ; the first four books of his "Civil Wars" in 1593 ; the fifth in 1599 ; the sixth in 1602, and the seventh and eighth in 1609. Many other pieces are included in his poetical works, which were collected by his brother, and printed in 1623.

Daniel's sonnets are very beautiful. His "Civil Wars" are rather distinguished by elegance than sublimity of expression ; but they contain many curious and some highly poetical passages. His prose "History of England" was once much esteemed for the purity and conciseness of its style. Headley considers him as the Atticus of his day.

SONNET.

Look, Delia, how w'esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honour ;

Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose¹ ;
 That full of beauty² Time bestows upon her.
 No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
 But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to
 decline⁴ ;
 She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair ;
 So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine⁵.
 No April can revive thy wither'd flowers,
 Whose springing⁶ grace adorns thy glory now ;
 Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
 Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow :
 Then do not thou such treasure⁷ waste in vain,
 But love now whilst⁸ thou may'st be lov'd again.

SONNET.

IF this be love to draw a weary breath,

¹ As Daniel, like Drayton, Sidney, and several others of our early poets, made considerable changes in the successive editions of his works, it may be curious to subjoin the variations of the first impression of this author's sonnets, by way of enabling the reader to compare the original and after-thoughts. The text of the specimens (all but the very last being taken from "Delia") is that of ed. 1602, since which no alterations appear to have been introduced. It may be worth while to add, that the text of ed. ii. of "Delia," in 1594, corresponds exactly with that of ed. i.

² "In her tender green she doth inclose."

³ "The pure sweet beauty."

⁴ "full-blown pride is in declining."

⁵ "So clouds thy beauty after fairest shining."

⁶ "bloeming."

⁷ "O let not then such riches."

⁸ "whilst that."

With downward looks, still reading on the earth
 The sad memorials of my love's despair ;
 If this be love, to war against my soul,
 Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve¹ ;
 The never-resting stone of care to roll,
 Still to complain my griefs, whilst none relieve² ;
 If this be love, to clothe me with dark thoughts,
 Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart ;
 My pleasures, horror—music, tragic notes,—
 Tears in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart ;
 If this be love, to live a living death ;
 Then do I love³, and draw this weary breath.

SONNET.

[First printed in ed. 1602.]

I ONCE may see when years shall wreak my wrong,
 When golden hairs shall change to silver wire ;
 And those bright rays that kindle all this fire
 Shall fail in force, their working not so strong.
 Then Beauty (now the burthen of my song)
 Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
 Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire ;
 Then fade those flowers that deck'd her pride so
 long.

¹ "grieve me."

² "and none relieve me."

³ "O then love I."

When, if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
 Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue,
 Go you, my verse, go tell her what she was ;
 For, what she was she best shall find in you.
 Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
 But (Phœnix-like) shall make her live anew.

BEAUTY, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
 Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
 Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth show,
 And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
 Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
 Short is the glory of the blushing rose ;
 The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
 Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
 When thou, surcharg'd with burthen of thy years,
 Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
 And that in beauty's lease, expir'd, appears ¹
 The date of ² age, the calends of our death—
 But ah ! no more—this must not be foretold ³,
 For ⁴, women grieve to think they must be old.

¹ “ When time hath made a passport for thy fears.”

² “ Dated in.”

³ “ hath been often told.”

⁴ “ And.”

SONNET.

I MUST not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
 Lines of delight whereon her youth might smile ;
 Flowers have a time before they come to seed,
 And she is young, and now must sport the while.
 And ¹ sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
 And learn to gather flowers before they wither,
 And where the sweetest blossom ² first appears,
 Let Love and Youth conduct thy pleasures
 thither !

Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
 And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise ;
 Pity and smiles do best become the fair,
 Pity and smiles must only yield thee ³ praise.
 Make me to ⁴ say, when all my griefs are gone,
 Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one !

AN ODE.

[This first appeared in ed. 1594.]

Now each creature joys the other,
 Passing happy days and hours,
 One bird reports unto another
 In the fall of silver showers ;
 Whilst the earth, our common mother,
 Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

¹ "Ah."

² "shall yield thee lasting."

³ "blossoms."

⁴ "I hope to."

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
 With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
 Making nights and days both even,
 Cheering plants with fresher sap ;
 My field of flowers quite bereaven,
 Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
 Babbling guest of rocks and hills,
 Knows the name of my fierce fair,
 And sounds the accents of my ills :
 Each thing pities my despair,
 Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she (O cruel maid !)
 Doth me and my love despise,
 My life's flourish is decay'd
 That depended on her eyes :
 But her will must be obey'd,
 And well he ends, for love who dies.

PASTORAL.

[First printed in ed. 1602.]

Oh happy golden age !
 Not for that rivers ran
 With streams of milk and honey dropt from trees ;

Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free, without fees ;
Not for, no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile
Th' eternal flowering spring,
Wherein liv'd every thing,
And whereon th' heavens perpetually did smile ;
Not for, no ship had brought
From foreign shores, or wars, or wares ill sought :

But only for, that name,
That idle name of wind,
That idol of deceit, that empty sound,
Call'd HONOUR, which became
The tyrant of the mind,
And so torments our nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found :
Nor yet sad griefs imparts,
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyful amorous wights,
Nor were his hard laws known to freeborn hearts ;
But golden laws, like these
Which Nature wrote—THAT'S LAWFUL WHICH DOTH

PLEASE.

Then amongst flowers and springs,
Making delightful sport,
Sat lovers, without conflict, without flame,
And nymphs and shepherds sings,

Mixing, in wanton sort,
Whisperings with songs, then kisses with the same
Which from affection came.
The naked virgin then
Her roses fresh reveals,
Which now her veil conceals,
The tender apples in her bosom seen :
And oft in rivers clear
The lovers with their loves consorting were.

HONOUR ! thou first didst close
The spring of all delight,
Denying water to the amorous thirst :
Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
The glory of their light,
Restrain'd from men, and on themselves revers'd :
Thou in a lawn didst first
Those golden hairs incase,
Late spread unto the wind :
Thou mad'st loose grace unkind,
Gav'st bridle to their words, art to their pace :
Oh, HONOUR, it is thou
That mak'st that stealth which Love doth free
allow :

It is thy work that brings
Our griefs and torments thus.
But, thou fierce lord of Nature and of Love,
The qualifier of kings,
What dost thou hear with us

That are below thy power, shut from above ?
 Go ; and from us remove !
 Trouble the mighty's sleep,
 Let us, neglected, base,
 Live still without thy grace,
 And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keep !
 Let's love ! this life of ours
 Can make no truce with time, that all devours.
 Let's love ! the sun doth set and rise again,
 But when as our short light
 Comes once to set, it makes eternal night.

SONG.

[In "Hymen's Triumph."]

Love is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing ;
 A plant that with most cutting grows ;
 Most barren with best using :
 Why so ?—
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
 If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
 Hey, ho !—

Love is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting ;

And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting :
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey, ho !——

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE,

CONTEMPORARY with Shakspeare, and one of the most distinguished tragic poets of his age. He translated, in 1587, Coluthus's Rape of Helen into English rhyme. He also translated several of the Elegies of Ovid. This book was printed at Middleburgh, without date, and was ordered to be burnt at Stationers' Hall, in 1599, by command of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London. He began a translation of the Loves of Hero and Leander, vulgarly attributed to Musæus, but the work was interrupted by his death. Marlowe finished only the first and second Sestiads ; Chapman did the remainder. His plays were, 1. "Tamerlane, the great Scythian Emperor, two parts." 2. "The rich Jew of Malta." 3. "The tragical History of the Life and Death of Dr. John Faustus." 4. "Lust's Dominion." 5. "The Tragedy of King Edward the Second." 6. "The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage." It is to be lamented that these plays have not been collected and published, because the writings of Shakspeare's distinguished contemporaries would prove the best comment on his works.

Marlowe was killed during an affray in a brothel, rather before 1593. His birth, therefore, may be placed, with some probability, about 1562 ; for it is unlikely that he could have acquired a great reputation as an author and actor much before the age of thirty ; and it is to be hoped that he did not meet with such a death at a more advanced age. Of the two following specimens, the first exhibits the most striking beauties, and the second the characteristic defects of his style.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

[From "England's Helicon."]

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning :

If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Description of Waters, &c.

[A fragment, from "England's Parnassus," 1600.]

I WALK'D along a stream, for pureness rare,
Brighter than sunshine ; for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious prey
That in the pebble-paved channel lay.

No molten crystal, but a richer mine ;
E'en Nature's rarest alchemy ran there,
Diamonds resolv'd, and substance more divine,
Through whose bright gliding current might
appear

A thousand naked Nymphs, whose ivory shine
Enamelling the banks, made them more dear
Than ever was that glorious palace-gate,
Where the day-shining Sun in triumph sate.

Upon this brim, the eglantine and rose,
The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,
As kind companions in one union grows,
Folding their twining arms ; as oft we see
Turtle-taught lovers either other close,
Lending to dulness feeling sympathy :

And as a costly vallance o'er a bed,
So did their garland tops the brook o'erspread.

Their leaves that differ'd both in shape and show,
Though all were green, yet difference such in
green,
Like to the chequer'd bent of Iris' bow,
Prided, the running main as it had been—

JOSHUA SYLVESTER,

IN his earliest publication styles himself a merchant adventurer. Wood could not discover whether he had received an academical education, but has borne testimony to his knowledge of the French, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, and Latin languages. His moral conduct, his piety, and his patience, appear to have been exemplary : nor was any writer honoured with more contemporary praise : but his country is said to have treated him with ingratitude, and he died at Middleburgh in 1618, aged fifty-five.

The works of this laborious but unequal writer were successively printed in various forms, and collected into a large volume in folio, printed in 1621, 1633, and 1641. They consist principally of translations. In p. 652 of the latter edition, is printed the "Soul's Errand," which has been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh under the title of "The Lie," and asserted to have been written by him on the night before his execution, Oct. 29, 1618 ; but this assertion is utterly incredible, as the poem appeared in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsodie" ten years before. Till a more authorized claimant shall be produced, it is therefore restored to its ancient proprietor.

A Caution for Courtly Damsels.

BEWARE, fair maid, of mighty courtiers' oaths ;
 Take heed what gifts or favours you receive ;
 Let not the fading gloss of silken cloaths
 Dazzle your virtues, or your fame bereave :

For once but leave the hold you have of grace,
Who will regard your fortune or your face ?

Each greedy hand will strive to catch the flower,
When none regard the stalk it grows upon ;
Baseness desires the fruit still to devour,
And leaves the tree to fall or stand alone ;
But this advice, fair creature, take of me,
Let none take fruit unless he'll have the tree.

Believe not oaths, nor much-protesting men ;
Credit no vows nor a bewailing song ;
Let courtiers swear, forswear, and swear again,
The heart doth live ten regions from the tongue :
For when with oaths and vows they make you
tremble,
Believe them least ; for then they most dissemble.

A contented Mind.

I WEIGH not Fortune's frown or smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys ;
I seek not state, I reck not stile,
I am not fond of fancy's toys ;
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack,
I tremble not at noise of war,
I swoon not at the news of wrack,
I shrink not at a blazing star :
I fear not loss, I hope not gain ;
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleas'd,
I see some Tantals starv'd in store ;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eas'd,
I see e'en Midas gape for more.
I neither want, nor yet abound :
Enough's a feast ; content is crown'd.

I feign not friendship where I hate,
I fawn not on the great in show,
I prize, I praise a mean estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low ;
This, this is all my choice, my cheer,
A mind content, a conscience clear.

The Soul's Errand.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand !
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant ;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood,
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good :
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' actions,
Not lov'd unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust ;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness :
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
 Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
 Tell justice of delay.
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If arts and schools reply,
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
 Tell how the country erreth,
Tell, manhood shakes off pity,
 Tell, virtue least preferreth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing :
Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing ;
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

Was born at Harsull, in the county of Warwick, in 1563. He discovered, when extremely young, a remarkable propensity to study, and rose early to literary reputation, which he enjoyed during three successive reigns : he died in 1631. His "Polyolbion" is certainly a wonderful work, exhibiting, at once, the learning of an historian, an antiquary, a naturalist, and a geographer, and embellished by the imagination of a poet. But, perhaps, a topographical description of England is not much improved by such embellishment. Those who can best appreciate the merit of its accuracy will seldom search for information in a poem ; and of the lovers of poetry, some are disgusted with the subject, and others with the Alexandrine metre, which Drayton has unfortunately adopted. His pastorals, which he published in 1593, under the quaint title of "Idea ; the Shepherd's Garland, fashioned in nine Eclogues, &c.," his "Nymphidia," and, in general, all his smaller poems, are easy and pleasing. The "Barons' Wars," and "England's Heroical Epistles," have lost, and are not likely to recover, their ancient popularity.

[*The Shepherd's Daffodil.*]

Batte. GORBO, as thou cam'st this way
 By yonder little hill,
 Or, as thou through the fields didst stray,
 Saw'st thou my Daffodil ?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight,
And never hath her beauty seen,
But through a veil of white.

Than roses, richer to behold,
That dress up lovers' bowers,
The pansy and the marigold,
Though Phœbus' paramours.

Gorbo. Thou well describ'st the Daffodil:
It is not full an hour
Since, by the spring near yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower.

Batte. Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my Daffodil's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

Gorbo. I saw a shepherd that doth *keep*
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making, as he fed his sheep,
A wreath of daffodillies.

Batte. Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see,
For know, my pretty Daffodil
Is worn of none but me.

Gorbo. Through yonder vale as I did pass,
 Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
 They call her Daffodil,

Whose presence, as along she went,
 The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent
 With homage to her feet;

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
 From top of every hill,
Unto the vallies loud did cry,—
 There goes sweet Daffodil!

Batte. Aye, gentle shepherd, now with joy
 Thou all my flocks dost fill;
That's she alone, kind shepherd's boy,
 Let us to Daffodil.

SONNET.

[From "Idea."]

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part :
 Nay, I have done ; you get no more of me :
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free ;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
 Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

To his coy Love.

A CANZONE

I PRAY thee leave, love me no more,
 Call home the heart you gave me ;
 I but in vain that saint adore
 That can, but will not, save me ;
 These poor half kisses kill me quite,
 Was ever man thus served ?
 Amidst an ocean of delight,
 For pleasure to be *sterved*.

Shew me no more those snowy breasts,
 With azure riverets branched,
 Where, whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
 Yet is my thirst not stanched.

O, Tantalus ! thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented,
'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell,
But thus in heav'n tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me ;
O ! these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more inthrall me ;
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this *coil* about thee ;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

BORN at Stratford-upon-Avon, 1564, and died there, 1616.

[From "As you like it."]

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude !
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh, ho ! sing heigh, ho ! unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh, ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot !
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho ! &c. &c.

SONNET.

[In "England's Helicon," and "Love's Labour Lost."]

ON a day, (alack the day !)
 Love, whose month is¹ ever May,
 Spied a blossom, passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air.
 Through the velvet leaves the wind
 All unseen 'gan passage find,
 That the lover², sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 "Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow ;—
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But alack ! my hand is³ sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
 Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet ;
 Do⁴ not call it sin in me
 That I am forsworn for thee :
 Thou for whom [e'en] Jove would swear
 Juno but an *Æthiop* were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy⁵ love."

¹ "was." Eng. Hel.

² "Shepherd." Eng. Hel.

³ "Alas my hand hath." Eng. Hel.

⁴ These two lines wanting in Eng. Hel. ⁵ "my." Eng. Hel.

Spring. A Song.

[At the end of "Love's Labour Lost."]

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds, of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
Cuckoo !
Cuckoo ! cuckoo !—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he ;
Cuckoo !
Cuckoo ! cuckoo !—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

Winter. A Song.

[At the end of "Love's Labour Lost."]

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,

And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo !
Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo !
Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Song of Fairies.

[By Puck in "Midsummer-Night's Dream."]

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon,
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task foredone.
Now the wasted brands do glow ;
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritchting loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the churchway paths to glide ;
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

SONG.

[In "Much Ado about Nothing."]

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
 Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
 'The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy.
 Then sigh not so, &c.

SONG.

[In the "Merchant of Venice."]

TELL me, where is Fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head ?
 How begot, how nourished ?—

Reply. It is engender'd in the eyes ;
 With gazing fed ; and Fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
 Let us all ring Fancy's knell :
 I'll begin it.—Ding, dong, bell,
 Ding, dong, bell.

ARIEL'S SONG.

[In the "Tempest."]

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I ;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry ;

On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily ;
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SONG.

[In "Twelfth Night."]

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it ;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O ! where
Sad true love ne'er find my grave,
To weep there !

SONG.

[From the "Two Gentlemen of Verona."]

"Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?"
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

"Is she kind as she is fair?
For Beauty lives with kindness."
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

SONG.

[In "Cymbeline."]

FEAR no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
From it consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave !

SONG.

[From "As you like it."]

UNDER the green-wood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;

Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun ;
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

BEING your slave, what should I do, but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do till you require :
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you ;
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu !
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose ;
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save where you are : how happy you make those !
So true a fool is love, that in your will
Tho' you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

[From "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, corrected from a MS. by Mr. Malone. Vide his edition.]

WHEN as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou would'st strike,
Let Reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as Fancy (partial *take* !)
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell !
(A cripple soon can find a halt :)
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

And to her will frame all thy ways,
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing always in her ear :
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to choose anew.
When time shall serve be thou not slack
To proffer, tho' she put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ;
And then too late she will repent
That she dissembled her delight ;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That with such scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And *ban*, and brawl, and say thee nay ;
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say :
“ Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.”

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman’s *nay* doth stand for nought ?

* * * * *

But soft ; enough,—too much (I fear) ;
For if my lady hear my song,
She will not stick to ring mine ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long ;
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray’d.

SONG ¹.

Take, oh, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain !

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears ;
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears :
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee !

¹ In the preceding edition these elegant lines were ascribed to Fletcher, in whose Tragedy of Rollo duke of Normandy, or the Bloody Brother, first printed in 1640, both stanzas are, in fact, to be found; but, as the former of the two appeared long before in Measure for Measure, and the songs introduced in our author's plays seem to have been all his own composition, Mr. Malone claims them as Shakspeare's.

RICHARD BARNFEILD,

A POET whose memory has fallen into obscurity, having escaped the notice even of the indefatigable Anthony Wood, wrote and published "The Affectionate Shepheard," 1594, 12mo (being an enlarged translation from Watson's "Amintæ Gaudia"). "Cynthia with Certaine Sonnets, and the Legend of Cassandra," 1595, 12mo, and "The Encomium of Lady Pecunia," "The Complaint of Poetrie for the Death of Liberalitie," "The Combat betweene Conscience and Covetousnesse, in the Minde of Man," and "Poems in divers Humors." 1598, 4to, from which the following specimen is taken. Meres speaks of Barnfeild as his friend, and numbers him *amongst our best for pastoral*: but no circumstances of his life are known. Mr. Malone, indeed, informs me, that he was of Brazen-nose College, Ox'ord; and it appears from the title of one of his publications that he was a graduate. See Ritson's *Bibliographia*.

The lines which follow have had the honour to be attributed to Shakspeare.

AN ODE.

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made ;
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;

Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn ;
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
Teru, teru, by and by ;
That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah ! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain ;
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee :
King Pandion he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing !
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend :

But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call ;
And with such-like flattering,
“ Pity but he were a king.”
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandement ;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown :
They that fawn’d on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need ;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :—
Thus, of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

SIMON WASTELL,

A NATIVE of Westmoreland, entered of Queen's College, Oxford, about 1580, where, according to Wood, he took a degree, and was accounted a great proficient in classical learning and poetry. He afterwards became master of the free-school at Northampton ; and translated from Shaw's "Bibliorum Summula," "A True Christian's Daily Delight," being a metrical epitome of the Bible, 1623, 12mo, which was enlarged and reprinted, 1629, 12mo, under the title of "Microbiblion." From the latter edition the following stanzas are extracted, which have sometimes been inserted among the poems of Quarles.

Of Man's Mortality.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower of May,
 Or like the morning to the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
 E'en such is man ;—whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes,—and man he dies !

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearléd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,
E'en such is man ;—who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.—
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death,—man's life is done !

ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX,

WAS born in 1567 ; and, having been found guilty on a trial for high treason, closed his life on the scaffold in 1601. The political character of this inconsiderate and presumptuous, but honest and heroic favourite of Queen Elizabeth, has no connexion with this work : but as he was the generous patron of literature, and the unceasing object of poetical adulation, the reader will perhaps be glad to see a specimen of his own attainment in the art which he encouraged others to cultivate. The following " Verses, made by the Earl of Essex in his trouble," were extracted from a MS. in the British Museum, Bibl. Reg. 17. B. L. For an account of his other works, vide the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

SONNET.

THE ways on earth have paths and turnings known ;
 The ways on sea are gone by needle's light ;
 The birds of th' air the nearest way have flown ;
 And under earth the moles do cast aright.
 A way more hard than these I needs must take,
 Where none can teach, nor no man can direct ;
 Where no man's good for me example makes ;
 But all men's faults do teach *her* to suspect.
Her thoughts and mine much disproportion have,
 All strength of love is infinite in me ;

She useth the advantage time and fortune gave
Of worth and power to get the liberty.
Earth, sea, heaven, hell, are subject unto laws,
But I, poor I, must suffer and know no cause.

(Signed R. E. E.)

SIR HENRY WOTTON,

BORN at Bocton-Hall, Kent, in 1568, received his education at Winchester school, whence he was removed, in 1584, to New College, and soon after to Queen's College, Oxford. He was early distinguished by the acuteness of his mind, and by versatility of talent. After having completed an academical education, he spent nine years in travelling ; during which he formed an acquaintance with all the most learned men in Europe, and acquired a considerable reputation by his proficiency in the fine arts. On his return to England, his accomplishments recommended him to the friendship of the Earl of Essex, with whom he remained as secretary till his fall, when he retired to Florence, and remained there till the death of Queen Elizabeth.

Having been employed by the great duke of Tuscany in an embassy into Scotland, for the purpose of communicating to King James the account of a conspiracy against him which the great duke had discovered, he received the honour of knighthood, and enjoyed the confidence of that monarch during the whole of his reign.

For the particulars of his very curious life, great part of which he passed in foreign embassies, and other scenes of political activity, and which he terminated in 1639, (after entering into holy orders,) in the situation of Provost of Eton, the reader is referred to the circumstantial biography of Izaac Walton, or to the summary contained in the New Biographical Dictionary.

The following specimens are all extracted from Reliquiae Wottonianæ, first printed in 1651, and three times afterwards.

On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light !
You common people of the skies !
What are you, when the sun shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents ! what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own !
What are you, when the rose is blown ?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind ;
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen !
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

A Description of the Country's Recreations.

QUIVERING Fear, heart-tearing Cares,
Anxious Sighs, untimely Tears,
Fly, fly to courts !
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd Sardonic Smiles are glosing still,
And Grief is forc'd to laugh against her will ;
Where mirth's but mummerie,
And sorrows only real be !

Fly from our country pastimes ! fly,
Sad troop of human misery !
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty !
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals ! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may
shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
No murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic masque, nor dance,
But of our kids, that frisk and prance ;
 Nor wars are seen,
 Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other ;
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother ;
 And wounds are never found,
 Save what the plough-share gives the ground.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek !
 We all pearls scorn,
 Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass ;
 And gold ne'er here appears,
 Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest, silent groves ! O may ye be
For ever Mirth's best nursery !
 May pure Contents
 For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these
 mountains,
And Peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
 Which we may every year
 Find, when we come a-fishing here.

(Subscribed *Ignoto.*)

*Tears at the Grave of Sir Albertus Morton, who was
buried at Southampton, wept by Sir H. Wotton.*

SILENCE, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,
For deepest wounds can least their feelings tell :
Yet, let me borrow from mine own unrest
But time to bid him whom I lov'd farewell !

Oh my unhappy lines ! you that before
Have serv'd my youth to vent some wanton cries,
And now, congeal'd with grief, can scarce implore
Strength to accènt,—Here my Albertus lies !

This is the sable stone, this is the cave
And womb of earth that doth his corpse embrace !
While others sing his praise, let me engrave
These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the characters of wo,
Here will I pay my tribute to the dead ;
And here my faithful tears in showers shall flow,
To humanize the flints whereon I tread :

Where, though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
And none between my weakness judge and me ;
Yet e'en these pensive walls allow my moan,
Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But is he gone? and live I rhyming here
As if some Muse would listen to my lay,
When all distun'd sit waiting for their dear,
And bathe the banks where he was won't to
play?—

Dwell thou in endless light, discharged Soul,
Freed now from Nature's and from Fortune's
trust!

While on this fluent globe my glass shall roll,
And run the rest of my remaining dust.

Upon the Death of Sir Albertus Morton's Wife.

HE first deceas'd; she for a little tried
To live without him,—lik'd it not, and died.

SIR JOHN DAVIS,

THE son of a wealthy tanner at Chisgrove, in Wiltshire, was born about 1570, and, in 1585, entered a commoner at Queen's College, Oxford. Having taken a degree, he removed to the Middle Temple ; but was expelled, says Wood, for that “he being a high-spirited young man, did, upon some slight provocation, or *punctilio, bastinado* Rich. Martin (afterward recorder of London) in the common-hall, while he was at dinner.” He then retired to Oxford, and composed his “*Nosce Teipsum.*” Being restored by the favour of the lord-keeper Ellesmere, he practised as a barrister ; was elected a burgess in Parliament in 1601 ; and, after the death of Elizabeth, was successively promoted by King James to the offices of solicitor and attorney-general, of serjeant at law, and king’s serjeant in Ireland, and, in 1626, was appointed chief justice of the King’s Bench in England ; but died before he could enter upon the duties of this office.

His poem on the Immortality of the Soul is a noble monument of his learning, acuteness, command of language, and facility of versification. His similes (as Mrs. Cooper and Mr. Headley have justly observed) are singularly happy ; always enlivening, and often illustrating his abstruse and difficult subject : but while we admire his wit and ingenuity, we sometimes regret the more indefinite but sublimer conceptions of his model, Lucretius.

Besides the “*Nosce Teipsum,*” he composed “*Orchestra,*” a poem on Dancing ; and twenty-six “*Acrosticke Hymnes*” on the words *Elizabetha Regina*, one of which is here given. They are probably the best acrostics ever written, and all equally good : but they seem to prove

that their author was too fond of struggling with useless difficulties.

He also, according to Wood, wrote a version of the Psalms, (never published,) and a book of Epigrams. The latter, as appears from Drummond of Hawthornden, are those which stand at the end of Marlowe's translation of Ovid's Epistles, printed at Middleburgh, 1596, 12mo. The reader will judge of their style by the two following specimens.

The " Nosce Teipsum " was first published in 1599, 4to, and again in 1602, 1608, 1619, 1622, &c. His " Orchestra " appeared in 1596, 8vo, his " Acrosticke Hymnes " in 1599, 4to. Two poetical pieces in Davison's Miscellany, 1608, are assigned to this author, but have not been collected in any edition of his works.

See Wood's *Athenæ*, the new *Biographia*, and Ritson.

IN MEDONEM.

GR^EA^T Captain Medon wears a chain of gold

Which at five hundred crowns is valued,
For that it was his grandsire's chain of old,

When great King Henry Boulogne conquered.
And wear it, Medon ! for it may ensue

That thou, by virtue of this massy chain,
A stronger town than Boulogne may'st subdue,

If wise men's saws be not reputed vain.
For what said Philip, king of Macedon ?—

" There is no castle so well fortified,
But, if an ass laden with gold comes on,
The guard will stoop, and gates fly open wide."

IN FUSCUM.

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will ;
Yet in the course of life that he doth lead
He's like a horse, which, turning round a mill,
Doth always in the self-same circle tread.
First, he doth rise at ten ; and at eleven
He goes to *Gill's*, where he doth eat till one ;
Then sees a play till six ; and sups at seven ;
And after supper straight to bed is gone,
And there till ten next day he doth remain ;
And then he dines ; and sees a comedy ;
And then he sups, and goes to bed again :—
Thus round he runs without variety ;
Save that sometimes he comes not to the play,
But falls into a whore-house by the way.

To the Lark.

[An Acrostic.]

EARLY, cheerful, mounting lark,
Light's gentle usher, morning's clerk,
In merry notes delighting ;
Stint awhile thy song, and hark,
And learn my new enditing !

Bear up this hymn, to heaven it bear,
E'en up to heaven, and sing it there ;

To heaven each morning bear it :
Have it set to some sweet sphere,
And let the angels hear it !

Renown'd Astræa, that great name,
Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath so renown'd it,
It is Astræa's name I praise :—
Now then, sweet lark, do thou it raise,
And in high heaven resound it !

BARNABY BARNES,

A YOUNGER son of Dr. Richard Barnes, bishop of Durham, was born in the county of York, and in 1586, at the age of seventeen, became a student of Brasenose College, Oxford, but left the university without a degree. He engaged in the French service under the Earl of Essex in 1591, and afterwards united with Harvey in a satirical attack upon Nash, who completely discomfited his assailants by the caustic poignancy of his wit. Wood was not able to ascertain the time of his death, but has registered the following productions of his pen:—"A Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets," 1595, 4to; "Four Books of Offices," 1606, fol.; and "The Devil's Charter," a tragedy, 1607, 8vo. From the first of these, a publication of uncommon rarity, the following sonnets are taken, which at least have the merit of combining an arbitrary recurrence of rhyme with the dignified freedom of blank verse. See Ritson's *Bibliographia*.

SONNET.

UNTO my spirit lend an angel's wing,
 By which it might mount to that place of rest
 Where Paradise may me relieve, opprest !
 Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing !
 Thy praise my comfort ; and for ever bring
 My notes thereof, from the bright east to west !
 Thy mercy lend unto my soul distrest !
 Thy grace unto my wits !—then shall the sling

Of righteousness that monster Satan kill,
Who with despair my dear salvation dar'd,
And, like the Philistine, stood breathing still
Proud threats against my soul, for heaven pre-
par'd :
At length, I like an angel shall appear
In spotless white, an angel's crown to wear !

SONNET.

THE sun of our soul's light thee would I call !
But for our light thou didst the bright sun make ;
Nor reason that thy majesty should take
Thy chiefest subject's epithets at all.
Our chief direction's star celestial
(But that the stars for our direction's sake
Thou fixed, and canst at thy pleasure shake)
I would thee name ! the rock substantial
Of our assurance I would term thy name !
But that all rocks by thy command were made.
If king of kings thy majesty became,
Monarch of monarchs I thee would have said !
But thou gives kingdoms, and makes crowns
unstable :—
By these I know thy name ineffable !

HENRY WILLOBY

APPEARS to have been a scholar at Oxford, but is only known as author of a collection of love-poems, published during his departure, in her Majesty's service, to see the fashions of other countries, by his "friend and chamber-fellow" Hadrian Dorrell, under the title of "Willobie his Avisa ; or the true picture of a modest maid and of a chaste and constant wife : in Hexamiter verse," 1594, 4to, printed again in 1596, and a fourth time, corrected and augmented, in 1609, to which is added "the victorie of English chastitie, under the fained name of Avisa," signed "Thomas Willoby, frater Henrici," &c., "the resolution of a chaste and constant wife," and "the praise of a contented mind." The metre of these poems is harmonious and pleasing, but it would seem that the term *hexameter* was applied to *stanzas* containing *six lines*, and not to *lines* containing *six feet*.

Willoby died not long before the republication of his work in 1596, as appears from Dorrell's "Apologie." Vide also Ritson's *Bibliographia*.

The second Letter of D. B. to hard-hearted Avisa.

[From Canto xxxiii.]

I FIND it true, that some have said,
 "It's hard to love and to be wise ;"
 For Wit is oft by Love betray'd,
 And brought asleep by fond devise.

Sith faith no favour can procure,
My patience must my pain endure.

As faithful friendship mov'd my tongue
Your secret love and favour crave,
And, as I never did you wrong,
This last request so let me have :
Let no man know what I did move ;
Let no man know that I did love !

That will I say, this is the worst ;
When this is said, then all is past :
Thou, proud Avisa, were the first,
Thou, hard Avisa, art the last !
Though thou in sorrow make me dwell,
Yet love will make me wish thee well.

[From Canto xliv.]

WHAT sudden chance or change is this
That doth bereave my quiet rest ?
What surly cloud eclips'd my bliss ?
What sprite doth rage within my breast ?
Such fainty qualms I never found,
Till first I saw this western ground.

Can change of air complexions change,
 And strike the senses out of frame ?
 Though this be true, yet this is strange,
Sith I so lately hither came ;
 And yet in body cannot find
 So great a change as in my mind.

My lustless limbs do pine away,
 Because my heart is dead within ;
 All lively heat I feel decay,
 And deadly cold his room doth win :
 My humours all are out of frame,
 I freeze amidst the burning flame.

I know the time, I know the place,
 Both when and where my eye did view
 That novel shape, that friendly face,
 That so doth make my heart to rue.
 O happy time, if she incline !
 If not, wo worth these luckless eyne !

I love the seat where she did sit,
 I kiss the grass where she did tread ;
 Methinks I see that face as yet,
 And eye, that all these turmoils bred.
 I envy that this seat, this ground,
 Such friendly grace and favour found.

I dreamt of late (God grant that dream
Portend my good!) that she did meet
Me in this green, by yonder stream,
And, smiling, did me friendly greet.
Whe'er wandering dreams be just or wrong,
I mind to try ere it be long.

But yonder comes my faithful friend
That like assaults hath often tried,
On his advice I will depend,
Whe'er I shall win or be denied ;
And look, what counsel he shall give,
That will I do, whe'er die or live !

WILLIAM FOWLER,

A WRITER of amatory verses at the court of James VI. has been lately noticed by Mr. Leyden in his curious collection of "Scotish Descriptive Poems" (Edin. and Lond. 1803, 12mo). Scarcely any anecdotes of his life are preserved, and even the time of his birth is doubtful, though it may be placed with some probability about the year 1569. He seems to have possessed the esteem of Drummond of Hawthornden, by whom two MS. volumes of his poems, the one entitled "The Tarantula of Love," and the other a translation of Petrarch's *Triumphs*, were, in 1627, presented to the library of Edinburgh College, and he was a great favourite with King James, whose unkindly genius he had the singular good fortune of inspiring with a very tolerable commendatory sonnet prefixed to the *Triumphs* of Petrarch.

Fowler's style, as his editor justly observes, "is often quaint, affected, and full of antithesis;" though he "possesses a facility of versification, and a harmony of numbers, which the best poets of that period were not always able to attain."

The following single specimen will be a sufficient comment on the truth of this character. It is selected from a transcript of part of the "Tarantula of Love," politely communicated to the editor by Lord Woodhouselee.

SONNET.

PERHAPS you think, with your disdainful words,
With rude repulse, with "nays," rehears'd in ire,

With threatening eyes, offensive *mair* than swords,
And silent pride, t' abase my high desire?—
Reclaim these thoughts which does you so in-
spire!

Love fearless is of death or yet disgrace,
And through his hap he hopeth for his hire
So much the more his boldness doth increase.

Your beauty was the first that won the place
And scal'd the walls of my undaunted heart,
Which, captive now, pines in a caitive case,
Unkindly met with rigour for desert:—

Yet not the less your servant shall abide,
In spite of rude repulse or silent pride.

WILLIAM SMITH,

AUTHOR of "Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard," 1596, 4to. This publication consists of fifty sonnets, which are inscribed to Spenser, under his pastoral appellation of Colin Clout, the "deere and most entire beloved patron of these maiden verses." Perhaps the dramatic writer of this name, mentioned in the Biographia Dramatica, may be our virgin sonneteer ; but no particulars of his life are known. See Ritson's Bibliographia.

SONNET.

THY beauty subject of my song I make,
 O fairest fair, on whom depends my life !
 Refuse not then the task I undertake
 To please thy rage, and to appease my strife :
 But with one smile remunerate my toil,
 None other guerdon I of thee desire ;
 Give not my lowly Muse, new-hatch'd, the foil,
 But warmth, that she may at the length aspire
 Unto the temples of thy star-bright eyes,
 Upon whose round orbs perfect beauty sits ;
 From whence such glorious crystal beams arise,
 As best my Chloris' seemly face befits :
 Which eyes, which beauty, which bright crystal
 beam,
 Which face of thine hath made my love extreme.

SONNET.

My love, I cannot thy rare beauties place
Under those forms which many writers use.
Some like to stones compare their mistress' face ;
Some in the name of flowers do love abuse ;
Some make their love a goldsmith's shop to be,
Where orient pearls and precious stones abound :
In my conceit these far do disagree,
The perfect praise of beauty forth to sound.
O Chloris, thou dost imitate thyself !
Self-imitating passeth precious stones ;
For all the Eastern-Indian golden pelf
Thy red and white with purest *fair* atones.
Matchless for beauty Nature hath thee framed,
Only unkind and cruel thou art named.

JOHN DONNE

WAS born at London in 1573, and educated at home till the eleventh year of his age. His academical residence then became divided for some time between Oxford and Cambridge, and his studies between poetry and law. He accompanied the Earl of Essex in an expedition against Cadiz, was secretary for some time to Sir Thomas Egerton, lord keeper of the great seal, and having taken orders, was promoted to be king's chaplain, preacher of the society in Lincoln's Inn, and dean of St. Paul's. He died in 1631. His biographer, Izaac Walton, represents his oratory in the pulpit as extremely edifying ; and Dryden was of opinion that his satires, "when translated into numbers and English," would be generally admired. As Pope has thus translated them, every reader is able to form his own judgment on the truth of this opinion. His poems were printed together in one volume 4to, 1633, and re-edited by his son in 1635, 12mo, since which time they have undergone a variety of impressions.

SONG.

Go, and catch a falling star,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
 Tell me where all past years are,
 Or who cleft the devil's foot ;

Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
 And find
 What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou beest born to strange sights,
 Things invisible to see ;
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee :
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befel thee,
 And swear
 No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know !
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet :
Yet, do not ! I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
 Yet she
 Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

Negative Love.

I NEVER stoop'd so low as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldom to them which soar no higher
Than virtue or the mind t' admire ;
For sense and understanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire.
My love, tho' silly, is more brave,
For, may I miss whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

JOSEPH HALL

WAS born at Bristow-park, in the county of Leicester, 1574, and having received a school education at his native place, was sent, at the age of fifteen, to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was distinguished as a wit, a poet, and a rhetorician. In 1612 he took the degree of D.D.; was presented to the deanery of Worcester in 1616; promoted to the see of Exeter in 1627; and in 1641 translated to Norwich, of which he was deprived by sequestration in 1643. He then retired to a small estate, where he ended his life in 1656; *plenus dierum, plenus virtutum.*

The various literary labours of his long life, and the persecutions to which he was exposed in his old age, are recited in every dictionary of biography. His only poetical compositions, entitled "Virgidemiarum," satires in six books, 1597, 1598, 1599, 12mo, (reprinted at Oxford, 1753, and in Anderson's Poets,) are, from their subject, by no means suited to the present publication; but it is hoped that the reader will excuse the insertion of one specimen from a work which must, even now, be considered as a model of elegance. The following satire is a ridicule on the fashion of attempting to subject our language to the rules of Greek and Latin prosody, a fashion introduced by Gabriel Harvey, encouraged by Sir Philip Sidney and others, and not discouraged by Spenser. The extract here made has a particular allusion to Stanyhurst's translation of part of the *Aeneid*, which had before been ridiculed in similar terms by Nash.

LIB. I. SAT. VI.

ANOTHER scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times.
Give him the number'd verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil self shall speak the English tongue ;
Manhood and Garboiles shall he chaunt with changed
feet,
And headstrong dactyls making music meet :
The nimble dactyls striving to outgo
The drawling spondees, pacing it below :
The lingering spondees labouring to delay
The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay !
Who ever saw a colt, wanton and wild,
Yok'd with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
Can right *areed* how handsomely besets
Dull spondees with the English dactylets.
If Jove speak English in a thundering cloud,
Thwick-thwack and *riff-raff* roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coin of words never articulate !

BEN JONSON

Was born in 1574, and died in 1637.

SONG.

[From "The Forest."]

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we may, the sports of love ;
 Time will not be ours for ever,
 He at length our good will sever :
 Spend not then his gifts in vain !
 Suns that set may rise again ;
 But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night.
 Why should we defer our joys ?
 Fame and rumour are but toys.
 Cannot we delude the eyes
 Of a few poor household spies ?
 Or his easier ears beguile,
 So removed by our wile ?
 'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal ;—
 But the sweet theft to reveal,
 To be taken, to be seen,—
 These have crimes accounted been.

SONG.

To Celia.

[From the same.]

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

SONG.

[From "The Silent Woman."]

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast :

Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd :
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free ;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

[From "Masques at Court."]

BEAUTIES, have ye seen this toy,
Called Love ! a little boy
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind ?
If he be amongst ye, say !
He is Venus' run-away.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish :
But who brings him to his mother
Shall have that kiss, and another.

He hath of marks about him plenty,
You shall know him among twenty :
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame intire,
That, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

At his sight the sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned ;
Hell hath felt a greater heat ;
Jove himself forsook his seat :
From the centre to the sky
Are his trophies reared high.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip :
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part.
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts, where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood :
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not : his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet :
All his practice is deceit,
Every gift it is a bait :
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign :
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys :
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him,
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' run-away.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

*The Lover, deceived by his Lady's Inconstancy,
writeth unto her as followeth.*

[From "A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578," 4to.]

* * * * *

THE mist is gone that blear'd mine eyes,
The lowering clouds I see appear ;
Though that the blind eat many flies,
I would you knew my sight is clear.
Your sweet, deceiving, flattering face,
Did make me think that you were white ;
I muse how you had such a grace
To seem a hawk, and be a kite.

Where precious ware is to be sold,
They shall it have that giveth most.
All things we see are won with gold ;
Few things is had where is no cost :
And so it fareth now by me.
Because I press to give no gifts,
She takes my suit unthankfully,
And drives me off with many drifts

Is this the end of all my suit,
For my good will to have a scorn ?
Is this of all my pains the fruit,
To have the chaff instead of corn ?
Let them that list possess such dross ;
For I deserve a better gain :
Yet had I rather leave with loss,
Than serve and sue, and all in vain.

THE following piece was extracted from an extremely scarce miscellany, called “A Handful of Pleasant Delites, containing sundrie new sonnets and delectable histories in divers kinds of meeter, &c. &c. by Clement Robinson and divers others.” London, printed by Richard Jhones, &c. 1584, 12mo.

The tune appears to have acquired an extraordinary degree of popularity in the time of Shakspeare, (see Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii. sc. 1, and act v. sc. 5,) and the ballad contains some particulars respecting female dress and manners, during the sixteenth century, which may appear curious to the poetical antiquary.

*A new courtly Sonnet, of the Lady Greensleeves, to
the new tune of “Greensleeves.”*

GREENSLEEVE was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves.

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong,

To cast me off discourteously :

And I have loved you so long,

Delighting in your company !

Greensleeves, &c.

I have been ready at your hand,

To grant whatever you would crave :

I have both waged life and land,

Your love and good-will for to have.

Greensleeves, &c.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,

That were wrought fine and gallantly :

I kept thee, both at board and bed,

Which cost my purse well-favour'dly.

Greensleeves, &c.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,

The cloth so fine as fine might be :

I gave thee jewels for thy chest ;

And all this cost I spent on thee.

Greensleeves, &c.

Thy smock of silk both fair and white,

With gold embroider'd gorgeously :

Thy petticoat of *sendall*¹ right ;

And this I bought thee gladly.

Greensleeves, &c.

¹ A thin silk. See Du Cange, *voc. cendulum*.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
 With pearls bedecked sumptuously,
 The like no other lasses had :
 And yet thou wouldest not love me !
 Greensleeves, &c.

Thy purse, and eke thy gay gilt knives,
 Thy pin-case, gallant to the eye :
 No better wore the burgess' wives :
 And yet thou wouldest not love me !
 Greensleeves, &c.

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
 With gold all wrought above the knee ;
 Thy pumps, as white as was the milk :
 And yet thou wouldest not love me !
 Greensleeves, &c.

Thy gown was of the grassy green,
 Thy sleeves of satin hanging by ;
 Which made thee be our harvest queen :
 And yet thou wouldest not love me !
 Greensleeves, &c.

Thy garters fringed with the gold,
 And silver *aglets*¹ hanging by ;
 Which made thee blithe for to behold :
 And yet thou wouldest not love me !
 Greensleeves, &c.

¹ Aiglets; *aiguillette*, a lace with tags.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever liked thee :
No lady ever was so brave :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee :
All this was gallant to be seen :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They serv'd thee with humility ;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

For every morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties, orderly ;
To cheer thy stomach from all woes :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily.
Thy music, still to play and sing :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

And who did pay for all this gear,
That thou did spend when pleased thee
Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdainest to love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Well ! I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that, yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Greensleeves, now farewell ! adieu !
God I pray to prosper thee !
For I am still thy lover true :
Come once again and love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

*A Warning for Wooers that they be not over hasty,
nor deceived with Women's Beauty.*

[From 12 stanzas. From the same.]

WHERE Cupid's fort hath made a way,
There grave advice doth bear no sway.
Where love doth reign and rule the roast
There reason is exil'd the coast.

Like all ; love none ;
Except ye use discretion.

First try, then trust ;
Be not deceiv'd with sinful lust.

Some love for wealth, and some for hue,
And none of both these loves are true.
For when the mill hath lost her sails,
Then must the miller lose his vails.

Of grass com' th hay ;
And flowers fair will soon decay.

Of ripe com' th rotten ;
In age all beauty is forgotten.

Some lov' th too high, and some too low ;
And of them both great griefs do grow.
And some do love the common sort,
And common folk use common sport.

Look not too high,
Lest that a chip fall in thine eye.

But, high or low,
Ye may be sure she is a shrew.

But, sirs, I use to tell no tales ;
Each fish that swims doth not bear scales.
In every hedge I find not thorns ;
Nor every beast doth carry horns.

I say not so,
 That every woman causeth wo :
 That were too broad :
 Who lov'th not venom must shun the toad.

Who useth still the truth to tell
 May blamed be, though he say well.
 Say crow is white, and snow is black :
 Lay not the fault on woman's back :
 Thousands were good ;
 But few scap'd drowning in Noah's flood.
 Most are well bent ;
 I must say so, lest I be silent.

*The Herdman's Happy Life*¹.

[From "Sonets and Pastorales" included in "Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadnes and Pietie, made into musicke of five partes." By W. Byrd, 1588.]

WHAT pleasure have great princes
 More dainty to their choice
 Than herd-men wild, who careless
 In quiet life rejoice,

¹ This title is from England's Helicon, in which the poem is said to be taken "out of M. Bird's Set Songs."

And fortune's favours scorning¹
Sing sweet in summer-morning?

* * * *

All day their flocks each tendeth,
At night they take their rest;
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the east,
Where gold and pearl are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law:
Where conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth,
Not caring much for gold;
With clothing, which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold.
Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

¹ "Fate not fearing." Eng. Hel.

[At an annual Triumph, held in honour of Queen Elizabeth, Nov. 17, 1590, in the Tilt-yard, Westminster, the following verses were "pronounced and sung by M. Hales, her Majesty's servant, a gentleman in that art excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable." Segar's "Honor, Military and Civill," 1602. fol. c. 54, p. 198.]

My golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,
(Oh time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing !)
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth hath spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain : youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, and strength, and youth, flowers fading been,
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lovers' songs shall turn to holy psalms :
A man at arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on prayers, that are old age's alms.
And so from court to cottage I depart ;
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'll teach my swains this carol for a song :
" Blest be the hearts that think my sovereign well,
Curs'd be the souls that think to do her wrong."
Goddess ! vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

Wodenfride's Song in Praise of Amargana.

[From England's Helicon.]

THE sun, the season, in each thing
Revives new pleasures ; the sweet spring
Hath put to flight the winter keen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The paths where Amargana treads
With flowery tapestries Flora spreads,
And nature clothes the ground in green,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The groves put on their rich array,
With hawthorn-blooms embroider'd gay,
And sweet perfum'd with eglantine,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The silent river stays his course,
Whilst playing on the crystal source
The silver-scaled fish are seen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The woods at her fair sight rejoices,
The little birds with their loud voices
In concert on the briars been,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

Great Pan, our god, for her dear sake,
This feast and meeting bids us make,
Of shepherds, lads, and lasses sheen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

And every swain his chance doth prove,
To win fair Amargana's love,
In sporting strifes, quite void of spleen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

All happiness let heaven her lend,
And all the graces her attend ;
Thus bid me pray the Muses nine,
Long live our lovely summer queen.

W. H[UNNIS ?]

Tityrus to his fair Phillis.

[From England's Helicon.]

THE silly swain, whose love breeds discontent,
Thinks death a trifle, life a loathsome thing ;
Sad he looks, sad he lies :
But when his fortune's malice doth relent,
Then of love's sweetness he will sweetly sing ;
Thus he lives, thus he dies.

Then Tityrus, whom love hath happy made,
Will rest thrice happy in this myrtle shade :
For though love at first did grieve him,
Yet did love at last relieve him.

J. D[Avis ?]

HENRY PEACHAM

Was author of "Minerva Britannia, or a garden of heroical Devises," &c. 1612, 4to, (a collection of Emblems in verse, with a plate to each, from which the following extracts are taken,) as well as "The Period of Mourning—in memorie of the late Prince. Together with Nuptial Hymnes in honour of this happy marriage betweene—Fred. Count Pal.—and Eliz.—Daughter to our Soveraigne," 1613, 4to. "A most true relation of the affairs of Cleve and Gulick," &c. 1614, 4to (prose). "Prince Henrie revived; or a Poeme upon the Birth—of—Prince H. Frederick—Heire apparent to Fred. Count Pal. of the Rhine," &c. 1615, 4to. "The Compleat Gentleman," 1622, 1627, 1634, 1654, 1661, 4to (prose). "The Gentleman's Exercise," 1612, 1634, 1654, 1661, 4to (prose). "Thalia's Banquet," a volume of epigrams, 1620, 12mo. "The Valley of Varietie," 1638, 12mo (prose, as well as the two following). "The Duty of all true subjects to their king; as also to their native country in time of extremity and danger," &c., in "two booke," 1639, 4to. "The Worth of a Peny, or a caution to keep money," 1647, 1667, 1677, 1695, 4to, &c. All works of considerable merit.

He is placed here owing to the uncertainty of the time of his birth. If, as Mr. Ritson assumes, he is the same as "Henry Pecham, Minister," who published "The Garden of Eloquence," (a treatise on rhetoric,) in 1577, 4to, bl. l., he ought to be referred to the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. If, on the other hand, as Mr. Malone conceives, our author is a different person, (perhaps son to the last-mentioned,) and the earliest date of his compositions, 1611, (verses in "The Odcombian Banquet,") he would then rather belong to the succeeding one of

I have only to add, that he was born at or near St. Alban's ; assisted in educating the children of Thomas, earl of Arundel ; and attended that nobleman into the Low Countries. In the title to his "Minerva" he styles himself *Master of Arts* ; and it appears that he was "sometime of Trinity College, Cambridge." His father was "Mr. Henry Peacham, of Leverton, in Holland, in the county of Lincoln."

Further particulars of his history I am unable to furnish, (though, in all probability, they might be supplied by an attentive perusal of his various publications,) and, till I have it in my power to ascertain with accuracy either the year of his birth, or whether or not he was the author of "The Garden of Eloquence," venture to place him between the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

Humilibus dat Gratiam.

THE mountains huge, that seem to check the sky,

And all the world with greatness over-peer,
With heath or moss for most part barren lie ;

When valleys low doth kindly Phœbus cheer,
And with his heat in hedge and grove begets
The virgin primrose or sweet violets.

So God oft-times denies unto the great

The gifts of nature, or his heavenly grace,
And those that high in honour's chair are set

Do feel their wants ; when men of meaner place,
Although they lack the others' golden spring,
Perhaps are blest above the richest king.

Gloriæ lata Via.

THOUGH life be short, and man doth, as the sun,
His journey finish in a little space,
The way is wide an honest course to run,
And great the glories of a virtuous race,
That, at the last, do our just labours crown
With three-fold wreath, love, honour, and renown.

Nor can night's shadow, or the Stygian deep,
Conceal fair Virtue from the world's wide eye ;
The more oppress'd, the more she strives to peep,
And raise her rose-bound golden head on high :
When epicures, the wretch, and worldly slave,
Shall rot in shame, alive and in the grave.

Nec in una sede morantur.

THE awful sceptre, though it can compel
By powerful might great'st monarchs to obey,
Love where he listeth liketh best to dwell,
And take abroad his fortune as he may :
Ne might, or gold, can win him thence away,
Whereto he is through strong affection led,
Be it a palace, or the simplest shed.

But, Venus' infant ! dread of all beneath !
Imperious fear from my sweet saint remove,
And with thy soft ambrosial kisses breathe

Into her bosom meek and mildest love
 With melting pity from thy queen above :
 That she may read, and oft remember this,
 And learn to love, who most beloved is.

*Ad gencrossissimum et opt. spei juvenem Nobilem
 D. C. M. in Italiam nuperrime profectum.*

THE Spartan virgins, ere they had compos'd
 Their garlands of the fairest flowers to sight,
 The wholesom'st herbs they herewithal inclos'd,
 And so their heads full jollily they dight,
 In memory of that same leach, they write,
 Who first brought simples, and their use to light.

So ye, brave lord, who like the heavenly sphere
 Delight in motion, and about to roam,
 Must learn to mix in travel far and near
 With pleasure profit, that, returning home,
 Your skill and judgment more may make you known
 Than your French suit, or lock so largely grown.

For who's he, that's not ravish'd with delight
 Far countries, courts, and cities strange to see ?
 To have old Rome presented to his sight,
 Troy walls, or Virgil's sweet Parthenope ?
 Yet nothing worth, unless ye herewith find
 The fruits of skill, and bettering of your mind.

Rura mihi et Silentium.

[From 11 stanzas.]

WERT thou thy life at liberty to choose,
And, as thy birth, so, hadst thy being free,
The city thou should'st bid adieu, my Muse,
And from her streets, as her infection flee ;
Where chaos and confusion we see
As well of language as of differing hearts,
A body sever'd in a thousand parts.

Thy solitary Academe should be
Some shady grove upon the Thames' fair side ;
Such as we may near princely Richmond see,
Or where along doth silver Severn slide,
Or Avon courts fair Flora in her pride.
There shouldst thou sit at long-desired rest,
And think thyself above a monarch blest.

There might'st thou sing thy sweet Creator's praise
And turn at quiet o'er some holy book,
Or tune the accent of thy harmless lays
Unto the murmur of the gentle brook,
Whiles round about thy greedy eye doth look,
Observing wonders in some flower by,
This *bent*, that leaf, this worm, that butterfly.

* * * * *

Or, wouldest thou music to delight thine ear,
 Step but aside unto the neighbour spring,
 Thou shalt a thousand wing'd musicians hear,
 Each praising in his kind the heavenly King.
 Here Philomel doth her shrill treble sing ;
 The thrush a tenor ; off a little space,
 Some mateless dove doth murmur out the base.

Nor princes' richest arras may compare
 With some small spot where Nature's skill is
 shown,
 Perfuming sweetly all the neighbour air,
 While thousand colours in a night are blown :
 Here's a light crimson, there a deeper one,
 A maiden's blush, here purples, there a white,
 Then all commingled for our more delight.

Withal, as in some rare limn'd book, we find
 Here painted lectures of God's sacred will :
 The daisy teacheth lowliness of mind,
 The camomile, we should be patient still,
 The rue, our hate of vice's poison ill,
 The woodbine, that we should our friendship hold,
 Our hope the savory in the bitterest cold.

Yet, love the city, as the kindly nurse
 Of all good arts, and fair civility ;
 Where, though with good be intermixt the worse,

That most disturb our sweet tranquillity,
Content thyself, till thine ability
And better hap shall answer thy desire.
But, Muse, beware, lest we too high aspire.

The Author's Conclusion.

[From 23 stanzas.]

As then the sky was calm and fair,
The winds did cease, and clouds were fled,
Aurora scatter'd Phœbus' hair,
New risen from her rosy bed :
At whose approach the harlot¹ strew
Both mead and mountain with her flowers,
While Zephyr sweetest odours threw
About the fields and leavy bowers.

The woods and waters left their sound,
No tenderest twig was seen to move ;
The beast lay couched on the ground,
The winged people perch'd above ;
Save Philomel, who did renew
Her wonted plaints unto the Morn,
That seem'd indeed her state to rue
By shedding tears upon the thorn.

¹ "Flora, sometime a famous harlot in Rome, and after goddess of flowers."

When I, as other, taking rest
 Was show'd, methought, a goodly plain,
 With all the store of Nature blest,
 And situate within the main ;
 With rocks about environ'd quite,
 But inward round in rows there stood,
 As well for profit as delight,
 The trees of orchard and the wood.

The builder acorn, long ago
 To Dodonæan Jove adjoin'd ;
 And there the lofty pine did grow,
 That winged flies before the wind ;
 Leucothoe, that wounded bleeds,
 Nor wanting was, nor that same tree ¹
 That bears the stain in fruit and seeds
 Of Thisbe's woful tragedy.

* * * *

Th' unblasted bay, to conquests due,
 The Persian peach, and fruitful quince,
 And there the forward almond grew,
 With cherries ², known no long time since ;
 The winter-warden, orchard's pride,
 The philibert ³, that loves the vale, .

¹ "The mulberry."

² "Erasmus affirmeth cherries to have been known to these parts of Europe little above two or three hundred years, being first brought from Cerasuntis, a city of Pontus, whence they have their name."

³ "The filbert, so named of Philibert, a king of France, who caused by art sundry kinds to be brought forth."

And red queen-apple, so envied
Of schoolboys passing by the pale.

Within there was a circlet round,
That rais'd itself, of softest grass ;
No velvet smoother spread on ground,
Or emerald greener ever was.
In midst there sat a beauteous dame,
(Not Paphos' queen so fair a wight,)
For roses by did blush for shame,
To see a purer red and white.

In robe of woven silver fine,
And deepest crimson she was clad ;
Then, diaper'd with golden twine,
Aloft a mantle green she had,
Wherein were wrought, with rarest skill,
Fair cities, castles, rivers, woods,
And here and there emboss'd a hill,
With fountains, and the Nymphs of floods.

A massy collar, set with stones,
Did over all itself extend,
Whereon, in sparkling diamonds,
Saint George, her patron, did depend.
A crown imperial on her head ;
One hand a bright drawn sword did hold ;
The other (most that made her dread)
Three sceptres of the finest gold.

While proudly under foot she trod
Rich trophies and victorious spoils,
Atchieved by her might abroad,
Her name is EMPRESS OF THE ILES.
There chariots were, that once she wan
From Cæsar, ere she was betray'd,
With standards, got from Pagans *whan*
She lent the Holy land her aid.

Here saw I many a shiver'd lance,
Swords, battle-axes, cannons, slings ;
With th' arms of Portugal and France,
And crownets of her petty kings :
High feather'd helmets for the tilt,
Bows, steely targets cleft in twain ;
Coats, cornets, armours richly gilt,
With tatter'd ensigns out of Spain.

About her now, on every tree
Wheron full oft she cast her eye,
Hung silver shields, by three and three,
With pencil limned curiously ;
Wherein were drawn, with skilful touch,
Impresas, and devices rare,
Of all her gallant knights, and such
As actors in her conquests were.

Great Edward Third you might see there,
With that victorious prince, his son ;

Next valiant John of Lancaster,
That Spain with English over-run :
And those brave spirits marshalled,
The first that of the garter were ;
All soldiers, none to carpet bred,
Whose names to tell I must forbear.

Fourth Henry's sunbeams on the cloud,
Fifth Henry's beacon flaming bright ;
York's lock, that did the falcon shroud,
Was here, so were his roses white :
The Marshal Mowbray, Norfolk's duke,
Yet living in great Howard's blood,
With valiant Bedford, symbols took,
As pleas'd them to adorn the wood.

By whom, the Beauchamps worn away,
And noblest Talbot, scourge of France,
With Nevilles, whom could nought dismay,
Left reliques of their puissance ;
The loyal Vere, and Clifford stout,
Great Strongbow's heir, with Bourchier, Gray,
Brave Falconbridge, and Montacute,
Couragious Ormond, Lisle, and Say.

With other, numberless, beside,
That to have seen each one's devise,
How lively limn'd, how well applied,
You were the while in Paradise.

Another side she did ordain
 To some late dead, some living yet,
 Who serv'd Eliza in her reign,
 And worthily had honour'd it¹.

Where turning first I spied above
 Her own dear Phœnix hovering ;
 Whereat, methought, in melting love
 Apace with tears mine eyes did spring.
 But, fool, while I aloft did look
 For her that was to heaven flown,
 This goodly place my sight forsook,
 And on the sudden all was gone.

With grief awak'd, I gaz'd around,
 And, casting up to heaven mine eye,
 "Oh God !" I said, "where may be found
 These patrons now of chivalry ?
 But Virtue present and secure
 We hate ; when from our knowledge hid,
 By all the means we her allure
 To take her dwelling where she did."

¹ "Charles, earl of Nottingham, lord admiral ; Thomas, earl of Suffolk, and lord chamberlain ; George, earl of Cumberland ; Lord Willoughby ; Sir Philip Sidney ; Sir John Norris," &c.

GLOSSARY.

ABAID, n. *abode, delay.* Sc.
Abate, n. *blow?*—Sibb. Gloss. *event, adventure.*
Abid, v. n. *abided, or abode.*
Aboun, prep. *above.*
Abulyeit, p. *dressed.* (Fr. *habillé.*) The final *e* was in old English written *eit.*
Ac, c. *but.*
Acton, n. *a strong quilted leather covering for the body.* (Old Fr. *auqueton.*)
Afeir, n. *propriety?* ii. 29, note 2.—Sibb. Gloss. *appearance, show.*
Affair (to), v. *to belong.*
Affayted, p. *adorned.* (Old Fr.)
Affect, n. *affection.*
Aforrow, adv. *before.*
Again, prep. *towards, against.*
Aglet, n. *the tag to a lace.* (Fr. *aiguillette.*)
A-good, adv. *in earnest,* ii. 154, note 2, Turberville.
Alane, a. *alone,* Sc. Sometimes used substantively, as *your alane, their alane.*
Aleyed, v. *alleged.*
Algarde wine, *wine of Algarva, in Spain.*
Algat, adv. *always.*
Albidene, adv. *presently, altogether?* i. 221.
Alosed? p. *praised?* i. 339, note 1.
Als, adv. or c. *also, as.*
Alurs, n. *walks on the roof of a castle.* Vide Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, ii. 92, note q.
Amaille, n. *enamel?* i. 250, note 3.—Sibb. Gloss. *quicksilver.*
Amang, prep. *among.* Sc.
Amene, a. *pleasant.* Sc. (Lat. *amoenus.*)
Amoretts, n. *love-knots, or garlands,* according to Tytler. Sc. See i. 249.—Sibb. Gloss. *heads of quaking grass.*
And, c. if.
Ane, one, the indefinite article. Sc.
Anes, adv. *once.* Sc.
Aposta, n. *support?* ii. 265. Warner.—Vide Ducange, Gloss. in verbo.
Art, n. *Arcturus.* Sc.
Artyd, p. *compelled.*
As now, *at present.*
Assent, p. *sent for.*
Astert, v. n. *started back.*
Astiune, n. a precious stone, perhaps the *astrios*, or *astroties* of Pliny.
At, pr. sometimes used for *of.*
Athis, n. *oaths.* Sc.
Attempre, a. or p. *temperate.* Chaucer.
Attour, prep. *beside.* Sc.
Atyled, v. a. *prepared, or perhaps armed,* i. 81, note 9.
Aumere, n. *a purse.* (Fr. *au-mière.*)
Avale (to), v. n. *to descend.*
Avenant, a. *handsome.* (Fr.)
Avise, n. *opinion, counsel.*
Await (to), v. *to watch, observe.* (Fr.)
Awn, pron. *own.* Sc.

Ayè, adv. *again*.
 Ayr, adv. *early*. Sc.
 Aythe, n. *an oath*. Sc.

B.

Bachelry, n. *knighthood*. (Fr.)
 Backewines? n. i. 236, note 6.
 Bairn, n. *child, gentleman, baron*.
 Baith, a. or c. *both*. Sc.
 Balas, n. a precious stone. Vide i. 249.
 Baldemoyn, n. *bole-armene?* i. 154, note 5.
 Bale, n. *misfortune, sorrow*.
 Ban (to), v. a. *to curse*.
 Bandown, n. *command*. Vide Sibbald.
 Baret, n. *wrangling*.
 Barmkyn, n. *mound, or wall*. Sc. (Old Fr. *barme*, the bank of a river.) Vide Sibbald.
 Bas, a. *low*.
 Bastarde wine, *raisin*, or *Corsican wine*. Vide i. 273, note 8.
 Baum, bawme, n. *balsam*.
 Beck, n. *water, brook, strait*.
 Bede (to), v. a. *to bid, also to pray*.
 Behiglit, v. *promised*.
 Belevc (to), v. *to remain*.
 Bellech, adv. *beautifully*.
 Bemene (to), v. a. *to bemoan*.
 Bemes, n. *trumpets*. (Sax.)
 Bene, v. n. *be, are*.
 Bere, n. *noise*. (Sax.)
 Besprent, p. *besprinkled*.
 Beth, v. *beeth, are*.
 Beurn? n. ii. 64, note 2.
 Bews, n. *boughs*. Sc.
 Bid (to), v. a. *to invite*.
 Bidand, p. *dwelling, abiding*.
 Bihote, i. *if God permit*.
 Bird, buird, bride, n. *names for a young woman*.
 Birtir, a. *huge*.
 Blanchit, a. or p. *whitish*. Sc.
 Blaw (to), v. a. *to blow*. Sc.
 Blee, n. *colour*. (Sax.)
 Blemit, v. *bloomesth*.

Blen (to), v. a. *to lose*.
 Blonk, n. *look, glance*.
 Blent, v. n. *looked*. Sc.
 Blesand, p. *blazing*. Sc.
 Bloweth, v. n. *blooms*.
 Bode, v. n. *abode*. Sc.
 Bon, boon, boun, bown, a. *ready*.
 Boord, bord, n. *a jest*.
 Boot, a. *profitable*.
 Bord, board, n. *a table*.—Godis board, *the altar*.
 Bore, p. *born*.
 Borgh, n. *borrowing*.
 Bothen, a. or c. *both*.
 Bounty, n. *excellence*. (Fr. *bonté*)
 Boustous, a. *huge, boisterous*. Sc. (Goth. *busa*)
 Boustously, adv. *hugely, &c.* Sc.
 Brade, or braid, a. *broad*. Sc.
 Brail (to), v. a. iii. 20.
 Brastin, p. *bursting*.
 Brede, n. *breadth*.
 Brede (in), *abroad*.
 Brest (to), v. a. *to burst*.
 Bretexed, p. *probably, embattled, or fortified*; from *bretter*, or *bretescher*, Fr. i. 234, note 3.
 Brewis, n. *a species of broth*, ii. 265. Warner.
 Briche? i. 341.
 Broche, n. *a clasp, or buckle; any jewel*. (Fr.)
 Brumale, a. *wintry*. (Lat. *bruma*.)
 Brym, bryme, a. *fierce*. Sc.
 Brymly, adv. *fiercely*. Sc.
 Brynand, p. *burning*. Sc.
 Brynt, p. *burnt*.
 Bubbis, n. *blasts*. Sc.
 Burdes, i. 213, note 1.
 Bure, n. *bower, synonymous with chamber*. (Sax.)
 Burgeoun, n. *a bud, or sprig*. Sc. (Fr.)
 Burly, a. used by Shakespeare for *huge*; but appears to be derived from *bouira*, old Fr. to strike (*bourrer, frapper*): so, *burly brand*.
 Burnand, p. *burning*.
 Burnes, n. *rivulets*. Sc.

Burnet, a. *brownish*. (Fr. *brunet*.)
 Burth, n. *booth*? or *borough*? i. 123, note 3.
 Busk (to), v. *to go*.—Sibb. Gloss. *to array, equip*.
 But, adv. or c. *unless, only, without*.
 By-dene, adv. *presently*.
 Byging, n. *building*.

C.

Callet (to), v. n. *to scold*. (Fr.) iii. 97.
 Camenes, n. *the Muses*.
 Can, v. a. *ken, know*.
 Can, v. n. for *'gan*.
 Canel, canele, n. *cinnamon*.
 Capil, n. *horse*.
 Cardiacle, n. *heart-ache*. (Gr. *cardialgia*.)
 Cart-wear, n. *a team*.
 Case, n. *chance; on case, by chance*. (Fr.)
 Casting and setting. Vide i. 81, note 14.
 Celsitude, n. *height*. Chaucer. (Lat.)
 Chalandre, n. *a gold-finch*.
 Chare, n. *car, or chariot*.
 Chargeand, p. *charging*. Sc.
 Cheaping (to), *cheap*.
 Chekere, n. *chess*; probably, a *chess-board*.
 Che, chese (to), v. a. *to choose*.
 Child-ill, n. *labour*. Sc.
 Chybole, n. a species of onion. (Fr. *ciboule*. Ital. *cipolla*.)
 Chyp (to), v. n. applied to flowers, *to burst the calix*.
 Citolles, n. *cymbals*.
 Clais, claithis, n. *clothes*. Sc.
 Claré, n. a *mixture of wine and honey*. (Fr. *clairet*.)
 Clatter (to), v. n. *to chatter*. Sc.
 Clepe (to), v. a. *to call, to declare, to embrace*.
 Clepith, v. a. *callidh, embraceth*; used passively, *is declared*.
 Clerkis, n. *learned men*. Sc.

Clermatyne, n. perhaps a sort of *bread used at breakfast*.
 Clewis, n. *cliffs*. Sc. But vide Sibbald, and Leyden's Gloss. to Compl. of Scotl.
 Clinglich, adv. *cleanly*.
 Clynty, a. *hard, flinty*. Sc.
 Coining? n. i. 236, note 7.
 Coise, n. probably *encumbrance*. (Old Fr. *coisser*, incommode.) i. 156, note 2.
 Cokeney, n. *cook*.
 Columbe, n. the flower *columbine*.
 Condie (to), v. a. *to conduct*.
 Conisante, n. *cognizance, device*.
 Contrair (in), *against*. Sc.
 Coop, n. *cup*? *barrel*? i. 308, note 6.
 Copen (to), v. a. *to buy*. (Flem. *koopen*.)
 Coruscant, a. *shining, dazzling*. Sc. (Lat. *coruscus*.)
 Corve, p. *carved*.
 Costay (to), v. n. *to coast*. Chaucer. (Fr.)
 Could, for *did*, or *gan to*, auxil. verb; also for *couth, know*.
 Courb, a. *crooked*.
 Courchese, n. *kerchief*. (Fr. *couverchef*, that which covers the head.)
 Couth, p. *taught*.
 Crammesy, n. *crimson*. (Fr. *cramoisi*.)
 Cioppis, n. Sc. *heads, tops*. Rudd. Gloss. Also *berries*. Sibbald. Gloss.
 Crowat, n. *cruet, a small vessel*. Sc.
 Crowch, n. *crutch*.
 Crownel, n. *coronet*? Sc.
 Cruel, a. *keen, steady*. Sc.
 Crumplind, p. (not *crampland*, as printed inaccurately by Ld. Hailes,) *curled like tendrils*. Sc. i. 300, note 9.
 Cry, n. a term expressing a *very short period*.
 Cucubes, n. probably *cuckoo-flowers, or lady-smocks*.
 Cule, n. (Fr. *cul*.)

Cunning, n. *knowledge*.

Curche, n. *kerchief*.

Cure (to), v. a. *to preserve, to arrange*.

D.

Dagswain, n. any patched materials, composed of shreds. *Vide* i. 263, note.

Damas, flower-damas, n. *the damask rose*.

De (to), v. n. *to die*. Sc.

Dead, deid, n. *death*. Sc.

Deand, p. *dying*. Sc.

Dear (my), myself, i. 122, note 1.

Decore (to), v. a. *to ornament*. Sc. (Lat.)

Dedute, n. *Vide Dute*.

Deceming, n. *opinion*.

Defy (to), v. a. *to defend*.

Deir (to), v. a. *to annoy, injure, trouble, or vex*. Sibbald.

Deliverly, adv. *quickly*.

Depaynit, p. *painted*.

Des, n. *a platform; the highest table in a hall*, i. 99, note 1.

Vide Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, note on ver. 372.

Desagysit, p. *disguised*.

Devales, v. n. *descends*.

Diapered, p. *variegated*.

Diffigured, p. *disfigured*.

Disours, n. *reciters*. (Fr.)

Disputeson, n. *disputation, dispute*.

Dissait, n. *deceit*. (Sax.)

Distilland, p. *distilling*.

Doand, p. *doing*. Sc.

Domesmen, n. *judges*.

Don (to), v. a. *to do*.

Dormant, a. *fixed, ready*, i. 240. Chaucer.

Dornie-work, n. ii. 24, note 3.

Dortour, n. *dormitory*.

Drad, v. a. *dreaded*.

Dre (to), v. a. *to endure*.

Dreid, n. *dread*. Sc.

Dreit, v. a. *endured*. Sc. (Sax. *dreogan*.)

Dritte, n. *dirt*.

Drouh, v. a. *drew*.

Drublie, a. *troubled*. Pink.

Gloss. Sc.

Druery, n. *gallantry*.

Drumly, a. *muddy, opaque*. Sc.

Dulce, a. *sweet*. Sc. (Lat.)

Dule, n. *mourning, wo*. Sc.

Duleful, a. *mournful*.

Dunner, n. *thunder*. (Sax.)

Dure (to), v. n. *to endure*.

Dute, n. *pleasure*. (Old Fr. *deduit*.)

E.

Eat, n. *meat*. (Sax. *ette*.)

Ee, n. *eye*. Sc.

Eft, adv. *again; oft*?

Egal, a. *equal*.

Egle-horn, n. a species of *hawk*.

Eild, n. *age*. Sc.

Elles, ellys, *else*.

Eme, n. *uncle*.

Emprise? n. *enterprise, undertaking*. (Fr.)

Enbowing, n. *arching*.

Enbrode, a. or p. *embroidered*.

Endlang, *along*. Sc.

Enew, a. or adv. *enough*. Sc.

Enointe, a. *anointed*.

Entailed, p. *carved*. (Fr.)

Entayl, n. *sculpture*. (Fr.)

Entryt, v. *entered*. Sc.

Epitite, n. a precious stone; perhaps the *haematites*, or *blood-stone*.

Erbere, n. *an arbour*.

Ernend, p. *running*. (Sax.)

Erst, adv. *first*.

Esperance, n. *hope*. (Fr.)

Essoine, n. *excuse*. (Fr.)

Estate, n. *state, situation*.

Evesed, p. *turfed?* or *trimmed?* i. 129, note 4.

Evyr, n. *ivory*.

Exercing, p. *exercising*. Sc.

Eysell, n. *vinegar*. (Old Fr. *aisil*.)

F.

Fain, a. *glad*.

Fallas, n. *falsehood, deceit*.

Falloweth, v. n. *fudeth, grows yellow.* Hence the origin of our word *fallow*.
 Fame, n. *foam.* Sc. Used for the sea: generally *sea-fame, or salt-fame.*
 Fang (to), v. a. *to seize.*
 Farrer, a. *farther.*
 Fauch, a. *fawn-coloured.* Sc. (Fr. *fauve.*)
 Fauch-yellow, a. *light-yellow.* Sc.
 Fay, i. *in faith.* (Fr.)
 Fear (to), v. a. *to frighten.*
 Fecht (to), v. *to fight.* Sc.
 Feid, n. *feud, enmity.*
 Feir (in), together. Sc.
 Fele, a. *numerous.* (Sax. *fele, many.*)
 Fell, v. n. *it befell.*
 Fell, n. *land.*
 Felny, n. *cruelly.* Sc. (Fr. *felonie.*)
 Fenestre, n. *window.* (Lat.)
 Fere, n. *fire.*
 Fere, n. *companion.*
 Ferly, a. *wonderful.*
 Fermery, n. *an infirmary.*
 Ferrar, n. *further.*
 Fetously, adv. *neatly.* Chaucer.
 Feyle, a. probably the same as *fey, fatal.* Sc.
 Fithols, n. *fiddles?* i. 340.
 Flane, n. *arrows.* (Sax.)
 Flemc (to), v. a. *to banish.* (Sax.)
 Flete (to), *fleit, v. to float.*
 Floure, jonettis, n. probably the *fleur-de-genit.* (*genista, broom,*) i. 250, note 1. Vide Sibbald, who explains it *a species of lily, from jaulnette.* Fr. &c.
 Flyttand, p. *flitting, moving.*
 Fonder (to)? v. a. *to force?* but vide i. 98, note 2.
 Force (to), v. a. *to care about.*
 Forewatched, p. *over watched, tired with watching.*
 Forsare (to), v. a. *to forfeit.* Vide Leyden's Gloss. to Compl. of Scotland.
 Forloir, a. *forlorn.*
 Forouth, prep. *before.*

Foroutyn, prep. *without.*
 Forrour, n. *a forager.* (Fr.)
 Forshop, v. a. *nus-shaped.*
 Forthi, adv. *therefore.* Vide Sibbald.
 Forthought, v. *repented.*
 Found (to), v. n. *to go.* Sc. (Sax.)
 Foysown, n. *plenty.* (Fr.)
 Fra, prep. *from.* Sc.
 Francklyng, frankleyne, n. Vide i. 259.
 Frayne (to), v. *to ask.*
 Fraytour, n. *the fratre, or common-hall, in a monastery.*
 Fro, prep. *from.*
 Frounce (to), v. *to wrinkle.*
 Free, a. *noble, liberal, bountiful:* sometimes used substantively for a *maid, &c.* Vide Sibbald.
 Fret, v. a. *pecked;* applied to birds.
 Fuir, v. n. *fired.*
 Fur, v. n. *faired.* Sc.
 Fustyane, n. *a thick cotton cloth.* (Fr. *fustaine, or jutaine.*)

G.

Gainest, gaynest, a. *most graceful?* i. 89, note 1; also, readiest, i. 290.
 Gais, v. goes. Sc.
 Gaiantly, a. *ghastly, ghostly.*
 Galek, n. *singing-birds.*
 Galingale, n. *the sweet cyperus, a sort of rush.* i. 70, note 4.
 Gamyn, n. *play.*
 Gan, v. *began, often used, in like manner with can, to form the tenser of verbs.*
 Gang (to), v. *to go.*
 Gangand, p. *going.*
 Gar (to), v. a. *to cause, to make.* Vide Leyden's Gloss. to Compl. of Scotland.
 Gargoyle, n. *the end of a spout, usually terminated with the head of some animal.* (Fr. *gargouille.*)

Garnard wine, wine of *Grana-*
da? or, *choice wine kept in the*
garner? i. 273, note 10.

Garris, v. a. *makes, causes.*

Gart, v. a. *made.*

Gate. Vide i. 98, note 1.

Gate, *guit, n. a way.*

Geed, v. n. the proper perfect
tense of go, as *went* is of *wend.*
(Sax. *wændan.*)

Geeth, v. n. *goeth.*

Geill, n. *jelly.*

Gentiless, n. *politeness.*

Ger, v. *make.*

Gersy, a. *grassy.*

Gert, v. a. *caused.*

Gif, c. *if.*

Gilofre, n. *cloves.* (Fr.) i. 70,
note 8.

Gimp, a. *pretty.*

Gingelofre, n. *ginger.*

Glaid, v. n. *glided along.*

Glaikit, a. or p. *silly.* Vide Leyden's Gloss to Compl. of Sc.

Glaive, n. *a sword.*

Glede, gleid, Sc. n. *a burning-coal, or coal-fire.*

Glew, n. *glee.*

Glore, n. *glory.*

Gloser, n. *a flutterer.*

Gold-burned, p. *gold-burnish-ed.*

Gonne, v. *began.*

Gore, n. perhaps, the same as
gear, dress. i. 89, note 1. Vide
Tyrwhitt's Gloss. to Chaucer.

Goth, v. n. *passeth away.*

Goustily, a. *ghastly.* Sc.

Gowling, p. *howling.* Sc.

Graithit, p. *made ready, prepared.* Sc.

Graithly, adv. *readily.* Sc.

Grand-merci, *graunt-merci, i. many thanks.* (Fr. *gramerci.*)

Grapnel, n. *grappling-iron.*

Gravis, n. *groves.* Sc.

Grayes, *Greeks.*

Gre, *sky-blue.* Sc. (Fr. *gris.*)

Gre, n. *degree, step.*

Greatumly, adv. *greatly.* Vide Leyden's Gloss. to Compl. of Scotland.

Grede (to), greet, greit, v. a. to
cry, lament.

Gredith, v. n. *cryeth.* (Sax.)

Gret, v. a. *greeted.*

Grete, n. *gravel.*

Greve, n. *grief.*

Grewe, *Greek.*

Grys, n. *a pig.* Vid. *Bann.*
Gloss.

Guit, v. a. *guised.*

Gules, a. *red.* Sc.

Gyve, c. *if.*

H.

Haill, a. *whole.* Sc.

Hair, hare, a. *hoar.* Sc.

Hait, a. *hot.* Sc.

Halesum, a. *wholesome.*

Half, n. *part, share.*

Halfling, n. *half.* Sc.

Hallows, n. *saints.*

Hals, n. *the neck.*

Halwei, n. *holy water?*

Hain, pron. *them, till the time*
of Chaucer.

Hammis, n. *yoke.* Vide Rudd.
Gloss. and Sibbald.

Han, v. *have.*

Hangende, p. *hanging.*

Har, pron. *their.*

Harate, n. *a place where horses*
are bred. (Fr. *haras.*)

Hargabushe, n. *arquebus.*

Harlas, n. probably *the plinth.*
(Ital. *orlo.*) i. 70, note 1.

Harlis, v. a. *drags, trails.* Sc.

Hault, a. *high.* (Fr.) ii. 151.
Gascoigne.

Hauten, a. *haughty.* (Fr. *hau-tain.*)

Havercake, n. *oat-cake.*

Haw-wally, a. *dark-waved.* Sc.

He, a. *high.* Sc.

Heal, n. *health.*

Heaven-rich, n. *the kingdom of*
heaven. (Sax.)

Hecht (to), v. a. *to promise.*

Hei (to), heich, v. a. *to exalt.* Sc.

Heilit, p. *covered.* Sc.

Hele, n. *cure, medicine.*

Hely, *Elias*.
 Hem, pron. *them*, till the time
 of Chaucer.
 Hen (on) ? Vide i. 87, note 8.
 Hend, a. *civil, polite, noble*.
 Hend (to), or hent, v. a. *to seize*.
 Hendy, a. *courteous, civil* : *lucky* ?
 Her, pron. *their*.
 Herbere, n. probably *an arbour*,
 though sometimes used for *an
 herbary, or garden of simples*.
 Herbry, n. *harbour, lodgyn*. (Fr.
 herberger.)
 Heronere, n. a *hawk trained to
 fly only at a heron*. (Fr. *her-
 ronier*.)
 Hext, a. *highest*.
 Heynd, used substantively, a
 civil, delicate woman.
 Heythed, p. *advanced*.
 Hi, hii, pron. *they* : used till the
 time of Chaucer.
 Hide, n. used for *human skin*. Sc.
 Hight, v. *is called, was called*.
 Hing (to), v. *to hang*. Sc.
 Hingand, p. *hanging*.
 Hipped, v. n. *hopped*.
 Hire, pron. *their*.
 Hitheu, adv. *hence*.
 Ho, i. a command to *leave off*.
 Holkit, a. ~~app.~~ *hollow, emaci-
 ated*. Sc.
 Holt, n. *a woody hill*.
 Hors, n. a contraction for *horse*.
 Horwyla, n. probably *a groom*.
 Vide i. 68.
 Hostayis, n. *enemies*.
 Hote (to), v. a. *to advise*.
 Hours, n. *matins*. (Fr. *heures*.)
 Housing ? n. i. 236, note 5.
 Hoved, v. n. *hovered* ? *staid,*
 abode.
 How, a. *hollow*.
 How, n. *anxiety*. (Sax.)
 Huttock ? n. Sc. Vide i. 325,
 note 8.
 Hy, n. *haste*.

I.

Ich, pron. *I*. (Sax.)
 Ichot, v. n. *I think*.

Ickle, n? or a? *ie* ? Cotton.
 Ihote, p. *called*. (Sax.)
 Ilk, ilka, pron. *each*. (Sax.)
 Ilkane, ilkon, pron. *each one*. idc
 Imp, n. *son, child*.
 In, prep. sometimes used as
 now use on. (Sax.)
 Ihabrede, adv. *abroad*.
 In contrain, prep. *against*. Sc
 Inglis, ~~old~~ *English*: Sc. , n.
 Intill, prep. *in*. Sc.
 Into, prep. *in*.
 Is, pron. sometimes, perha~~com-~~
 used for his, or its.
 Ischit, v. n. *issueth*. (Sax.)
 Isend, p. *ended*.

J.

Jambleuc, n. *gambol*. (Old Fr. ^{Sib-}
 gambiller.) See Hickes's *The-
 atre* i. 233, note n.
 Japen (to), v. n. *to jest*. (Sax.)
 Jogelours, n. *jugglers*.

K.

Kayser, *Cæsar*.
 Keep of (to), v. a. *to take ac-
 count of*.
 Kell, n. *a caul, or cap*. Sc. Vid.
 Sibbald.
 Kemb (to), v. a. *to comb*. race-
 Ken (to), v. *to know*. also,
 Kepaul, p. *keeping, watchin-*
 guarding agairust.
 Kerve (to), v. a. *to carre*.
 Kihit, p. *caught*.
 Kind, n. *nature*.
 Kirlals, n. *battlements*. Sc. (Fr. ^{s,}
 crenelles.)
 Kirtle, kirtell, Sc. n. *under-gard*, in
 ment, tunic. (Sax.) Sibb. form
 Kissand, p. *kissing*: and is the
 usual termination of the par-
 ticiple in old English as well
 as French. e.
 Kist, n. *a chest*. (Teut. Isl.) to
 Knap, n. a *button* (Sax.); lite-
 rally, *knob*. g.
 Knave, n. a *male servant*. te
 Kyth (to), v. a. *to show*. Sc. Fr.
 Kyth'd, p. *cast*. Sc.

